

August 12, 1959

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The Australian

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

PRICE



Our Paris Mannequins —

See pages 16, 17

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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AUGUST 12, 1959

Vol. 27, No. 10

Our cover

- Four French mannequins, who will model couture clothes for our Paris Parades, photographed on the steps of the Modern Museum of Art, Paris. From left are Sylvana, Elza, Monique, and Olivia. Their gay flower-printed evening dresses are part of the parades collection. Story and pictures, pages 16, 17.

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The Weekly Round

• "The old nursery jingle of the pussy cat who had been to London to see the Queen came into my mind when I was asked to write my first ballet," said Noel Coward.

THE ballet, "London Morning" (color pictures, pages 8 and 9), was an immediate success at London's Royal Festival Hall.

Its theme is the daily stream of visitors to the gates of Buckingham Palace, inspired by the pussy-cat jingle.

Actress Zena Dare, one of Noel Coward's oldest friends, watched the dress rehearsal.

Zena, who is appearing in the Drury Lane production of "My Fair Lady," said: "This is a combination of two of my dearest loves—Noel and the ballet. They're both perfect."

Betty Best, of our London staff, told us of the success of some of the Australian dancers in the cast, including:

• Kenneth Mansfield, of Melbourne, who appeared at the London Palladium and on television before joining the Festival Ballet 10 months ago. He has since toured Portugal and Denmark and has become well known as a dancer in Europe.

• Mary Duchesne, of Sydney, who has been a soloist with the Festival Ballet for five years.

MARCELLE POIRIER, of our Paris staff, delighted us with a description of the Louis XIV Orangerie at Versailles, where two Melbourne girls attended the International Bal des Debutantes (opposite page). She said:

The Orangerie, a long, narrow stone building with a very high ceiling, is rather like the nave of an austere church.

It was built in the 17th century to house some 3000 hot-house plants, including 200 orange trees, in winter.

The walls are so thick that fragile plants thrive without heating in the worst frosts.

Between dances the debts strolled underneath palm trees and beside exotic plants in the gardens outside the Orangerie.

The buffet supper tables were set against hedges of orange trees, some of which date from Louis XIV's time.

NEXT WEEK

- "Parents are really nice," say teenagers in a special feature in Teenagers' Weekly in our next issue. Some boys and girls have written criticising their parents. From the flood of replies, we have selected letters revealing the different ways boys and girls appreciate their parents' care and help.

Australian debbs at an international ball



● In the Lanvin Castillo gowns they wore to Paris' International Bal des Debutantes are Caroline Wilkinson (left) and Wendy Pisterman, both of Toorak, Vic. The girls left Australia by air last January. They have visited Rome, the Italian and French Riviéras, Spain, and ski resorts in Switzerland.

TWO Melbourne girls are leaving Britain by jet aircraft this month to return home via the U.S. after a five-month Continental holiday that included "the most glamorous night of their lives."

The girls are Wendy Pisterman and Caroline Wilkinson, both of Toorak, and the wonderful night, described by Caroline in a letter to her mother, was at the International Bal des Debutantes, in Louis XIV's famed Orangerie at Versailles.

Wendy and Caroline were listed high among the belles of the ball, at which 270 debbs, including several princesses, a covey of countesses, and the daughters of international celebrities, danced from 10 p.m. until dawn under the vaulted stone ceiling.

The Orangerie, its 17th-century austerity softened by delicate wall-lighting and the flickering of hundreds of candles in antique candelabra, was a magnificent setting for the ball—organised by the Duchess de Maille and a committee of celebrities to help replace London's presentations at Court, and to provide money for the Versailles Restoration Fund.

All the personable and eligible young men of the French aristocracy were invited to dance with the debutantes—Comte Louis de Beauchamps, Comte Edouard Cesse Brissac, M. Aymar Achille Fould, Baron Earnest Antoine Seilliere, and the Marquis de Montcalm among them.

Most of the escorts wore white tie and tails, but here and there the colorful uni-

forms of France's famous Military Academies, St. Cyr and Saumur, glittered in the throng.

The most coveted partner of the evening was Prince Ruffo de Calabria, brother of the newlywed Princess Paola of Liege.

In the week preceding the ball the debbs were entertained lavishly.

Mrs. Amory Houghton, wife of the U.S. Ambassador in Paris, gave a cocktail party for them in the American Embassy.

The Prince and Princess Guy de Polignac, owners of the famous Pommery champagne vineyards, invited the girls and their escorts to the celebrated cellars at Rheims.

They were afterwards given lunch in the Chateau de Crayères, home of the Polignac family, where they met the Princess Henri

de Polignac and the 18 Princesses and Princes who are her grandchildren.

The Australian girls were especially looked after by the Marquis and Marquise d'Amedie. A dress rehearsal for the ball was held in the Marquis' Paris mansion, which formerly belonged to the Rochefoucauld family, of which the Marquise is a member.

After the ball the Duke and Duchess de Maille gave a party for the debutantes in their ancestral home at Chateaufort, at which there were presents of champagne, flowers, and perfume.

Caroline and Wendy, who wore gowns by Lanvin Castillo at the ball, were also entertained by Mrs. Tom Pitman, formerly French mannequin Lydia LePlat, who visited Australia for our 1947 Paris Parades.



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• A bevy of pretty debutantes attractively frames Queensland's Lucke quads at the Catholic Ball in Bundaberg, near their home. From left are Eric, who is in tears, Veronica, Kevin, and Jennifer.

LUCKE QUADS

• It was an exciting night for the Lucke quads when they came in from their home at Gooburrum to lead the debutantes at the Catholic Ball in nearby Bundaberg's Austral Hall. Twenty deb's were presented to Bishop Tynan, of Rockhampton, by the Matron-of-Honor, Mrs. Victor Thiele, of Bundaberg. When their duties were over the quads departed to the supper-room of the hall and cut the birthday cake which they'd kept from July 14—the day the four turned four.



• The quads made themselves at home in the supper-room—under supervision of their parents, Arthur (far left) and Agnes Lucke—where they cut their fourth birthday cake. Veronica wanted to be a "lady," and eat wearing her long white gloves, but was persuaded to remove them in time.



● Elegant Kevin, resplendent in tie and tails, lost himself for a while among the billowing skirts of the beautiful debutantes.

HAVE A BALL



● The quads lined up while their mother, Agnes Lucke, made last-minute adjustments to dress. From left are Kevin, Veronica, Jennifer, and Eric. The girls wore white flock nylon frocks, pretty coronets of tulle and roses, and sparkle shoes. They carried bouquets of Geraldton wax.



● Jennifer opens wide for some luscious strawberries and cream from Mrs. Edward Mansfield, of Bundaberg—while Veronica watches closely.

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Holland

Venetian designer will lecture here

● A young Italian countess, dark-haired, tall, and slender, whose home is an ancient palazzo on the Grand Canal in Venice, is coming to Australia this month to give lectures on interior decorating.

SHE is 28-year-old Countess Olga Teodora Sammartini, daughter of a Venetian nobleman. Her mother was an American, but both parents are dead.

Her actual title is "Nobil-donna" (noble lady), the equivalent of countess, and used only by Venetian aristocrats.

In Australia she'll be addressed as plain Miss Sammartini.

But when our Venice correspondent met her in Venice her first remark was:

"Oh, please don't call me Miss Sammartini. It makes me feel so old; and only my family call me Olga when they are mad with me."

"My friends, and I do hope they will soon include all the Australians I meet, call me Tudy."

Many towns

Miss Sammartini, who is being brought to Australia by the Australian venetian blind industry, will begin her lectures in Sydney in late August. She will also visit Melbourne, Adelaide, Perth, Brisbane, Rockhampton, and Townsville.

Tudy Sammartini's background of aristocratic elegance has given her sure taste in decorating. On the practical side she studied at the Venice Academy of Architecture, one of the best schools in Italy.

Later, in San Francisco,

where she went to stay with her maternal grandmother, she worked with a leading interior designer.

This cosmopolitan experience has given Tudy an appreciation of both the old and the new—she has learned how to blend antiques with the newest designs in architecture and furnishings.

"A Victorian table," she said, "will not blush beside an ultra-modern design. A 16th-century piece can live quite happily alongside a modern one."

And so, in her lectures, she will guide Australians in successfully combining their treasured old family pieces with modern furniture and backgrounds.

She will talk, too, about the clever and attractive use which can be made of the slatted blinds which Venetians have used on their windows for generations, and which are now popular all over the world as venetian blinds.

Tudy Sammartini is a young woman of independence, initiative, and enterprise.

After her parents died, Tudy and her only brother, younger than she, went to the Belgian Congo, where they ran a coffee plantation.

"It was there," said Tudy, "that I first got my ideas about simplicity in decoration. After all, when everything, down to the last teaspoon, has to be brought in by boat, an overfurnished house is just impossible."

She turned a native-built hut into a comfortable home. The furnishings were of

native materials, and among the decorations was the head of a water buffalo which the young countess shot herself.

"And it was there in the Congo that I got most of my ideas about color," said Tudy. "You have to see a jungle before you realise how many colors exist."

"But after two years in the Congo I did get just a little bit fed-up with having only the monkeys and trees to talk to, so I left for San Francisco."

From the United States, Tudy returned to Venice, where she worked for a while in an antique shop.

Loves antiques

"This gave me invaluable experience and knowledge," she said. "Indeed, my love for antiques is one of the great passions of my life."

Many of the wonderful old Venetian houses are magnificently furnished and Tudy knows most of them well. They are the homes of noble friends of her family.

The antique furniture, drapes, and tapestries which the houses contain have influenced her ideas. She even studied ancient Venetian music to add to her feeling for the city.

In Italy Tudy divides her time between the family palazzo, where she lives with her uncle and aunt, and their country house about 30 miles outside Venice.

Tudy is looking forward to visiting Australia.

"Perhaps more than anything I have ever done," she said.

People often wonder why Tudy is not married. Asked if there were a special beau in her life, she said, with a twinkle in her grey-blue eyes:

"Well, I'm not engaged or anything. I seem to have been too busy dashing from one country to another to think seriously about marriage. Italian men are not enthusiastic about globe-trotting wives."

"One thing I will confess, though, is that the house I most want to decorate is my own, when the time comes."

Tudy has many interests and hobbies. She loves music, and goes to all the excellent concerts and performances of opera in Venice.

Her favorite sports are sailing and swimming, and in winter skiing—"Although I'm not very good at it."

She prefers easy, casual clothes, and uses little make-up.

About her future plans, after Australia, Tudy is vague.

"I suppose I shall just go on doing what I am doing until something else happens."



TUDY SAMMARTINI in her studio in the family palazzo on the Grand Canal, Venice. Her art treasures include (left) a terracotta head which was modelled by an aunt.

COUNTRY HOUSE of the Sammartini family is 30 miles outside Venice. Here Tudy walks in the garden. There are also vineyards, a silk farm, and a chicken farm.



"AUSTRALIA FROM THE AIR"

● "Australia From The Air"—our 1959 Australia book—a quality production with 66 magnificent aerial color photographs, is now on sale.

The aerial views vary from the sophistication of Melbourne by day and Sydney by night to the isolation of Cape Don Lighthouse, on the tip of Arnhem Land, and Breaksea Island, in Port Davey, on the almost uninhabited south-west coast of Tasmania.

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WORKING in her studio on an upper floor of her Venice palazzo, Tudy wears a tweed cardigan suit typical of the casually elegant clothes she prefers.

CONSTABLE DESIGNS FOR COWARD



● William Constable and Noel Coward enjoy a cigarette during a lighting rehearsal. Color pictures by Alec Murray.

● Australian William Constable has been highly complimented for his work on the sets of Noel Coward's new ballet, "London Morning," which deals with the daily stream of visitors to the gates of Buckingham Palace. The critical first-night audience at Royal Festival Hall applauded the sets before a step was danced. And Gladys Calthrop, designer for all Coward's early successes, commented, "Mr. Constable has done a brilliant job for Noel." Constable was asked by Coward to design the sets, although he was already doing work for Warwick Films. Now he has been asked to design sets and costumes for a West End production of "Rusty Bugles," which may have an all-Australian cast.



● Dancer Ken Mansfield, of Melbourne (left), plays a marching guardsman.



● Festival dancers Mary Duchesne, of Sydney (right), and Deirdre O'Conaire.



● Attractive Marilyn Burr, of Sydney, in a scene with Anton Dolin, Festival Ballet director.

● Husband-and-wife team Joan Potter and Vassilie Trunoff are former Borovansky performers.



● Wendy Barry went to London just for the ballet. Here her sister, Marilyn Burr, helps her to dress.

● Pixie Bevan, of Perth, an established Festival Ballet dancer, chats with the star, John Gilpin.

You risk stomach upset when you take ordinary aspirin—

THE MAIN INGREDIENT OF MOST PAIN RELIEVERS

ORDINARY ASPIRIN—the main ingredient of most headache and pain relievers does not readily dissolve. This means that it may enter your stomach as coarse acid particles. Medical experience shows that these undissolved aspirin particles can lodge in and irritate the stomach lining—a cause of serious conditions in some people, of indigestion, dyspepsia and heartburn in others.

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FATHER



"And that's not all. Wait till you hear the gossip I've got for you about the other fellows' wives!"

MOTHER



"I would just love to make thirty or forty pounds a week . . . but in WHAT spare time?"

It seems to me

IF Mr. Aneurin Bevan had never said another memorable word he would deserve to go down in history for his recent description of the British Prime Minister as an "iridescent aspidistra."

His statement: "When I look across the floor of the House of Commons at the Tories who are still talking damn nonsense in good English, there is no argument there. There is Harold Macmillan posturing like an iridescent aspidistra." The phrase won't bear searching analysis, of course.

"Aspidistra" is fair enough. One can see that Mr. Macmillan could remind Mr. Bevan of this plant, either on the score of being old-fashioned, or of being tall and spindly.

But "iridescent" . . . There, I think, Mr. Bevan was carried away by the beauty of the tongue he shares with the Tories.

Whether it means something or nothing doesn't matter. It is a quite marvellous adjective to precede "aspidistra."

May there always be someone, on one side of the House or the other, to voice criticism in such picturesque language.

I DON'T care what anyone says, this is a convenient time to live and you can have the good old days.

On that vile Saturday before last the weather forecast was for worse to come.

Sunday dawned—perhaps I should be more accurate—Sunday never dawns for me. Round 9.30 a.m. the square of sky I can see to the south looked half-promising, half-dicky. There was a pale but genuine sunlight.

So I dialled B071 (you may wonder why the passionate interest in the weather, but you'll soon know), and a young lady's voice recited: " . . . weather improving . . . little or no rain."

That settled it. I washed my winter dressing-gown.

IN the days before television the weathermen, with few exceptions, led cloistered lives.

The only name known to the public was that of the bureau's head who occasionally made statements for print.

Nowadays the staff are household faces.

A year ago, when I first owned a TV set and went through that early stage of watching everything, I became quite attached to the Sydney boys, all of whom delivered their forecasts with an engaging mixture of modesty and confidence.

Lately I've been looking at them again, and am pleased to see that the limelight has left them quite unspoiled.

I suppose a job that entails study of the forces of nature keeps a man's feet on the ground.

By



Dorothy Drann

EVER on the lookout for new worlds to conquer, American cosmetic manufacturers are pushing a line of early morning make-up.

They are trying to sell the notion that wives should be "kissable" at breakfast.

They telephoned husbands asked them did their wives look glamorous, to which the husbands replied, "Are you kidding?"

The survey people took this answer to mean that the wives did not look glamorous.

Undoubtedly the husbands were only trying to cover up the fact that they hadn't looked at their wives.

In the morning a husband looks at bars and eggs and the paper.

There is no harm, of course, in selling women the idea of looking presentable at breakfast. But the salesmen are on the wrong track if they think—as they claim—that the morning make-up will save marriages.

Things are touch and go from 7 to 8.30 a.m. in many households. The less said the better. The reproach, "You haven't noticed my lipstick," could spark off a conflagration.

CONGRATULATIONS to the councillors of Devonport, Tasmania who voted to provide a seat outside the home of 91-year-old Mrs. Martin Sullivan so that she can watch the traffic.

Mrs. Sullivan, who lives alone, spends hours standing at her front gate watching traffic on the Don Road.

Councils often do worthy things, but they seldom do poetic things, and there is something poetic in the idea of providing a seat so that an old citizen can sit in comfort while she watches the world go by.

MANAGER of New York's only animal rental agency, Mr. Douglas Grueber, says that elephants are very popular at parties held in gardens. "They never make a fuss no matter how people irritate them," he said.

An elephant is not like us
He simply never makes a fuss.
Invited out, the perfect guest,
He stands apart from all the rest,
And listens to them patiently
A target for their repartee.

An elephant I chance to know,
When asked one day why this is so,
Said, "Exercising self control,
I stand, examining my soul,
And trying to look dignified
In spite of jokes about my hide,
Which, you'll agree, are rather rough.
Though luckily, 'tis true, it's tough."

AUSTRALIAN FASHIONS



● Black-and-white shantung jacket-dress with tucked white bodice and skirt of unpressed pleats. The brief loose-line jacket ties high.



● High-button grey linen (left) has trim lines and fashionable detail. Swiss printed cotton makes the dress (right) with an inverted front pleat below a belted waist.

New for Spring

● Pictured on this page are eye-catching fashions for spring.

Featured are printed cotton that floats like chiffon, cotton shantung, and fine linen and poplin. Skirts are both full and slim, belts both wide and narrow, hemlines are below knee-length. The waist is normal in shirt and belted styles, in others is slightly raised and unaccented.



● Cotton chiffon sheath has matching overdress with full-swaying back panel. Designs by Pat Premo, California.

● Pretty quartet: Red-and-white texture cotton (left) is full-skirted with a wide, crushed belt and bodice-trim of broderie anglaise. The jacket is red-lined. Royal-blue linen (second left) makes this elegant sheath. Next, orange cotton shantung suit has a collared, overcheck blouse. The shirtwaist (right) is vivid Swiss poplin.

Keep those speeches short and Don't bore Alexandra

- The Queen's Canadian tour offers a blueprint of errors to avoid during Princess Alexandra's visit.
- In what has been called her "15,000-mile handshake tour," the Queen on one occasion shook hands with 135 persons before lunch.

DON'T let this happen to Princess Alexandra. Too many handshakes, too-long speeches, and too much stuffed - shirtiness will tire her out.

The Queen's tour of Canada, which could have been the most successful of her Royal tours, at times came near to being a fiasco.

It tired the Queen to a point of exhaustion where she couldn't rally from a minor ailment, but had to cancel two days' engagements.

Upper-crust

And the Queen, who had been anxious that her tour should not be so bound by protocol that there would not be time to talk to the many people outside the tight upper-crust, found the queues of those waiting to shake her hand growing more and more formidable.

All those early nights she had planned, the leisurely respites after civic luncheons, the shorter reception lines, went by the board.

The Royal visit caught on, and the Queen, delighted by this enthusiasm, found every minute of her programme crowded.

Sometimes it ran two hours late.

By **ANNE MATHESON**, of our London staff, who went to Canada for the Royal tour.

And this sort of thing happened:

At Calgary the Queen remained to see more events of a chuck-waggon race, and left finally for a barbecue "in the quiet of a private homestead."

Seventy people were invited, 500 accepted!

And there was a "free" evening at Government House, Victoria (British Columbia), when her own Lieutenant-Governor, Hon. Frank M. Ross, invited 100 "intimate friends" to a full-scale dinner party, confronted the Queen with five sets of square dancing afterwards, and after that a dance.

Also, there were visits to three different theatres in Vancouver, at the end of the longest and most gruelling day of the tour.

Money's worth

Later, when the Queen returned to her tour after her illness, "on the job" again, as she put it, there was the longest handshake queue of all at Edmonton.

Materialism, which was one

of the greatest factors in building up Canada's wealth, was perhaps too often reflected in its attitude towards entertaining the Queen.

Tour officials, accustomed to getting their money's worth, measured this angle cannily when interpreting the Royal tour programme.

Accolade

The Queen's illness and continuing fatigue did not reduce her tour of Canada by one handshake, nor by one long address of welcome.

The Queen understands, however, why this must be in Canada. For there are no titles given for service to one's country, no O.B.E.s or any award of merit, so the handshake has become the symbol of the Royal accolade.

After her illness there wasn't a mention of it, nor hopes for a more easy and pleasant journey through Canada, in all the carefully rehearsed speeches.

This fact, however, does not reflect the real feelings of the people of Canada.

One Toronto paper had letters pouring in from readers. Here are a few extracts from those published.

"The persons who planned the present Royal tour deserve a kick in the pants. We are shocked at reading of cruelty to animals, yet they have inflicted the most insidious kind of cruelty on these two fine young Royal visitors in the disguise of hospitality. No wonder the Queen has collapsed."

Tactless mayor

An observant reader wrote: "Even in Toronto, Mayor Phillips could not forgo, on a very hot day, reading a lengthy address, instead of tactfully giving it to the Queen to read at leisure under more congenial weather conditions."

"How these visitors stood it so long is a wonder."

"When they get back to England I would not be surprised if they have nightmares of this awful ordeal, and wake up screaming 'Canada! Oh! not again!'" (signed) J. Reynolds, Toronto.

Regina, Saskatchewan, followed the pattern of the Queen's Royal tours with a very great number of handshakes—135 before lunch.

But there's some glimmer of hope for the Queen.

Future Royal tours, blue-pencilled for dullness, are planned to give her more relaxation from her duties, and more real pleasure so that her health will stand the strain.



SMILING Queen waves to her subjects as she sets out, once more, on yet another leg of her tiring, 15,000-mile "handshake" tour of Canada.

4th Week CONTEST

HOW TO ENTER THIS WEEK ...

Cut out the questionnaire on this page.

Cut out the contest coupon on the page opposite.

Fill in both the questionnaire and the contest coupon.

HOLD THESE till the contest ends.

EACH WEEK for the five weeks of the contest ...

Cut out the questionnaire, the plan (if one is printed), and the contest coupon, where indicated. Fill in and hold.

At END of CONTEST

Pin together the five questionnaires.

Pin together the five contest coupons, with the list of 32 features you will find in the final week of the contest. This list will have its own coupon to be filled in.

Your total entry will consist of the full set of questionnaires and the full set of contest coupons.

When the contest closes, send your total entry to "Home Unit Contest, Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney," to reach there by 5 p.m. on August 24.

CONDITIONS

1. An entry for The Australian Women's Weekly Home Unit Contest will comprise five completed questionnaires as published in five different issues of The Australian Women's Weekly, together with five completed contest coupons as published in the same five issues, and a completed contest coupon as published with a list of 32 features in the issue of The Australian Women's Weekly published in the last week of the contest.

2. Entries must be enclosed in a sealed envelope and be posted, with the proper value of postage stamps affixed, through the mail addressed to "Home Unit Contest, Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney," and be delivered in that box before contest closing time.

3. The contest closing time is 5 p.m. on August 24, 1959.

4. You can send as many entries as you wish, but each must comprise the complete set of contest coupons and questionnaires.

5. Entries containing alterations will not be accepted. Entries should work out their answers on separate sheets of paper before finally filling in their answers, which MUST be on the forms printed in The Australian Women's Weekly.

6. Employees of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd. and its associated companies, and of Lend Lease Corporation Ltd. and Civil and Civic Contractors Pty. Ltd. are not eligible to enter. Nor are their husbands, wives, parents, children, brothers, or sisters.

7. Entries which do not fully comply with these conditions, including entries delivered after the closing time, will be disqualified.

8. All entries, whether disqualified or not, shall become the property of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd. on receipt.

(This contest is governed by the conditions as published in our issue of August 5.)

● The whole family can enter—anyone, of any age, would love the prize

---No. 4. CUT OUT AND KEEP---

QUESTIONNAIRE

- Last week we showed you, in our survey, a sample plan of a modestly priced home unit.

THIS week we ask your advice on some suggested changes which could be made to that plan.

We remind you that the unit was located on the top floor of a three-storey block, serviced by a lift. The entrance from the lift to the unit was from enclosed corridors. Consider carefully this week's questionnaire, with last week's plan beside you, then record your answer by placing a tick against the "Yes" or "No."

I would be prepared to pay for these features PROVIDED THEY WERE CHARGED FOR ON THE BASIS OF ACTUAL COST.

1 Kitchen large enough for eating all meals.	YES .. NO ...
2 A shower recess.	YES .. NO ...
3 A third bedroom.	YES .. NO ...
4 An entrance-hall.	YES .. NO ...
5 Larger bedrooms.	YES .. NO ...
6 Bathroom against an outside wall.	YES .. NO ...
7 A gas fire in the lounge-room.	YES .. NO ...

To economise on this plan WITH APPROPRIATE REDUCTIONS IN THE PRICE OF THE UNIT I would prefer:

1. No balcony/terrace.	YES .. NO ...
2. No lifts for the building.	YES .. NO ...
3. Have shower only and no bath in bathroom.	YES .. NO ...
4. Unit to be farther from the city.	YES .. NO ...
5. Entrance to units to be via open-air landing and not closed-in hallways.	YES .. NO ...

WIN A £7500 HOME UNIT

Our wonderful Home Unit Contest, in which you can win a £7500 home unit in the Sydney harborside suburb of Elizabeth Bay, now enters its fourth week.

- Plans, photographs, and a model of the prize home unit can be seen at the Home Unit Display Centre, Caltex House, Kent Street, Sydney.
- At the Centre you can also see models of, and study a variety of information about, most of the home units for sale in Sydney.
- This should be a big help in preparing your contest entries.
- The staff at the Centre are all experts on home units and will be only too happy to give you any information.
- It's open weekdays till 8 p.m., Saturdays 11 a.m. to 2 p.m., Sundays 2 p.m. to 4.30 p.m.

No. 4. CUT OUT AND KEEP

CONTEST

- During the five weeks of the contest we are publishing under the heading "Contest" a total of 32 features of home units.
- We have already published three groups of these features in the first three weeks, and this week we present the fourth group, Nos. 22-28.
- Carefully think over the merits of every feature in this week's group, then
- Number them, 1-7, in what you consider to be their order of importance to the home-unit buyer, placing the figure 1 against the most important.
- Cut out and keep your filled-in coupon so that you can send it in, with the rest of your entry, when the contest closes.

22 Superior planning by top-ranking architects.

23 Government and Municipal requirements all met prior to purchase.

24 Savings in rates with rated value of site divided among many owners.

25 Employment of a Building Manager to deal with administrative worries and upkeep emergencies.

26 Annual family budget simplified by expert estimating for maintenance, taxes, etc.

27 Lower price than for a comparable modern house.

28 Market value preserved by solid construction essential to large buildings, and regular maintenance.

Competitor's name and address
(PLEASE USE BLOCK LETTERS)

NAME
ADDRESS

THE exciting prize, only five minutes from the heart of Sydney yet away from traffic noise and bustle, will be in a brand-new 10-storey building, Ithaca Gardens, now nearly completed.

It has two bedrooms, a spacious L-shaped living-dining room with a huge window nearly 16ft. by 6ft. with a Harbor view, plenty of modern cupboards, a stainless-steel sink, and many, many other desirable features.

Mr. and Mrs. Contest-winner can avail themselves of well-equipped roof laundries with automatic washing machines, fast lifts, and all the other advantages of an up-to-the-minute building designed for today's living needs.

The contest is being run by The Australian Women's Weekly in conjunction with Lend Lease Corporation Ltd., a firm specialising in financing building projects, who have supplied the £7500 prize, and who recently opened the Home Unit Display Centre.

Lend Lease Corporation will pay all legal costs and expenses (including stamp duty) to transfer ownership of the prize home unit to the winner of the contest.

Ithaca Gardens is being built for Lend Lease Corporation by a leading firm of constructors, Civil and Civic Contractors Pty. Ltd., to a design by the well-known architect Mr. Harry Seidler.

For each of the five weeks of the contest, competitors must fill in the coupons presented in The Australian Women's Weekly under the headings "Contest" and "Questionnaire." Requirements are set out under "How to Enter" and "Conditions" on the page opposite.

After the closing date (August 24), officials will separate "Contest" answers from "Questionnaire" answers.

A panel of experts, who are the judges, will independently record their "Contest" answers.

The competitor whose entry agrees with the experts, or is nearest to their choice, wins the £7500 home unit.

"Questionnaire" answers will be used as a survey to estimate what features the home-hungry population most desire in home units.

Elegant colors for prize unit

- Specially mixed pinks, browns, and greys combine tastefully with white in the paintwork color scheme of the prize home unit.
- An emerald bathroom door adds a pretty note.

THE recessed wall of the lounge-dining room is an elegant milk-cocoa brown, a special mixture. Other walls here are pale grey.

One bedroom has a feature wall in a rich shade from a special teal-and-pink mixture, and other walls in a very light pink.

The other bedroom's feature wall is a rather coppery mid-brown, offset by a pale toning pink on the other walls.

Kitchen walls and cupboards are a very light misty-grey, and the hall and bathroom walls also use this grey.

All ceilings in the unit are white.

Interior decorator Miss Sonya Lester created the color scheme, which was approved by architect Harry Seidler.

Every unit has a different combination of colors, so that no two have the same color scheme.



ITHACA GARDENS. The prize home unit, on the second floor near the hoist, runs right through the building, has windows both front and back. The hoist here is at the front of the building.



A FRONT WINDOW in the lounge is huge. There's a pretty harbor view. The glass doors (at right of picture) lead to a covered recessed balcony.



A BACK WINDOW in the kitchen of the prize home unit. Splashbacks are tiled, walls are grey.



Now Lux bath size comes in four exquisite pastels in addition to famous pure-white Lux toilet soap, which has guarded the complexions of the world's most famous movie stars for over thirty years.



KIM NOVAK star of Columbia's Technicolor Production, "BELL, BOOK AND CANDLE"

... the gentleness ... the mildness ... the rich, creamy lather ...

THAT'S THE BEAUTY OF LUX

In bright sunshine ... under movie spot-lights ... these are the times when lovely Kim blesses the "natural gentleness" of Lux soap. For Lux is all gentleness, day after day. Its wonderful creamy lather softly cleanses your skin, its special fragrance lightly surrounds you ... its purity and

mildness keeps a complexion soft and smooth. And from this comes beauty ... a "natural look" ... a "radiant glow" ... a "magic feeling". 9 out of 10 film stars know it. The world's most beautiful women know it. You, too, should know the beauty of Lux.



Lux pastels add a note of colour to the bath



HAPPY COUPLE at the annual Duntroon Winter Ball held at the Royal Military College were Sergeant R. P. Beesley, of North Sydney, and Gabrielle Hurdie-Corbett, of Canberra.



ANNUAL WINTER BALL at the Royal Military College, Duntroon, was attended by more than 400 guests, including, from left, Lieutenant Rod Stewart, Carol Hulls, and Lieutenant Steve Hart, all from Sydney, Marie Brown, of Adelaide, Patsy Gee, of Canberra, and Lieutenant Rod Roche, of Sydney. The officers are all recent graduates.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

THE Cathedral Church of St. Paul, Wellington, will be the scene of the wedding of Garry Weston and Mary Kippenberger on August 8. Garry, who has been living in Sydney for six years, met Mary in Sydney at the beginning of last year.

He is the second son of Mr. Garfield Weston, Canadian millionaire biscuit manufacturer, and Mrs. Weston, of South Street, London. Mary is the daughter of Lady Kippenberger, of Wellington, and the late Major-General Sir Howard Kippenberger, a former Commander of the New Zealand Division in the Middle East in World War II, and New Zealand war historian.

Matron-of-honor will be Mrs. Peter Moss, of Wellington, and best man will be Garry's brother Grainger, who will travel from Los Angeles with his wife.

Other members of the Weston family who will be present are Garry's sister, Mrs. Charles Burnett, who is travelling from Bermuda with her husband; and another sister, Nancy Weston, who is travelling from Toronto, Canada.

THEY'RE engaged . . . physiotherapist Judy Wileman, daughter of Mrs. B. Wileman, of New Lambton, Newcastle, and the late Mr. W. G. Wileman, to barrister Bill Gibson, second son of Dr. and Mrs. D. D. Gibson, of Mulumbumby . . . Deanna Patten, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lyle Patten, of Northmead, to Colin Shields, youngest son of the Frederick Shields, of Granville . . . Elizabeth Andrew, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Andrew, of Beverly Hills, to Peter Ledlin, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ledlin, of Windsor . . . Joan Griffith, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alan Griffith, of Dubbo, to Jim Lindsay, of "Mungeribar," Narromine, only son of the Bruce Lindsays.

WENDY Jill are the names chosen by George and Jill Lindeman, of Nowra, for their first child. Proud grandparents praising the baby's pretty dark hair are Mrs. A. McArthur Lindeman and Mr. and Mrs. A. Richardson, all of Cremorne.

LIFE on the land for Morna White, of Warrabee, who married Peter Kopke at St. James' Church, Turramurra, last week. Their new home will be a "flat" in the Kopkes' enormous homestead on Yaringa Station, south of the Kimberleys, in Western Australia.

DATE for the diary . . . Saturday, September 19, at the State Ballroom for the Centenary Ball arranged by the Sydney branch of the ex-students' union of Our Lady of Mercy College, Goulburn.



NEWLYWEDS Mr. and Mrs. Trevor Tomkins, after their wedding at the Rockdale Methodist Church. The bride was formerly Sylvia Boardman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Boardman, of Rockdale. The groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Tomkins, of Woodlands, Gravesend.

THOROUGHLY enjoyed being one of the 300 present at Lee's restaurant last week for the dinner arranged by the Kambala Old Girls' Club. Saw large parties hostessed by Mr. and Mrs. Ian Jacoby, Mr. and Mrs. Bill McRae, Mr. and Mrs. Lars Scandrett, Mr. and Mrs. Sid Lane, and Mr. and Mrs. Derrick Davey.

CHASING the sun in a Tweed Heads honeymoon are Mr. and Mrs. John Mercieca, who were married at St. Mary's Cathedral. Mrs. Mercieca was formerly Dorothy Walker, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. Walker, of Erskineville. John is the third son of Mrs. John Mercieca, of Mascot, and the late Mr. Mercieca.

OFF to Brisbane on August 12 for Show Week are Lionel and Rania Manchec from "Yamburgan," Dirranbandi. Mrs. Manchec's parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Sanderson, of "Wallah," Narrabri, will be staying with the Manchecs at Lennons.

A FEW weeks staying in the palace at Tonga as the guest of the younger son of Queen Salote was one of the fascinating things which happened to Joffre Carleton, of Gordon, during her two and a half years overseas. Joffre is now home again for good, at the old address in *Anne* Gordon.



ADMIRING an exhibit in the camellia show at the Blaxland Galleries are Mrs. Bruce Macfarlan and Mr. E. L. Byrne. The show was arranged by the Camellia Research Society.

RIGHT: Country engagement. Joan McLaughlin with fiance, Roger Ross. Joan is the elder daughter of Mrs. G. McLaughlin, of Whitewood, Nyngan, and the late Mr. McLaughlin, and Roger is the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. H. Ross, of Narrabri.



PARIS mannequins for our PARADES

● *The four French mannequins who are flying to Australia for our Paris Parades will be joined by two Sydney girls, Margo McKendry and Ursula Klamet. The parades will be held in Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, and Adelaide in September and October.*



ELZA

Gentle and rather shy, a blue-eyed honey blonde.

Elza is the smallest of the four: 5ft. 5in. tall, measurements 35½-22-36½. She has a miniature replica: her two-year-old daughter, Christina.

"During the week I try to get home to lunch to take Christina out," said Elza. "Leaving her behind for six weeks is the one thing about the Australian trip that worries me. I'm going to miss her terribly."

Elza's husband thinks six weeks is a long time, too — "but as he works in the Chambre Syndicale de la Couture Parisienne, he knows what my job is like."

The fashion world brought them together. M. Manusardi was the publicity officer at the famous house of Carven when Elza joined the mannequins' cabine there.

Elza, who is 23, has been with Carven seven years. But she likes to get away from the excitement and flurry of the haute couture world, so the Manusardis spend most weekends at their country house near Fontainebleau.



SYLVANA

Tall and graceful, with an Ava Gardner type of dark-haired, creamy skinned beauty.

And she has perfect mannequin measurements: 34½-23-34½, height 5ft. 7½in.

Sylvana has worked with both Balmain and Chanel, but now, at 21, she is "on her own," and is in great demand for mannequin and photographic model work.

"I keep myself supple with ballet exercises," she says, "and it is good for deportment."

"I am in a small class taught by a former Lanvin mannequin who was a professional dancer. Ballet is very relaxing, and when it is fine I often find a quiet spot out of doors to do a little limbering up."

Sylvana doesn't have much time for interests outside her work. But she likes to play the piano—she started to learn when she was six—and she loves to play tennis.

She is very excited about seeing Australia. "What I like particularly is that we'll be there in the spring, so we shall have two springs and a summer in one year. Wonderful."



MONIQUE

Dynamic and talented, a dark-eyed and black-haired 21-year-old with a natural air of distinction.

She is tall—5ft. 7½in.—and has an hour-glass figure (36½-23-35½).

For relaxation from the tiring work of an haute couture mannequin, Monique goes horse-riding — and she wants to show off her equestrian talents in Australia.

"I want to visit a sheep station and to see Bondi Beach," said Monique, who is a magnificent swimmer.

For six years, until she was 15, she studied classical dancing, but gave it up to join a water ballet because "water is my element."

She travelled round with the water ballet for two years and then decided that she'd like to be a mannequin.

As a mannequin she travels "for about three months a year." She's been all over Africa and has shown Paris fashions in the Middle East and Turkey. Last February she visited Auckland to model New Zealand fashions.



IN PARIS. Our four mannequins (from left), Olivia, Elza, Monique, and Sylvana, are excited about their trip.



OLIVIA Gay and vivacious, she has a sudden gamin-like smile, nut-brown eyes, and dark brown hair, which (at 23) already has some silver threads. Her measurements are 34-22½-34 and height 5ft. 6½in.

Olivia was married as soon as she left school — five years ago—and began her mannequin career then, too. Now she divides her time between the cabines at Carven and Nina Ricci.

One of her passions is for life in the Wild West. "Roger—my husband—and I never miss a cowboy picture," she says enthusiastically, "and we read all the Westerns we can get."

Her husband has taught her to shoot, and at weekends they go to Versailles for rifle and revolver practice.

"I like to pretend I am living in Texas and play at being a cowboy," she said. "Do they have cowboys in Australia?"

Whenever they can get away from Paris, Olivia and Roger drive down to the Riviera to laze on the beach in the sun . . . and to eat the highly spiced Provencal dishes. But Olivia says she never has to worry about dieting.





Try Cross Stitch this time!

There are so many lovely, easy-to-follow designs in the Anchor Cross Stitch embroidery book—and you know how quick cross stitch is. Of course, half the fun is choosing the colours from the heavenly Anchor Stranded Embroidery Thread range... even the palest pastels are boil-proof! There are many lovely Anchor books available now at your favourite drapery department, or you can post the coupon below.



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Please send me Anchor books, for which I enclose (per copy) 3/6, plus 4d. postage, in stamps or postal notes.

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☐ Assail Embroidery

☐ Flowers

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Name

Address

CA26 21C

LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters signed for publication.

He seeks a perfect woman

ALL divorce cases and unhappy marriages I know of were caused by the wives. I think men can be changed after marriage, but when we marry a woman we marry a stubborn, unchangeable creature. Articles should be written advising men about the right type of woman to marry. Please, why can't a thoughtful person think up some angel that we may call "the perfect woman"?

£1/1/- to "Unattached" (name supplied), Tinonee, N.S.W.

Romance gone?

MODERN and practical twenty years ago, we called our current beaux "boy-friends," regarding the word "sweetheart" as embarrassingly sentimental and old-fashioned.

Now with few sentimental jewels of my own, I quail to think what my youngster's memories will be sixty years hence. I wish I could replace her brash "hep, jive, and beat" infected companions with "sweethearts." Memories of tender love, Valentines, and posies cherished by grandma were a comfort in the long, lonely years she was alone. Are we with our more down-to-earth approach in each generation losing more than we gain?

£1/1/- to Anne Bernard, Ballarat, Vic.

Briefer bathing

WITH the trend for compact homes and bathrooms I think it would be a good idea to make plunge baths five inches shorter in length. They would take up less space, there would be a considerable saving of water, and we could still indulge in a lovely rest in the bath.

£1/1/- to Beverley Favier, Kairi, Qld.

Wives work at home

WHILE admiring women who run a home and ease the financial strain by also doing a paid job, I object to their title of "working wives." It implies that the wife who stays at home caring for her husband and children—usually working far into the night to get everything done—is living a life of idleness.

£1/1/- to Mrs. K. A. Peters, Gawler, S.A.

Postal viewpoint

AS an already overburdened, non-official postmaster I can't support the suggestion of "Widow" (22/7/59) for the payment of TV licences by instalments. It would involve an enormous amount of time and labor. The postal department already provides cards to assist the public to save for radio and TV licences with the purchase of stamps, which may be credited to licence fees, when due. Furthermore, if a TV-set owner finds it hard to produce £5 all at once, then he or she should not have made an outlay of approximately £200 for such a luxury. Maintenance also has to be considered, involving payments which could hardly be met by instalments.

£1/1/- to "N/O. Postmaster" (name and address supplied), Vic.

Wanted—a better fish-boner

SCIENTISTS are clever, but they could do more for the housewife. I particularly appeal to the huffers for a simple magnet to "debone" fish instantly and thoroughly.

£1/1/- to Mrs. A. Norton, Christie's Beach, S.A.

... and eggs, too

I CAN'T make out why more people don't keep a few fowls. With half a dozen hens pecking about the backyard you get wonderful compost and beautiful big brown eggs.

£1/1/- to Christine Kaberry, Wahroonga, N.S.W.

Pay up and smile

EVERYONE must shoulder part of the financial burden of running a country, so why the grumbling about income tax? Many seem to think a mysterious "they" should organise things so that no one pays tax. Perhaps there should be a more equitable assessment, but under any democratic system we must all pay something. Why not do so cheerfully, then take some ACTIVE part in helping to iron out the inequalities? Taxpayers' associations are always eager for new members.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Arden, Moonee Ponds, Vic.

A pause to relax

WHAT a lot of good could result from sparing just half an hour a day to do what we pleased. It could be spent reading, walking, listening to music, or just relaxing.

£1/1/- to June Wyndham, Jandowae, Qld.

FAMILY AFFAIRS

A budget helped

WHEN my children complained they could not save out of their pocket-money, I suggested they should itemise every halfpenny spent. After a month they found they had nothing to show for nearly £2 each—pocket-money plus earnings from the sale of bottles, messages, etc. They set about budgeting, and were rewarded by considerable savings the next month. No amount of parental nagging had been able to do this.

£1/1/- to "Pennywise" (name supplied), Geelong, Vic.

Tune changed tears

WE introduced a funny little song, sung to the tune of "Popeye the Sailor," when we had to refuse our one-year-old something she wanted very much. It went: "Jilly can't have everything she wants—No! Mummy can't, etc. Daddy can't, etc." and a few other familiar names, with a lighthearted accent on the "No." Instead of tears of frustration she soon joined in, and as the months progressed even suggested "the song" when the occasion arose.

£1/1/- to Mrs. B. Murray, Deewhy, N.S.W.

Ross Campbell writes...

WOMEN'S feet are getting bigger, says a leading shoe salesman.

And why not? The old idea that women should have small feet has no practical value. It is not fair to many fine women who are secretly unhappy because they have big feet.

The small-foot cult dates from the time when the ideal of a beautiful woman was a delicate creature who sat round doing nothing.

Today, when she is expected to do housework and play tennis and run a stall at the school fete and stand up in trains, she needs the strongest feet she can get.

Yet a woman with big feet still feels as embarrassed as a policeman with small feet.

Probably this will change, and big feet will come to be considered attractive.

We may take a while to get used to the idea because there is so much small-foot propaganda.

Take the old poem that says: "Her feet beneath her petticoat Like little mice crept in and out."

It would not sound so good to say

BIGGER AND BETTER FEET

they went in and out like full-grown rats.

But poets will have to adjust themselves to the increased size of feet. Song-writers will, too. We may yet hear a famous tenor sing: "Your hefty foot is frozen."

The Cinderella story is due to be brought up to date. The Prince



could look for a girl whose foot was big enough to fit an outsize glass slipper.

As well as being good for heavy work, big feet make the painting of toenails easier.

A small-footed woman painting her toenails needs the skill of a

miniaturist. With bigger nails to work on she can use broad, dashing brush-strokes.

Many judges think a big foot that is well maintained looks better than a small one with corns.

The confused state of shoe sizes, with fractional fittings and what not, is favorable to the big foot.

In the past, if you were told that a woman wore size 6 or 7, you knew at once she was no pixie. But today it could simply mean that she took this size in a range of shoes made for midgets. People are all mixed up.

A good thing about the change is that it will put women on a more equal footing with men.

For ages they have had their feet trodden on by men at dances. Soon they will be able to give as good as they get. A man will be more careful if he is in danger of having his toes squashed by a glamor-puss in boots.

You may think this is a footling article, but I believe big, strong feet are happy feet, and in time men will like their wives to have them.

They will rejoice to hear the house filled with the patter of enormous feet.

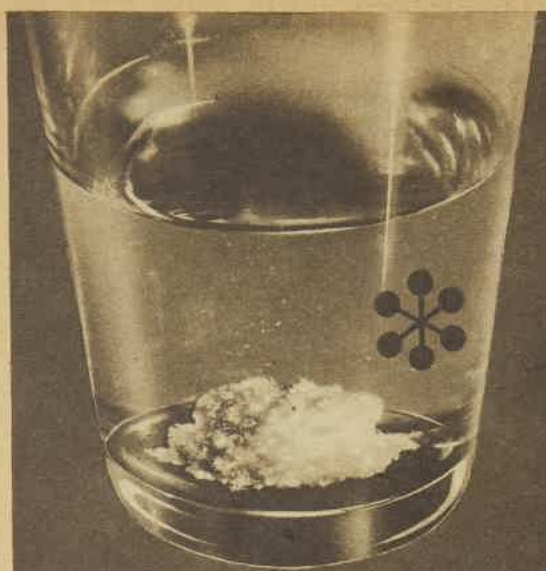


BROKEN HILL (above), outback city in far western New South Wales, where one of the world's richest silver-lead-zinc deposits was discovered in 1883. This picture, taken by A. Middle-ditch, of Melbourne, shows the fabulous "Line of Lode" running north across the Silver City.

AUSTRALIA FROM THE AIR

KALGOORLIE (below) is Western Australia's city of the Golden Mile, one of the richest known gold reefs. Once a goldrush shanty town, Kalgoorlie is a city of gardens thriving on water pumped 360 miles across the semi-desert. Picture by Flying-Officer D. G. Purdie, of East Sale, Vic.





BAYERS

*instant disintegration
stops 'flu fast*

At the very first sign of a cold or 'flu—before you do anything else—take two Bayer's Aspirin tablets. You should do this because colds and 'flu are invariably accompanied by a headachy, feverish feeling; by muscular aches and pains; by backache and sore throat. Bayer's Aspirin relieves these distressing symptoms quickly—*makes you feel better fast.*

*THIS MICRO-PHOTOGRAPH shows how a Bayer's tablet disintegrates the moment you take it. That's why it is ready to go to work *instantly* to relieve pain. You'll find that Bayer's Aspirin is wonderfully dependable. No other pain reliever can match its record of use by millions of normal people without ill-effect. So, when you buy Aspirin—buy the best—BAYER'S!

24 tablets **1/9** 100 tablets **5/6**

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**TAKE
BAYER'S ASPIRIN
FOR HEADACHE • FEVERISHNESS
OF COLDS & 'FLU • NERVE PAINS
ACHING MUSCLES**

First find a man

Continuing an exclusive feature by DR. RICHARD H. KLEMER, a leading American psychologist. This article and following ones deal with the problem of why some women marry and others don't, with helpful advice for the single woman who wants to get married and make her marriage a success.

● Opportunity plays a big part in providing you with a mate, and the more you move about where there are men the more chances you will have of meeting one—and interesting him.

THERE is good news for Australian women.

In Australia, according to the last count in 1954, there were definitely more single, never-married men than single women in every age group from 15 to 54.

This proportion is now probably higher, due to the great number of single male migrants in recent years.

In 1954 there were 113,000 more single men than women in the 20-24 age group, 83,000 more in the 25-29 age range, 38,000 more in the 30-34 age group, 18,000 more in the 35-39 group, 18,000 more in the 40-49 group, 2500 more in the 50-54 group.

This means that in the 20-49 group there were 270,000 more single men than single women. Even counting widows and divorcees, that leaves many thousands more marriage-eligible men than eligible women.

Naturally, all these men aren't in the right age, educational, or financial bracket for you, so that such statistics have little relation to your chances of being married.

"Circumstances" play a much bigger part in your marriage probability. Personal appearance and the social position which a seemingly unreasonable fate has assigned you can be very important.

The relative number of men to women near where you live and work can be significant.

And the barriers in the form of "propriety" and social conditioning and financial requirements are sometimes staggering impediments.

But even these circumstances, fortunes, and barriers aren't really the controlling factors. Your opportunity is not wholly limited by these life conditions but rather by what you do and how you feel about them.

TAKE that matter of personal appearance.

That can be one of the most difficult opportunity obstacles of the lot. It probably causes more despair than all the shortage of men and social prejudice problems put together.

Pretty soon the despair—a personality factor—replaces the personal appearance—a circumstance factor—as the cause of loss of dating.

Jean had had severe acne as an adolescent, and was still single at 39. But from what she told me it was pretty

definite that she wasn't single because of the acne scars.

She was single because she withdrew from every opportunity to meet men. The unlovely feeling resulting from the acne started it, but the withdrawing is now the handicap.

It is true that any major deviation from a perfect face or body is a very real handicap. It can reduce opportunity in our beauty-conscious society. Yet the deviation itself is usually not the impediment.

Each year there are thousands of physically handicapped brides. But feelings of unworthiness, which can result from such a handicap, often kill romance.

Almost everybody has some physical imperfection. But it is not how bad it really is, it is how bad you think it is that affects your personality.

Elaine, one of the most charming women I have known, was crippled by polio and now is never without her crutches. But her contagious good humor and her warm understanding of others made it sure that she would be married.

One day when we were talking about how she felt about her handicap she told me this story:

We would like to think that Stella was welcomed both as a co-worker and as a social companion by the men in the office.

But, unfortunately, this was not the case. The eligible men were almost all from different social background.

WHILE they didn't

insist that their prospective wives have as much formal education as they had, they did expect that these prospects would be from the same social background and would have Anglicised names. Stella's was foreign-sounding.

She tried it there for a while and then left somewhat bitterly. At first her unwillingness to relate to the men from her own background limited her opportunity. Now her bitterness does.

The effect of your personality on your own dating and marriage opportunity is even more complicated when you come to some of the more complex social circumstances.

What does your "you" have to do with there being no men where you live or work? Or with the social customs that won't let you call a man for a date? Suppose we start

mate area where there are large numbers of lonely men will more than likely find herself a great many admirers almost immediately. This may happen regardless of the social success she has had in her own home town.

However, being in a high sex-ratio area is no guarantee of finding the man of your dreams. In fact, it is possible that you might not find a man you would consider dating.

In any case, most women favor the cities—and big cities at that. They are either born there and like it or moved there and would like to stay. Moving to the country, even though there are many bachelors there, is often out of the question for a single woman whose motivation to marry may be pretty low anyway.

In any case, it is probable that you have greater opportunity in the culture which you know best.

There may not be so many men, but you have the advantage of knowing what most of the men are like, how they generally behave, and where they congregate. Moreover you will be far more likely to have a personality that will meet the expectation of the men in that area.

Often girls leave country towns or smaller cities for the big city expecting glamorous romance. Instead they find an impersonal place in which it is much more difficult to get acquainted than it was back home. And some of them find that the men have different values. They recognise that they really had more "opportunity" back home. And back they go.

You may be in an exceptional situation and should move to a new locality, but perhaps a new job or some new social contact in your old locality is what you need.

Or, more likely, it is just a new appraisal of yourself and your social ways.

If you are in your teens or early twenties, in high school or at university, and of average attractiveness and aggressiveness, it is a relatively simple matter to meet eligible males—simpler than it ever will be again. The boys are all right there or in groups close by.

THE normally mature and aggressive ones are usually persistently eager, and they haven't been rebuffed often enough to be wary.

Moreover, there are lots of people around to introduce you. Failing that, you are in a protected enough situation so that approaching another person on any sly pretext is acceptable.

But many women who remain unmarried don't have the usual number of dates and social experiences in their early years.

Later, this lack of early dating causes two difficulties, both of which have a serious effect on opportunity.

These single women haven't had the practice in dealing with men that makes associations easier and more productive when they do have later dates. And they face an even

THERE'S A MAN FOR EVERY WOMAN

Part 2

"Once I was talking to a beautiful 27-year-old woman. She wasn't married and she said she wanted to be.

"She spotted my crutches and began to talk as though we had something in common. She mentioned her 'handicap' several times. After about ten puzzled minutes, I said, 'But what handicap?'

"Why," she said in a shocked tone, 'I wear glasses!'

Much of this same kind of personality - getting - in - the - way-of-what-you-want can operate with social barriers, too.

Stella was the attractive daughter of a foundry workman of eastern European ancestry. She thought men from her own neighborhood had little to offer, and was pleased when she got a job as a stenographer with a big city advertising agency.

back at the availability-of-men problem and see what you can do about it.

First of all, even if the national sex-ratio does not importantly affect your marriage prospect, the local sex-ratio—the number of eligible men in your own little social world—most certainly does.

Not only does the number of men you meet and know have a good deal to do with your finding a husband at all, it also is a powerful factor in finding the "right" husband.

It is almost a truism to say that you can't expect to find—or, better, to be found by—the man you want unless you are where this can happen.

But don't head for the nearest male-excess area yet. There are some thought-provoking qualifications that should be taken into consideration before you make the first move.

A girl who goes to some re-

-what are your chances of meeting him?

dwindling supply of normally aggressive men as they grow older.

They are less well prepared for an increasingly difficult situation.

All kinds of solutions are proposed for this dilemma. Some are helpful. But some propose only more vigorous pursuit of the same profitless behaviour that the woman has already been using.

A well-known etiquette writer recently deplored the forthright modern girl, for, she thought, forthrightness "destroys romance."

SHE suggested that perhaps we should return to the old days when mother taught daughter coquetry because, the etiquette lady said, men like to do their own chasing.

But the trouble is that in today's mixed-up, ever-moving, and ever-changing society the old formal behaviours which originally served to stimulate romance among starry-eyed youngsters now often impede dating, love, and marriage.

True, the proper Victorian ladies who taught their 18-year-olds to play off their many beaux one against the other at the frequent parties and balls had a good workable system.

But they could not have conceived of a social world in which a slightly older business-woman comes home to a cold, lonely flat after a long day over a typewriter, a thousand miles away from her parents and relatives.

In today's cosmopolitan world, if you are even over 25, you know that the number of men who are excitedly clamoring after you is strictly limited.

Frequently there is no one who cares whether you meet another man or not.

Moreover, the men who are available have widely differing ideas about what is proper behaviour for themselves and for their women.

Many will laugh at any shilly-shallying coquetry because they have a long string of other women who don't subject them to such nonsense.

Others will be scared away. They have tender feelings that won't stand even the temporary rejection of a girl who is trying to show them how popular she is.

In this situation, if you want to have the greatest possible opportunity, you must be flexible enough to go more than half-way in making it easy for some shy man, who may have more social inhibitions and insecurity than you do, to meet and talk with you.

Or you may have to be flexible enough to accept the over-eager and uninvited approach of the super-aggressive type without panic and to turn it into constructive friendship.

It is just at this point that many of our social niceties and much of the personality conditioning get in your way as you get older.

The man is supposed to do

the approaching and he is supposed to be formally introduced by a mutual friend.

These social rules still have a powerful grip on many people.

Because of their early conditioning, some single women seem to suffer from what amounts to a compulsion to behave in a manner traditionally considered "proper."

This is an example of what sociologists call "cultural lag." Just as with other lags, we undoubtedly are on the way to some new arrangement in "proper" social relationships.

Other aspects of your social personality are equally as limiting to your opportunity as your propriety inhibitions. Most important are your self-needs.

One of the best illustrations of your self-needs getting in your own way is your probable insistence that you start with a superior man (as contrasted with helping one to grow).

Perhaps you want only a man who has the leadership quality which makes him outstanding. You feel you must have a man who has ability to direct you without being bossy, and the courage to woo you without being apologetic.

For most women, this amounts to a basic emotional need. And a superior man meets other of your personality cravings, too, like the desire for security and envy from other women.

OFTEN when there are lots of mousy, inferior men available, some women will still feel that opportunity is nonexistent.

After the age of 30, the initially superior men are often either married, dead, or not interested in marriage.

If you insist on this kind, the chances of your marrying—unless you happen to meet a lonely widower or divorcee—drop sharply with every year you grow older.

It isn't only your age or his rarity that cuts the chances of marriage. It is also that he, too, has emotional needs to be considered.

As his feelings of personal attractiveness begin to waver with age, he seeks an easily responsive and obviously sexually stimulating young woman who will over-react to his "mature masculinity."

Little self-needs are important, too. In my research study, almost all of the single women insisted that they would like to be married if the "right" man came along. But when they were asked a series of questions which started out: "all other things being equal, would you marry a man if—?" many of them hedged.

Who wants to be seen with a shorty who is not as tall as she is, or some puffy little butterball who doesn't look well in a bathing-suit, or a raggedy, unpolished fellow who has a menial job.

Even if you accept a date with one of these fellows, you will be a little ashamed. Prob-

ably ashamed enough so that your attitudes will color your behaviour and ensure that he won't ask you again.

It isn't easy to be a man today, since so many women have been led by education and the mass communication media to have such high standards.

It is difficult to be constantly faced with demands for competition and success. Some of the less-than-perfect males can take only a little bit of this before they stop dating.

Of course, some women seek an inferior man. They have emotional needs which are satisfied by caring for poor downtrodden fellows.

There is still another circumstance limitation on your opportunity—your financial status and its relation to your opportunity.

One of the unexpected findings of the research study was that more of the single women had come from humble homes, even though all the women, married and single, had the same education standard.

In talking with them, it became evident that there were some practical considerations, as well as personality ones, which got in the way of the less well-to-do young women dating and marrying.

A young woman from a more modest home, for instance, had the problem of clothes to wear to dances. She found, too, that she was not always acceptable to social groups in which she now would like to marry.

It wasn't all a matter of money, clothes, or snobbery by any means, however. For sometimes the young woman from the poor home became so belligerently determined as a result of the social obstacles put in her path that she wasn't good company.

Or perhaps she became too servile or too insecure because of her inferiority feelings. There is at least one study which indicates that girls from more wealthy homes are more poised, aggressive, and self-confident—all important qualities in social success—because

Be self-assured

of their father's financial security and the feelings of worth it transferred to them.

This matter of feeling "worthy" or "unworthy" is tremendously important. The self-definition you have is, in the end, so important as to be all-controlling to your opportunity.

If, as you were growing up, you were able to think of yourself as being loved, desired, and a very desirable love object, you probably had no trouble with your self-assurance and in your relationships with boys.

Because you thought of yourself that way, you were able to spend your time with them thinking about their needs—their shyness, their accomplishments, their enjoyment. And they loved it—and you.



Because they loved you, you got more self-assurance.

Self-definition is a product of your relations with other people. It can and usually does change during your life.

As a matter of fact, a change in self-definition is probably one of the major reasons why some women lose their man-attracting ability as they grow older. It isn't just the ageing itself.

A pretty young face and figure automatically qualify you as a goddess among a vast army of sex worshippers. But while this is wonderful when you have what it takes, it means that even a little bit of wilting or weighting can be devastating to your own feelings.

Although it is quite possible that some mature women could be even more attractive to men as they grow more understanding and more sexually responsive, they won't try. They lose their self-confidence. And once the self-confidence is gone they are, in fact, less attractive.

But self-definition can change for the better, too.

Cold statistics do show that

a decreasing proportion of women marry as they get older. This does not necessarily mean a thing in your case. It is your personal situation and your personal abilities which determine your position and progress.

You may have had parents for whom you were obliged to care, or you may have been kept so close to an isolated home that you never had a chance to build love relationships with men.

You may have been the victim of social prejudice. Or there may be one hundred other situations in which circumstances prevented you from having the dates and love relationships that might lead to marriage.

But nowadays the burden of proof—only to yourself, of

SELF-ASSURANCE without too much aggression will help you to interest a man and later lead his mind towards thoughts of love and marriage.

course—that some other self in your circumstances could not have created more "opportunity" seems to rest with you. And it can be a stimulus to self-examination that may benefit you.

While it isn't true in every case, usually genuine opportunity for dating and marriage is not so much statistical as it is psychological.

ULTIMATELY the number of acquaintances and potential love partners that you will have depends upon your motivation (do you really have the right kind of intense desire for dating and marriage?); your flexibility (can you be friendly without being familiar and can you love someone who is not quite your ideal?); and, finally, your interestability (do you have the ingenuity and the know-how to interest men?).

You can do something about each of these things—and, if you want to improve your opportunity, you should.

But where can you meet men?

Sooner or later in every group of single women I talk to we get around to discussing this question.

Most often the problem is not really where to meet men but how to. The only real "where" involved is where can the young woman get the self-assurance that will allow her to speak easily with strangers and/or just the right degree of soft approachableness that will encourage them to speak with her in a friendly manner.

Of course, there are some women who are so isolated or so surrounded by other women that they don't have enough contacts with eligible men.

Regardless of how many men you already come close to, if you have a meetable

personality you can increase the chances of finding your ideal by being close to even more eligible men.

It is a good idea to join active sports, hobby groups, and political clubs—men are to be found there. And you'll enjoy the exercise, both physical and intellectual. Don't forget adult education classes, and dance classes, either. Try the church groups; churches do good service in helping people meet each other.

Indeed, there are many ways to increase your chances of coming closer to eligible men, if you already have enough motivation and gumption and determination to seek them out.

But it isn't going to help much to be where the men are if you cannot bring yourself to meet them and interest them any more than the ones you have already met.

The first thing to do is to make it easy for all acceptable men to know you.

The second thing is to use every means available to enlarge your opportunities for coming within meeting distance of eligible men.

Take advantage of all the help you can get, especially from other women friends who will introduce you to their brothers and share their "didn't click" boy-friends. You might even organise such a reciprocal sharing-plan yourself. Be generous with your boy-friends—it may help you in the long run.

The third thing is to be sure that you make a good first impression when you do see and meet a man.

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What's Cooking

A short short story

By MARILYN LONGMUIR



George was the typical bachelor with his kitchen shelves full of tinned food.

GEORGE HARPER read the instructions on the label. "Open can and empty contents into saucepan—heat for ten minutes." George had been doing this for the past year—reading instructions on labels and following them. There comes a time, though, when even a man as easy-going as George becomes fed-up with the old routine.

Just what would he give to be sitting down at home to a large plate of his mother's cooking. Why, George could just see that plate now. There would be—

You can imagine what happened. There was George so busy deciding what he would like his mother, who happened to live five hundred miles away from him, to cook for his dinner that he completely forgot that he happened to be cooking the meal for himself.

The result? Well, the best that could be said of the contents of that saucepan was that it certainly looked distinctly unpalatable.

Five minutes later he was on his way out.

The time had come for him to make a decision, he thought, while doing full justice to a delicious meal at his favorite restaurant. He had no intention of giving up his flat, so if he didn't intend to spend the rest of his life opening tins and eating out there were only two alternatives left open to him. He'd either have to get married or learn to cook.

After several minutes of careful deliberation George decided on the latter course. If he followed the first suggestion, he'd first have to find a girl whom he loved, and who loved to cook. On the other hand, all he had to do was learn to cook himself.

Once decided, George lost no time in following out his plan. The next evening found him at the Perfect Cooking School, about to enrol.

He grinned down rather bashfully from his six feet at the receptionist and said in a voice which somehow didn't quite sound like his own, "I'd like to learn to cook."

"You'd be interested in our 'Beginners' Course,' then," replied the girl briskly. The girl had taken his announcement seriously. Perhaps she was used to seeing tall, lean, hungry young men announcing they would like to learn to cook.

"Now our Beginners' Course starts in four weeks' time. If you'd just fill in your name and address on this enrolment card, we'll notify you a few days before it begins."

The deed was done. George was on his way out, congratulating himself on his brainwave, when he stopped.

Coming out of the doorway marked "To Classes" was none other than George's own secretary at Carters, Miss Rose, who saw him, and the funny thing was that George was quite sure she was just as embarrassed to see him as he was to see her.

"What a surprise meeting you here," he remarked, with a quick smile. "I've just put my name down on their next Beginners' Course." George thought he had carried a difficult moment off quite well.

"Oh!" said Miss Rose. She still seemed a trifle embarrassed.

"I—er—I'm doing that course now."

"What's it like?" asked George. "Hard?"

"Well, it is rather difficult at first," she replied.

"Look!" suggested George, surprising himself, as well as his secretary, "why don't you and I slip around the corner to a coffee-shop and you can tell me all about it."

They found one and settled themselves at a table in a corner.

"Honestly, Mr. Harper," began his secretary.

"George," interrupted that said gentleman. "Now surely not even Mr. Carter would mind if we called ourselves by our Christian names here."

"Well, honestly, George," Jennifer laughed, looking across at her boss, "you're the last person in the world I ever imagined to see walking out of the doorway of the Perfect Cooking School."

"To be truthful," George replied with a quick boyish grin, "I'm rather a little surprised myself. Still, you know, food's important to any man, and when you've been reared on cooking like my mother's—boy! there's a time when even the strongest stomach yearns for good old home-cooking."

"You really are serious about taking this course?" she asked, her blue eyes surveying him anxiously.

"I certainly am," George assured her. "Just wait till I go home on my next holidays and offer to cook the Sunday dinner for my mother."

They were still talking two hours later. George hadn't

enjoyed himself so much for months, and to think that for six of those months Jennifer had been taking his dictation, typing his letters, answering his phone, and until this evening he hadn't even known that she had blue eyes.

The next day George decided to invite Jennifer out to lunch. He hadn't realised till last night that she was so attractive, and sensible, too, for that matter. Why, any woman should know that the sure way to any man's heart is by way of his stomach, but none of the girls that George had ever taken out had remembered that. But Jennifer—here she was already taking a course at a cooking school so she'd be prepared.

Lunch over, it seemed the most natural thing to do was to invite Jennifer out to dinner.

"The point is," George explained as they sat savoring one of Hong Lee's specialties, "now I've decided to learn to cook I may as well go all the way. After I've learnt plain cooking—well, then I can try Continental, and after that Chinese."

"It's a shame you have to wait till the next course starts at the Perfect Cooking School. Did you try any of the other schools?"

"As a matter of fact, I didn't, Jennifer, but I've waited so long to learn that I think I'll wait."

There were times, of course, when George had qualms about the whole idea. What a pity Jennifer couldn't cook successfully already. It would make all the difference to a girl like her who could cook. She had admitted to George that she was somewhat disappointed with her progress.

"I'm thinking of trying another school, George," she said. "I think the Perfect Cooking School is quite good, if you're prepared to wait for years to be a really good cook, but not for someone who wants to learn in a hurry."

It gave him food for thought. Jennifer might be right. Perhaps he should try one of the others.

That very evening George arrived home from work to find a letter from the Perfect Cooking School in his mail. It informed him that classes for his course commenced the next Monday night at eight o'clock sharp.

As soon as he arrived at the office George told Jennifer his good news.

"George," she began slowly, "there's something I should have told you." She bit her lip and looked across at him, a worried expression on her face. "In fact, I should have told you the very first time we met, but then I never thought you'd go through with the idea—learning to cook, that is."

"I'm afraid I just don't get this," George replied, gazing back at her with a puzzled frown.

"You see, I wasn't doing a cooking course at that school, George," she explained. "I'm one of the cooking demonstrators there, and next week I've been assigned to the beginners' class. That night I met you I got such a shock I said the first thing that came into my head. You know how Mr. Carter hates part-time jobs. He thinks that if you work here you should belong to Carters body and soul. I only took the job because I liked cooking, and—" her voice trailed away. You couldn't very well tell your boss that the only reason you stayed at Carters was because you liked him.

"I could have had the job full time, I suppose I should have told you when I knew you wouldn't tell Mr. Carter, only I thought if you knew I was an expert, instead of a beginner like yourself, you mightn't have—"

"Then the Perfect Cooking School are not as slow at teaching you to cook as you made out?" George asked.

"No, I thought perhaps I could put you on to another school," Jennifer replied. "George, I'm sorry—really I am."

"Do you mean to tell me that you can cook anything from plain roast beef to those fancy French dishes?"

Jennifer nodded. "Yes, and cream sponges and meringue pies, and apple tarts—and—"

"Why, Jennifer!" There was no doubt that these disclosures had affected George. "Why, a girl who can cook those things is just wasting her time in an office. She should be at home keeping some young man happy—someone who'd appreciate her talents—someone who loves good cooking—someone who loves her. Someone," George paused for a second, "someone like me," he announced.

"Oh, George!" was all Jennifer managed to say, but how could she say any more while she was being kissed?

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OUT OF SIGHT, OUT OF LOVE

By
**JOHN
CLARE**

ILLUSTRATED BY
**BARBARA
ROBERTSON**

THE pleasant young man sitting in the seat beside her in the plane seemed to remember a great deal more about Margaret than she remembered about him. She even needed a little help with his name, which he supplied shortly after they left New York, together with a swift account on what had happened to the old crowd in Whitfield.

Most of the names were familiar, vaguely familiar, and after a while she even figured out that her companion must be the brother of that Cissie Parker she had never liked very much.

"Of course, I haven't lived in Whitfield for years, you know," she said defensively. "In fact, I haven't been back for five years, not since my mother died."

"We'll all have to get together while you're home," he promised cheerfully.

Margaret nodded. That might be nice, after a while. Right now the only people she wanted to see were her mother and her father.

She closed her eyes and she could see them. Her father was smoking his pipe and looking quizzically at her. His arms were outstretched. Janie was running to meet her with her ponytail flying behind her in her eagerness to see her big sister again.

Margaret sighed and leaned her head back. Even this headache, which George Parker's persistent pleasantries weren't helping, would vanish in the peace and quiet of a place where she was surrounded by people who loved her more than anyone else in the world.

"We're late. Do you suppose your family will be waiting?" Mr. Parker asked.

"I didn't tell them I was coming," said Margaret. Besides, if they were going to meet her, they would wait if they had to wait all night. The Barretts were that kind of a family.

"Sort of a surprise visit, eh?" "Sort of," said Margaret.

"My car's at the airport," he said.

"Thank you, but I'll just get a taxi and go right out to the house," she said.

Now that she was almost home she wanted to run the rest of the way, up the front steps of the white house and into those outstretched arms of her father. She wanted to feel Janie's hand in hers and hear her voice. They would walk through the sprawling, old-fashioned house with its wonderful memories.

Margaret said goodbye to her companion at the bottom of the ramp. The sun was low in the sky.

"Just wait until I tell my sister I've seen you, Mrs. Darcy," he was saying.

Margaret smiled back at him over her shoulder and nodded. Now her high heels were clicking across the concrete apron and she was almost home.

The cab driver took her bag to the door of the house, but before she was halfway up the walk Margaret could tell that everyone was away. The blinds weren't drawn, but she remembered the house so well she knew, even after this time, how it looked when it was empty. She paid the driver and stood for a moment after trying the locked door.

"Why, it's you, Maggie." A man was calling to her from the porch of the house next door. It was Mr. Driscoll, their neighbor and the only person she had never been able to convince that she hated being called Maggie.

"They're at Tully," he said, leaning over the railing. "I guess you know that."

She should have known it. The family had gone to the lake every summer as long as she could remember. In fact, just

To page 49

Margaret put her arms around her father and said: "It's so nice to be home, Dad."



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The Mark of the Hand

FOR nearly a year BETTY FOLLETT has been employed by widower DOUGLAS KILBURN as companion to his three-year-old daughter, TESSA, and to his mother, MRS. KILBURN. Betty becomes apprehensive of her position when Douglas decides to marry SYLVIA WALSH.

Shortly after Sylvia's arrival Betty was amazed to hear her telling Douglas that Tessa had broken an antique cup. Betty felt sure Sylvia had broken the cup herself, because MRS. MONAHAN, the housekeeper, said Tessa was sitting on the stairs at the time.

The next day Sylvia secretly went to the house next door, where she talked to DEAN MOWRY, a cousin of her first husband, MIKE CALVERNE. She had seen Mowry the day before from the window. She was worried Dean might tell Douglas about her past when she had lived in the Kilburn house five years ago with Mike, who had been convicted of murder and died in prison.

She blackmailed Dean into silence and returned to

the Kilburn garden. The next day Douglas noticed some plants had been broken in the garden dividing the houses and Tessa was blamed. The house is to be redecorated, and Betty noticed Sylvia's tenseness when Douglas asked Dean for advice on a painter. Dean, after recommending HENRY UPDYKE, asked him, however, not to do the job after all. But Updyke remembered Sylvia and decided to do some blackmailing himself.

The night before Updyke was to start painting, Sylvia helped Douglas to clear his den, and as they took down his gun-rack he suggested they have a practice shoot, as Sylvia seemed frightened of guns.

Next morning Sylvia let Updyke into the house, and, not recognising him, took him into the den, where, just as he was threatening to reveal her past, Dean came in from the garden. An argument between the three followed, with Sylvia snatching up a gun, and in a scuffle it went off, killing Updyke. NOW READ ON:

MRS. MONAHAN didn't hear the shot. Both the washer and dryer were going, effectively drowning out all other noises.

Mrs. Kilburn heard the shot, but she was in the bathtub.

Betty heard the shot. But Mrs. Kilburn could not get out of the tub without her assistance. Furthermore, who, in a decent house, could assume that such a sound would be a shot that had killed a man? Betty was startled, but not worried. She waited to help Mrs. Kilburn out of the tub before she would check.

One person in the house heard the shot and went idly drifting towards the funny, loud noise: Tessa.

In the den the big table was pulled across the fireplace to leave the walls bare, and Douglas' flat-top desk was pushed against one end of the table. Updyke had fallen between the desk and the panelled door.

The gun sagged in Sylvia's hand as Mowry went slowly towards the body. He crouched, and in the silence his knees cracked. Updyke had fallen face down.

Mowry's fingers on the desk shifted and let go. He snatched for support again. He rose, creaking. "You've killed him," he said. His eyes rolled.

"He did it himself," said Sylvia, speaking low. Her eyes darted. "I can say I left him in here. He was fooling with the guns. It was an accident."

"Under his shoulder-blade — in the back?" Mowry whispered. "That's impossible. You can't confess what you were doing with the gun. I'm getting out." He turned to run.

"No, you're not," she said. He kept blundering towards the glass door, but she stopped him. "Because you are in it," she said. "You are in it, Dean. You'd better help me get out of it."

He moistened his lips. His eyes had a look of fear and loathing, yet there was a faint glimmer of hope in them. "How?" he asked. "How?"

Sylvia went to the panelled door and cracked it carefully. He saw her spine change. She looked at him and in her eyes there was a glittering shrewdness. "I see how," she whispered. She looked around frantically. Her thoughts spun. "We—we'll have to use—Look, all you have to do is to be a witness and swear —"

"Swear?"

"The little girl. You be a witness and we'll get out of it."

"You can't say a little kid —"

"Yes, I can."

Now, in his eyes, there was fascination — like drawn to like.

She said, "I can do it, and you swear. Or else, Dean. You killed him as much as I."

"What shall I do?" he whispered.

"You'll have to be locked outside," she said quickly.

"You'll witness it through the glass. Hurry."

Mowry moved, looking half-mad. He went outside through the glass door and Sylvia locked it after him. Then she ran to open the panelled door to the living-room.

Tessa, wearing a pair of red corduroy overalls and clutching a stuffed toy, was crossing the living-room.

"Tessa?" Just a whisper. The house was still. Only the child's feet moved. She moved towards the sound of her whispered name, and when she came close enough Sylvia grabbed her.

Betty ran down the stairs, listening to the house. There was a rumble of machinery beyond the kitchen. She could hear something else. It seemed to be a shrill and piercing voice and it apparently came from the den. She ran across the living-room and pushed at the panelled door.

Betty gasped at what she could see. A stuffed toy lay on the floor. In Douglas' big leather chair, which stood against the far end of the table, little Tessa was standing. Sylvia stood beside her. Sylvia was crying. "No. Give it to me, Tessa. Give it to me." Then Betty realised that Sylvia was frantically trying to take a gun away from Tessa.

"Tessa!" Betty cried.

The gun went off. The bullet went high, into the ceiling. Tessa shrieked. Betty was there with the screaming child in her arms and she never knew where her feet had touched the floor to get there.

Sylvia sagged away with the gun in her hand. Someone began to tap violently on the glass of the outside door. Sylvia staggered to it, unlocked it. The neighbor, Mowry, came in. Betty hung on to the terrified child as tightly as she could. The child was choking on her own screams.

"Is he hurt badly?" The man spoke in a shrill voice.

Betty saw Mowry move around the furniture and crouch beside a white-clad something that looked like a heap of sacks on the floor. His hand on the desk edge steadied him.

To Betty it was as if she suddenly had only tunnel vision. She could see his white knuckles, vivid and sharp. And somehow she could see only them; if nothing else, it seemed a way to avoid looking at the body. She stared at the white



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 12, 1959

Concluding our two-part serial by CHARLOTTE ARMSTRONG

knuckles until Mowry rose and took his hand away. The child in her arms struggled for breath.

"The man is dead," Betty heard Mowry say. "A bullet in his back." His mouth opened and closed and opened again.

Sylvia yanked open the flat drawer of the table. She threw the little gun within and slammed the drawer shut and stood with her hands holding it shut, her head thrown back. "I tried," she moaned. "Did you see it?"

"I saw it," Mowry said.

"Tessa had the gun," Sylvia said in a high voice. "She was up in the chair. The poor man! You saw it?"

Mowry was sweating. "I saw it."

"Oh, Douglas," sobbed Sylvia. "My poor Douglas. I'll call him."

"Let's all get out of here," quavered Mowry. He opened the panelled door.

Sylvia ran through, past that white nothingness on the floor. Betty lifted Tessa, tight in her arms, went around the furniture, hurried out. Mowry let the door close on the tragedy behind them.

Betty sat down in the chair near the fireplace, with the child shuddering in her arms. She felt numb. Mowry had fallen into a chair near the bay window. He was wiping his face with a handkerchief. Betty could hear Sylvia's voice waving into the telephone in the hall.

She herself spoke only mindless syllables of pure love into the little girl's ear until Tessa's shuddering lessened and she was quiet and limp on Betty's lap.

Then, like an apparition from times long, long ago, Mrs. Monahan in her work dress barged ignorantly and cheerfully into the archway. "Oh, you've got her, Betty."

Betty looked at her compellingly and said urgently, "Please go and tell Mrs. Kilburn that a gun went off. The painter has been hurt. Tessa is all right. Go upstairs and stay with her, please."

Mrs. Monahan, suddenly big-eyed and shaken, went at once to do as she'd been told.

Sylvia came slowly into the room. Her eyes were half closed and her manner was distraught.

"Douglas is coming," she said, sounding exhausted, "and a doctor. We will all have to be as steady as we can be. It's all right," she intoned. "Nobody is going to blame the baby."

Douglas Kilburn burst into his house with two policemen on his heels and the family doctor on theirs. Douglas' only clear notion was of catastrophe. His first thought was for his child. A healing sense of thankfulness came over him when he saw his little girl in Betty Follett's arms. "Is she all right, Betty?"

"She isn't hurt," Betty said.

So he turned to Sylvia and gently took her hands in his. "What happened?"

"Oh, Douglas."

"The man is dead?"

"Where, please?" asked one of the policemen.

It was Mowry who gestured. The two policemen and the doctor went to the den door. The doctor and one of the policemen went inside. The other, holding the den door open, looked back and listened.

"I let the painter in," said Sylvia. Her voice trembled. Her breath was scant. Her large eyes were veiled. "I took him to the den and showed him what was to be done. Then I wanted the sample of the new leather for your chair, Douglas. Wanted him to see the color. It was in my bag, so I went out to the hall to get it."

"Yes," Douglas continued to hold her icy hands.

"You know how that door closes? Well, when I pushed it open the painter was just inside the door. He said, 'Better get the gun away from the kid.' I saw Tessa standing on the seat of your big chair — with the gun. The same one, I guess, that we used last night. So I — of course, I rushed to her. But before I — Oh, Douglas, it went off!" Sylvia

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The gun sagged in Sylvia's hand as Mowry crouched over Updyke where he had fallen in front of the desk.





The

IT was the soaring pinnacle of days — all summer, sunlight, and peace. Leaving his house that morning, Paul Farjeon thought it highly generous of the Fates to have granted such a day for his astounding discovery that he was in love with his wife.

He walked back to the garage. The grass rolled green and gold to the bench under the elm tree. And there Ruth was in a straw hat cutting iris.

"Hey," he said, "you'd think Queen Elizabeth was coming for the weekend! It's only my sister Amanda. You needn't fuss so."

She straightened, tilting the hat; he could see her creamy face and the soft brown silk of her hair. Oh, she was lovely, newly lovely, and he had thought surely that he would never feel like this again!

"But," she said, "when you've been married eight years and never have seen your only sister-in-law, you want to make a fancy impression, you know."

"I'm sorry I can't go to the airport with you, but I've got to preside over the students' finals."

"You'll find her, though. She'll have a briefcase and a strict suit, and she has an austere face, like a faculty wife's."

Ruth laughed. "Not like this faculty wife's, I hope."

"Most certainly not like this one." He would have lingered; for the first time in their lives he desperately wanted to. But he had a nine-o'clock class.

All morning there was that glowing in him. Jenkins, from the history department, asked him at lunch what had happened to cause his radiant good humor. Paul laughed and shrugged, because, after all, he could not say, "I have just now fallen in love with my wife."

In the afternoon he went to preside over the examination, then back to his office, accompanied by the same curious joy.

That simple woman — except that he knew now Ruth was not simple, that nobody is, really — had done this to him. And he thought back to

*Ariel Tolliver was so beautiful,
breathtakingly beautiful.*

Lost and the Found

the time, eight years before, when he had married her, entirely and completely without love.

That miserable summer. Thirty-one he had been then and, in his own world, a huge success. He had got his Ph.D. in English literature and had been promoted to an assistant professorship.

He had been attractive in an aquiline way; he'd had enough extra money from his family to maintain the pleasant old house he had inherited; and he had had friends. All his plans had worked out. Until Ariel Tolliver had come along.

He had met her through Amanda, who had then been living in New York. He had gone to a cocktail party crowded with "arty" spinsters in peasant blouses and ropes of beads, had prepared himself to be thoroughly bored—and there she had been, and quite simply they had flown together.

Ariel's was the most immaculately polished and sophisticated mind Paul had found in a woman. She had a lucid wit, poise, and enough taste to adorn herself in subtle simplicity. Moreover, she was a sculptress of some talent and already had had three exhibits on Fifty-Seventh Street.

The pull between them was undeniable. They quarrelled—and flew together again. It was the most stimulating, most exciting relationship that either had known, and it lasted for almost two rich, effervescent years.

Ariel came to Wellbridge for a magnificent week, during which Paul took her everywhere to show her off. The result was dazzling.

She talked about Kant and the existentialists to Larry Marshall, who taught philosophy; she knew about Mondrian when someone in the art department brought up the name; and she could discuss Le Corbusier with Marshall's son, who was going to be an architect. Besides which, she was so beautiful, breathtakingly beautiful.

"Don't go back," Paul begged, as they stood in the doorway long past midnight. "Stay here. We can be married three days from now."

"After that we'll go to New York?"

"New York? Of course not. We'll live here in this house."

"Paul, you don't know what you're saying! I've just been accepted in Le Clerc's class. He takes only two students a year, do you realise that? I've a tremendous future. I—"

"You've a more tremendous future with me."

"Darling, I know, but —"

But, after hours of argument, there was still that but.

"Why don't you come back with me? You can teach in many places," Ariel protested, "but only in New York can I study sculpture with Le Clerc."

Well, that was true. Yet a man must be the head of his family, and as the head Paul had no intention of abandoning his essential life in Wellbridge.

So they threshed it out, achieving nothing but

further stubborn anger. Ariel went home. After a month of letters, telephone calls, and visits, the anger burst. They were finished. The enchanted time was over. With utmost simplicity Paul's heart broke.

That miserable summer. One evening, during the first week of bereavement, Paul, moving in a mental fog, smashed his car against a telephone pole. It was his first accident and it put him in the hospital for a month.

Some old friends of his parents, hearing of the accident, invited him to recuperate for the remainder of the summer at their house outside Albany. He did not want to go, but he knew that the only way to get hold of himself was to get hold of life. So he went to the Maynards' and he met Ruth Mott.

Mrs. Maynard took Paul aside to explain Ruth's presence. "Her mother was a cousin of mine, you know. She died when Ruth was an infant and Ruth has been living with her father in a wilderness in Maine. He was a crank, a retired professor of Asiatic history. He died last month. So the poor child's staying with us for a while. I call her a child, though she's twenty-two, but such an innocent, poor dear, and without a penny or any friends except us."

Paul hadn't the faintest idea why Mrs. Maynard should tell him all this except that she was naturally talkative.

Ruth was a quiet girl, a little thin, with a faint anxiety in her eyes. Her silky brown hair was rich. Her candy-colored summer dresses were neat. In the beginning Paul saw little of her; most of his time was spent on the verandah resting his leg.

Ruth worked in the garden; it seemed typical of women who looked like her to have a passion for flowers. Or she was in the kitchen experimenting with a new dessert. He never saw her with a book or heard a comment from her that did not pertain to domesticity. She would not have been his type even if he had been interested in women.

One day when he was alone with Ruth for a few minutes, she said, "You have a wonderful voice, Paul. You don't mind my telling you?"

He knew very well that he had. On campus he was known for the style and effect of his lectures, for his mellow readings of the Elizabethan dramatists. "Of course I don't mind. I thank you."

"I listened last night while you were talking to Uncle Hearn. I didn't understand what you were talking about," Ruth said with a wistful smile. And then, frankly, "I'm not an educated person. I've never been able to get excited about politics or history, but I couldn't help listening to your voice."

He said kindly, "I studied your father's textbooks. He could get excited about history, couldn't he?"

"I know. But I'm not at all like father. He was disappointed in me. Oh, I did what I was sup-

posed to in school, but nothing more. And Father wanted his child to show great distinction."

"Rather hard on the child when she failed to do so, I imagine?"

"Yes," Ruth said calmly, "yes, it was. He never seemed able to accept my difference from himself."

Pity, as towards a solitary child, ran over Paul. "Tell you what," he said. "The doctor says I can drive again. Would you like to go for a ride tomorrow?"

A flush rose delicately pink and bathed her face. She looked no more than fourteen. "I'd love it," she said.

That was the start of many days, of drives along Lake George, where the white sails turned and leaned, of afternoon hours on the cool verandah.

Ruth was a novelty. Most of the girls Paul knew were from the interlocking circles of his world: students, professors' daughters, family friends. And Ariel.

Ruth had a rushing little voice. He had a feeling that she was in a hurry to say what she had to say before being told to be quiet. Yet she did not seem to be asking for sympathy. Indeed, she would not have talked about herself at all had Paul not urged her.

Soon he was able to draw a mental sketch of her background. He saw the bleached and bony landscape of her home, familiar to him from youthful camping trips in Maine.

He had been in those old houses where a tall man has to stoop. He could hear the clock-ticking on the pine mantel, the wind creaking through the fir trees; he could feel the young girl's wonder at the life that must be going on somewhere beyond the bleak circle of the house and the old man's chilling disapproval.

Paul could imagine her suffused with adolescent longing, as much a romantic at twenty-two as ever she could have been at twelve.

He thought of Ariel, who knew more about Kafka and Sartre than he did himself. He thought of Ariel and shut out the thought.

He liked to watch Ruth in the Maynards' kitchen.

"I have such a good feeling when I've turned out a perfect pie," she explained, "when I've done something that couldn't be done better."

"That's the creative instinct," Paul said.

She nodded seriously, "Just as if it were an easel or a piano."

"That's right. Comely!" he exclaimed. "That's the word for you. I've been trying to think of one."

Did her hands really tremble, or —

"Good bones, too," he added. "You'll be a

Continued overleaf

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Continuing . . .

THE LOST AND THE FOUND

from page 29

handsome old lady, with those bones."

"I can hardly wait," Ruth said, laughingly.

Paul was different when he was with Ruth. It was as though he had set apart a special mood for her, light, casual, and inwardly patronising.

Of course, his usual world of reference was beyond her, the world of books and theatre, of theories and experience, in which he moved with natural, unassuming fitness.

He had to talk about things that were suited to her: sailing, or movies, or raising dogs. Yet the easy conversation was astonishingly soothing.

He began, also, to talk about himself. He told about his town and the old house, about things very close—but never, of course, about the closest, the deepest thing that had happened to him.

Ruth listened, and smiled, and gave him her heart.

The summer ran on and Paul began to regret having to go home. This was strange, because his home was a part of him. But the house was so big to be alone in.

He remembered it as it had been during his parents' lifetime, with the flowers tended and the linen fresh. It was no way to live, as he did now, among the dust and echoes, with a slipshod housekeeper coming by the day.

All his contemporaries were married. On Saturday nights, when parties dispersed and everyone else left in couples, he was aware of his solitary state. Everywhere, at faculty teas, even in church on Sunday morning, he was out of the pattern.

He had always planned his life, and his plans had worked out—the Ph.D., the winter in Rome, the assistant-professorship. He had always planned to be married by thirty, to have a purpose and a place of dignity.

There came a rainy afternoon in his last week with the Maynards. He sat on the verandah watching Ruth. Her head was bent; she was knitting a sweater for someone's baby. There was something childlike about her, something fresh, like milk.

He felt sorrow for her, in her weakness and inexperience. He pitied her because, in spite of her bits of folk wisdom and her female intuition, she was, by the standards of his kind, stupid. And lastly he pitied her because she loved him.

Then suddenly it came to him: Why not marry Ruth?

He had had enough, heaven knew, of love. Enough of tensions, and doing cruel violence to his own soul. Of anguish, the dry mouth, the cold, sweaty palms of anxiety: Will she telephone? Shall I call her? Enough of the exaltation and the trembling, of terrible desire and despair.

After a long time, Paul heard his own voice. "I shall miss you, Ruth."

She turned great, wondering eyes to him.

He began to talk rapidly and softly. "I have a good life," he said. "It's a pleasant town, Wellbridge. My sister plans to live in France after her divorce becomes final, and I've bought her share in the house. Also, I have an income from my parents. Oh," he said, "I'm putting it badly! What I really want to say is: Ruth, will you come back with me?"

Her tears came. "I don't understand," she said.

"Don't you?" He got up and took her hands. He felt very gentle. "I want you to marry me."

Ruth's mouth trembled, and Paul savored the fine taste of

generosity. This was the high moment of her life; she would remember it forever, would put it in a diary—a pink leather diary, or baby blue, with a sprig of mignonette.

"The world isn't always easy, Ruth. Things get tense, complex. But not in these past weeks with you. It's been good being together. You need to be cared for, and I can do that. I'll make a safe, quiet place for you."

With every word he became more confident of his course. It was a practical and constructive course, to proceed with living after the chaotic interruptions of Ariel.

He would be like other people, would have order, peace, and purpose. Let this wholesome girl make a home for him, and let him be free of all concerns except his own advancement in the happy world of books.

Suddenly now, quite humbly, Ruth took his hands and kissed them. It could have been a theatrical gesture, but it was not. It was, he knew, quite simply an act of love and worship.

"I've loved you—it seems for so long," she said. "I was ashamed of myself. It was impossible as my having been my father's daughter."

Paul did not know why he felt uncomfortable. With a

+++++
The combat infantry-
man should combine
the arts of a successful
poacher, a cat-burglar,
and a gunman.
—Field-Marshal
Earl Wavell
+++++

gentle kiss, he closed her innocent mouth.

In her sitting-room, where they had gone to tell her, Aunt Louise Maynard frowned her astonishment. "You know what you're doing, I hope?"

To Paul's surprise, Ruth spoke sturdily. "Yes, Aunt, we do." It was as if, in the little time since Paul's proposal, she had acquired assurance.

Mrs. Maynard hesitated. Then she spoke with great difficulty and great kindness. "I know this must be a marvellous moment, and I oughtn't to spoil it. But you scarcely know each other. And you are such very different people."

Paul knew that she knew about Ariel. Most of his friends did. He said firmly, "I will be very good to Ruth. You have nothing to worry about."

And so Paul married Ruth Mott, without loving her at all.

There was time for a week in the mountains before classes began in mid-September. Paul was amused at Ruth's pure happiness. He bought her a hat in Montreal, a charming white bonnet, under which her eyes looked out in delight. He bought her a book of advanced French cookery and a tablecloth to embroider.

He chuckled. "A man and a should see this."

"What is she like, your sister?"

"Oh, sharp-tongued, Phi Beta Kappa, a little bit crazy. And she writes."

"Should I know of her books?"

"No. She's had poetry and essays esoterically printed. That means privately published, in small editions."

"Oh." For just a moment Ruth was troubled. "Paul, there's so much I don't know. Are you sure you won't mind my being ignorant?"

Paul laughed. "You're very sweet the way you are. Don't try to be different."

But there was already a difference in Ruth. The anxious look had gone; her face had relaxed. She was really an attractive little thing. How his friends would talk, George and Liz Barret and the rest! They'd shake their heads at his bringing so flagrant an outsider into their tight little circle.

Paul smiled, hearing them in his mind's ear. Brilliant men often marry their intellectual inferiors. It rests them to go home to a submissive woman. And she is a fine person, there's no question about that.

It was evening when they drove up to their home. The reddened maples were in full blaze as they went up the path and unlocked the door.

"Well, Ruth, it's yours," Paul said.

She stood in the front hall and shut her eyes. There was overwhelming emotion on her face. "I am making a wish," she said.

Curiously, he inquired, "May I know?"

She said softly, "I was only saying, 'Dear God, thank you.' And I was saying, 'Please, God, let me be good enough.'"

Ruth went to work on the house. "We'll consolidate the books in one room, with shelves from floor to ceiling," she said. "Then I'll make red-and-white toile curtains for the dining-room. And I'll have to spend a week clearing out the perennial border."

In early October they had supper on the verandah, with candles in hurricane globes and tiny chrysanthemums crisp in a yellow bowl. On Thanksgiving two faculty couples came to dinner. Paul carved the turkey at the head of the table; Ruth served the sumptuous pie.

After the meal there were wine and walnuts before the fire, and the new record-player producing Paul's favorite music from French ballads. Indeed, it was a Thanksgiving, and only proved how sensibly a man can order his life.

He wondered inevitably, later on, how it all would have worked out if Ariel had not come back.

She telephoned one morning when he was in his office reading term papers. She came, in her direct fashion, to the point. "I've heard you were married, and I couldn't bear it. I had to talk to you."

Pain clutched Paul's giddy head. "Ariel, what do you want of me?"

"It's too late for me to want anything of you, isn't it?"

"Why didn't you let us reach an understanding before it was too late? How long did you think a man could stand the way we were?" He had meant it to be an angry accusation, and it turned out to be a cry.

"I know," Ariel said. "I was stubborn and wasteful. I ought to be whipped." And Paul knew she was weeping.

Then he had to see her. He had to. It was like days of thirst, or the longing for anaesthesia during pain. He stood on the platform, lecturing on Ben Jonson, and his mind said, "Ariel, Ariel." He remembered her flesh, the golden skin stretched over the wonderful thin, strong hands. Her thick hair, her exotic clothes. He heard her pure voice everywhere. He was possessed.

By Christmas, it was not to be borne. Home and the tree, the friends around the table, the wreath on the door—he fled them.

There was a publisher in New York, he told Ruth, who wanted to see him about a possible book.

To page 41



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"Then I hit on the idea of building our own caravan, with storage for the puppets," Jack told us.

"This makes us quite self-sufficient, like a snail."

Charlotte the charger

IN America there's a city called Seattle. In Seattle there's a family called Haynes. The Haynes' have a young daughter called Charlotte.

Charlotte turned 12 recently, and her parents had a novel idea for her birthday present.

They let her loose in a department store for an hour, and let her charge anything in sight.

Charlotte bought a T-shirt, two pairs of shorts, three blouses, a playsuit, a dress, a



FAVORITE of the Rees' 200-strong puppet family, The Horse, says a few words to (from left) Jacqueline, Karen, Doreen, Lindy, and Jack.

suit, a coat, a stuffed stork, a stuffed tiger, a stuffed poodle, a stuffed lion, five dolls' dresses, a few belts, some necklaces, a beach-coat, and an angel doll.

Total cost: £96/4/7.

★ CLASSIFIED advertisement in a Sydney newspaper:

"Attractive adult cat, young, desexed, wants kind home. Owner dead. Willing to do a little mouse work. Phone . . ."

Crocs—sweet little pets

WHEN eight LIVE crocodiles were sold in a Brisbane department store recently, we went along to have a little chat with the store assistants.

After all, what sales tactics are needed to sell reptiles?

"The customers didn't need persuading," we were told. "The crocodiles sold like hot cakes."

The crocs—measuring about 2ft. 3in. and priced from £5/5/- to £14/4/-—were "sold out" on the second day. The store has taken orders for another seven.

One customer (a woman) was practically haunting the place. She was waiting for her order: one crocodile and a dozen carpet snakes.

Always helpful, we have picked up a few hints in case any of your friends are crocodile fanciers.

Never smile when they tell



CROCS . . . they arrive pre-packaged.

you a crocodile makes a wonderful pet and becomes devoted to its master.

Authorities say that's right only if the crocodile is a fresh-water one, is young when you buy it, is well fed, and you don't keep it longer than three or four years.

And here are some pointers for the would-be crocodile-buyer:

- Give your crocodile plenty of sand and water—but not too much of the latter. It just wants a bit of a splash now and then.
- Feed it generously. 12lb. of fish or 7lb. of liver or horse-meat should see it through the week.
- It likes to be hosed—but does not appreciate having its back scratched or rubbed.
- It loves warmth. In winter it needs to be well covered at nights.
- When you chain it up—be sure you do it thoroughly.

Vanity, thy name is . . .

VANITY apparently isn't restricted to humans.

Walking along a city street in Adelaide the other day, we stopped, fascinated, for several minutes watching a peewee. It was mesmerised by its reflection in the rear-vision mirror on a car's mudguard.

The bird flapped its wings and pecked at the mirror for a few seconds, jumped up and perched precariously on top of it, and down again for another look. Then it flew off.

On the way back to our car, still smiling at the bird's antics, we suddenly noticed a woman acting rather mysteriously alongside our car.

Then we slowed down and carefully looked the other way.

All the woman was doing was making sure the coast was clear. Then she bent down to check on her make-up in the rear-vision mirror on our car's mudguard.

★ ★ ★ NOW 'ear this. Now 'ear this . . .

We've just read that one of London's foremost hosts, Sir Alfred Bosom, M.P., always reads people's characters by their ears.

"It's a very good guide," he says. "A large lobe usually means a person is broad-minded."

Sir Alfred has large lobes.

The crab went by bike

WE'VE just received an impressive dispatch from London about Sir Harry Pilkington, a director of the Bank of England.

Recently he attended a luncheon given in London by the Pickwick Bicycle Club, which claims to be the oldest Dickensian and the oldest bicycle club in the world.

Sir Harry shamed the other 300 members and guests by being the only one to arrive on a bicycle. It's his normal mode of transport.

Better still, he was carrying an enormous cooked crab under his arm.

It had been presented to him on a B.B.C. television programme the night before—a gift from an unsuccessful contestant in a competition Sir Harry was judging.



Sir Harry Pilkington . . . banker turned cyclist.

Work Flavour-Wonders WITH

Holbrooks

WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE

RECIPE FOR GOURMET MEATS

For roast meats, baste frequently while cooking with half-cup Holbrooks Worcestershire. Use drippings for basting after all Worcestershire has been used. For broiled steaks or chops, baste frequently with Holbrooks Worcestershire Sauce.

RECIPE FOR GOURMET POULTRY

Brush broiling chicken or duck several times with a mixture of quarter-cup Holbrooks Worcestershire Sauce, quarter-cup melted butter and two teaspoons celery salt. When pan-frying poultry, first brown it in butter, add Holbrooks Worcestershire and celery salt.

RECIPE FOR GOURMET SEA-FOOD

Baste broiling lobster, shrimp or fish with the following sauce: For each pound of sea food, combine two tablespoons melted butter, two tablespoons Holbrooks Worcestershire Sauce, 1½ teaspoons lemon juice and half-teaspoon seasoning salt.

Look for the name
Holbrooks

Australia's largest selling
Worcestershire Sauce



WHY WAIT FOR "SOME DAY" WHEN IT CAN BE YOURS TO-DAY?



Automatically
...takes the hard work
...takes the guesswork
out of cooking



THE FAMOUS *Sunbeam* MIXMASTER

AUTOMATICALLY beats the lightest, highest cakes and sponges, the fluffiest frosting and fillings, the most perfect meringues and marshmallows.

AUTOMATICALLY whips the smoothest, most velvety ice cream, the airiest whipped desserts and pie fillings, better than you ever did by hand.

AUTOMATICALLY mixes the lightest, tenderest pastries, biscuits and scones —

and takes all the hard wrist-work out of creaming and cutting-in shortening.

AUTOMATICALLY whips up the best mashed potatoes you ever tasted — and beats them right in the saucepan because your Sunbeam Mixmaster is fully portable.

AUTOMATICALLY prepares delicious health-giving fruit drinks for the whole family at short notice, with the fast efficient self-straining Juice Extractor.

EXCLUSIVE TO THE SUNBEAM MIXMASTER

Time-saving, work-saving attachments always available as extras —



THE VERSATILE DRINK-MIX BLENDING ATTACHMENT

- Makes every kind of long and short drink
- Purees baby foods, cream soups, sauces
- Turns leftovers into sandwich spreads



THE SPEEDY, LABOUR- SAVING MINCER ATTACHMENT

- Streamlines your hardest kitchen task — minces raw or cooked meat faster and better than hand-mincing
- Chops vegetables for soups

TURN LOOSE CHANGE INTO *Sunbeams* A few shillings a week buys any Sunbeam Appliance

ALL ABOUT PICTURES

By **FRANCES HUTCHISON**

● The fun of choosing a picture, whether an original painting or a reproduction print, is only the first of the pleasures associated with having pictures on the walls of your home.

PICTURES make a wonderful decoration for walls and should be considered as part of the furnishings when decorating a room.

They will express your taste more forcefully than any other part of your decoration.

However, it is easy to ruin a good picture with an unsuitable frame.

Whether you like portraits in oils, abstracts, or Japanese flower drawings, the frame you choose should complement and beautify your picture, never dominate it.

Consider these points before you buy a frame for your picture:

● The depth of the picture

Has it a third dimension, or is it simply a flat, decorative design? Pictures with third dimension have foreground, middle distance, and background. These pictures look best in box frames, and should not hang where they seem to knock a hole in the wall.

● The type of room

If the room is traditionally furnished, a traditional picture frame will keep the period atmosphere. Hanging abstract pictures in traditional frames is not advisable. A simple frame in the same wood as the furniture would be better.

In a modern room the frame can be traditional, provided it is not heavily Florentine. A slim, gilt frame looks well even when hung with a group of modern pictures.

● The coloring

Is it light and bright, or in soft, mellow colors? A heavy, dark painting should not hang in a light, feminine room or against a pale wall.

The frame, the mount, or the slip (a slip is a narrow beading of wood placed between the picture and the mount, or between the picture and the frame) can repeat a color in the picture or accent a color in the room.

● The type

Humorous drawings, for example, would look out of place in a heavy frame. Flower paintings shouldn't have fussy frames. Portraits usually need a frame that adds to their dignity.

● The size

Usually the larger the picture the heavier the frame needs to be. A light sketch would be attractive with only a light wooden beading around it.

As a general rule, oil paintings have heavier frames than watercolors or prints. They are set directly in the frame without a mount (the white or colored border between picture and frame).

Mounts are used to dramatise watercolors, charcoal drawings, or small prints that would look cramped in a smaller frame.

The simplest type are of white board or board colored to pick up an accent color in the picture or in your room scheme. They can be covered with a variety of materials. Velvet, taffeta, metallic

paper, or silk produce charming effects. A grass-cloth paper mount gives an oriental look to Japanese prints.

If you cover a mount with fabric, use a special fabric adhesive containing a fungicide which prevents the formation of mildew.

A second function of the mount is to prevent the painting from touching the glass. In humid weather this would also encourage mildew.

The base of the mount is usually about half to one inch wider than the sides and top, to give a lift to the picture and to relieve the monotony of the border.

A box frame is the most popular type for an abstract or modern painting or print. Hang a box-framed picture in a light where the protruding part of the frame won't throw a shadow on the picture.

Box frames are also suitable for landscapes or scenes where there is a depth of perspective in the painting. Such a frame adds to the impression that you are moving right into the picture. However, box frames need not always jut outwards; they can slope backwards so that the picture stands out from the wall.

A good idea is to buy a ready-made frame and add the finishing touches yourself. Ask the framer to give you a natural wood frame of coarse-grained oregon. Fix a wire brush to a power drill and burnish the wood to bring out the softer grain. The result is a lovely driftwood effect.

Now brush on matt paint with a paintbrush, then rub it off lightly with steel wool. The paint will stay in the deeper grains of the wood, flecking the frame with color.

Australian coachwood, maple, pine, ramoin wood, Parana pine, sassafras, are all attractive woods for picture framing. You can wax them to a natural polish (rubbing down between coats with steel wool), or paint them, rub surface paint off with steel wool, and then wax. Steel wool is better than sandpaper because it gives a finer finish.

Gold leaf is expensive, and seldom used now by framers, but a gold finish is made with bronze powder. This is then clear-lacquered to prevent it oxidising in salt air and turning dull. The powder can be bought at artists' supply stores, and is mixed with a lacquer called bronzing medium before being applied.

Three ideas for frames:

A limed oak frame has a pale, bleached look which flatters modern paintings and prints.

A drawing or print on a white background framed with a white shadow box frame can



SUCCESSFUL ARRANGEMENT of a number of pictures is achieved, although they vary greatly in style and treatment. The frames are simple and complement the pictures. This group of pictures by Australian artists was hung by Mr. Terry Clune, of Sydney.

be edged inside with a brilliant red strip. A frame made of a flat strip of striated plywood placed between two mouldings looks well with matt paint rubbed into the striations.

Reproductions can be mounted and framed without glass in this way. Paste the print on to pulp board (sold at art supply stores), using a special paste containing fungicide.

Make a size from household gelatine, using 1½ teaspoons of gelatine to a pint of warm water. Give the surface of the picture two coats of this size, leaving at least an hour between the two coats. Then paint or spray on (spray is better) two coats of water-white clear lacquer or special paper varnish.

Cut-outs from magazines can be pasted side by side like a jigsaw puzzle on walls and table tops to form an amusing decoration called a montage (on furniture it's sometimes known as decoupage). The pictures are glued right against each other, quite often overlapping, so the general effect is like a mosaic.

A recessed wall is a good place for a montage. For a boy's room a montage of sportsmen or locomotives is fun. A girl could glue up fashion pictures. They should be coated with size and then lacquered.

To replace broken glass:

Place picture face down on newspaper, remove cord and ring-screws, tear away brown paper. Draw out tacks holding the wooden back in place. Lift out picture and mount.

Measure broken glass, or, if badly smashed, measure inside of frame where glass fits, leaving 1-16th inch clearance to allow glass to slip in easily. Clean the new glass, clean

the mount with a soft rubber, and dust the print or painting.

Slip glass into frame, then the mount, print, and wooden back. Tack into place. Glue on new brown paper to cover back completely. Replace cord and screws.

Costs of picture-framing vary. If you buy reproductions already framed from a shop, the cost varies from about 10/- upwards, depending on the size and style of the frame. A framer making a frame especially for your picture may charge a little extra, but generally the prices range from 10/- for a simple 6 x 8 in. frame to £5 or more for a larger, more elaborate frame.

Mildew is the main enemy of pictures under glass. Quite often this is caused by washing the glass with water, so clean it instead with methylated spirit, which evaporates quickly.

A damp wall can cause mildew. To prevent this, glue a piece of cork to each corner of the frame and paint the cork where it touches the wall. If your pictures or mirrors refuse to hang straight, small pieces of coarse sandpaper pasted along the inside bottom edge of the frame with the rough side to the wall will hold them in the correct position.

If you want to restore an oil painting and it is of any value, it's wisest to take it to a professional restorer. However, if you're a do-it-yourself addict, the following methods are reliable.

Dip a wad of absorbent cotton in turpentine and rub lightly over the painting and then varnish, using a special varnish which is sold in artists' stores.

Using a piece of cheesecloth, apply linseed oil or kerosene sparingly.



COLLECTION of small prints frames a mirror. The fireplace has no mantel for ornaments.

MAKING THE MOST OF YOUR PICTURE



BIRD-CAGE picture is easily made. Glue cutout of bird to thick cardboard. Color band at base, attach curtain ring for hanging. Cover with shaped glass and "frame" with gummed gold paper.

Here are some interesting
and original ways to frame
pictures and to hang a set
of prints and posters. There
is also a guide showing the
right and the wrong way to
frame original paintings.

Overleaf are more examples
of artistic framing.



AMUSING POSTERS are fixed to the wall by linen-backed adhesive tape at top and bottom edges. Pictures grouped in this way need books or small objects set on a table below to balance their asymmetrical line.

VENETIAN SCENE (above right) is pasted to plywood, then coated with a paper-sealer and varnished. The frame is a larger sheet of wood covered with hessian, and the picture is screwed to it.



FANCY gold frame (above) is wrong treatment for original watercolor. Same painting (right) is set in plain white frame. Now both frame and mount lead the eye inward to the painting.

The r



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

August 12, 1959

Teenagers' WEEKLY



**BOYS
FASHIONS**
— pages 8, 9

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly Not to be sold separately

LETTERS

No girls, so no scouting

PAUL DIRAGO (T.W. 15/4/59) asked, "Why don't boys who roam the streets join the Scouts?" The main rea-



JILL DAVIES and friend
... fun on 5/-

There are no holds barred in this teenage forum. Send your snaps, too, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used.

son is you can't meet girls at the Scouts, but you can meet them at weekend rock-n-roll parties. To organise these parties, the boys go to the milk-bar down the street and this is often called "roaming the streets." We also have to "roam the streets" to different girls' places, we have to walk to our mates' places to borrow records. But we're never just roaming the streets for no reason at all. — "Rock-n-Roll," Braybrook, Vic.

Fun on 5/-

IN T.W., 24/6/59, you showed what could be done with only 5/-. One idea was taking photos. Some friends and I tried this and I am enclosing one of the photos we took. My girl-friend is kneeling down "playing" the guitar while I'm standing up holding the bottle. We had such good fun on one roll of film we decided to buy another. — Jill Davies, 444 Waterloo Rd., Greenacre, N.S.W.

CO-EDUCATIONAL SCHOOLS

● Cherie Burke (T.W., 15/7/59) said all schools should be co-educational because in mixed classes girls and boys cease to be nervous with each other, and girls work harder and don't gossip.

FOR . . .

I WENT to a co-ed school and wherever we went, within or without the school, instead of groups of giggling girls and bashful boys, whether it was a sports event or end-of-term social, we gathered in mixed groups and chattered as good friends. I think this is extremely good training for the social life which we will all have later. — Margaret Lingard, Port Hacking Rd., Miranda, N.S.W.

BRAVO, Cherie! If we don't meet and mix with girls at school we will always be shy. In America they have a subject called Marriage, and if this was introduced as a subject for 3rd, 4th, and 5th-year pupils it would further our understanding a lot. Other boys in my class agree that we would get into more mischief if it wasn't for the girls in the classroom. — Robert Sutton, 10 Hewitts Ave., Thirroul, N.S.W.

AFTER attending a segregated school, I'm now at a co-ed one. I find the co-educational the better. Some adults think that talking to boys will ruin girls' morals, but if we are not

allowed to talk to boys in school we will talk to them out of school, in back streets to hide from teachers, and that is more likely to ruin our morals. So I say, hooray for co-ed schools. — Dianne Tucky, 194 Kinghorn St., Nowra, N.S.W.

. . . AND AGAINST

IN my class there are also boys, and it's not like what Cherie thinks. Yesterday I was trying to do my maths when a paper plane landed on my desk. As soon as a

OUR COVER: Model Jocelyn Wiseman and Bill Errington cut a rug at an informal party. Bill is one of Sydney's best-dressed young men about town. Photographer Keith Barlow took this picture and the others on Pages 8 and 9. On Page 10 is the story of 21-year-old clothes man Tony Yeldham.

AND PIN-UP: Sandra Dee became a top teenage model before going to Hollywood, but it wasn't easy. Her story is on Page 6, her picture on Page 16.

Not so free

FREE education! Huh! That's a laugh. Especially in high schools. For here parents must pay £5 or over for school books each year, pay fees for school textbooks, and, costliest of all, students are practically compelled to wear school uniform. We must also supply our own material for examinations. "Oh," you say, "but how is the Department of Education to pay for these things?" Well, my ole man doesn't pay taxes for the fun of it. — "Jo," Werris Creek, N.S.W.

teacher leaves the room there are paper planes, rubbers, rulers, etc., flying all round the room. Also I think I could do much better work if the class was all girls. (I must add we do have some fun.) — "Cyn," Albury, N.S.W.

JUST imagine the arguments that would develop in class about who should sit next to who. There would also be idle gossip about "that" girl sitting next to "this" boy in Science and "that" boy in Maths. And if a girl paid attention in class to her lessons and not to the boy next to her she would be called a "square." — "Long Legged," Mt. Kuring-Gai, N.S.W.

SURELY we teenagers have enough contact outside school hours with the opposite sex, through our brothers and their friends, to prevent the girls being "nervous or silly" in boys' company. Distraction is the main problem of co-ed schools, even if only to discuss a weekend outing. Just imagine if you had a boy the image of Tab Hunter sitting near you in class! Would you be finishing your geometry exercise? — "Distraction," Fairlight, N.S.W.



MARGARET LINGARD
... good training.

Why so shy?

WHY are boys so shy? Most boys in our age group (15-16) are too shy to take a girl out. Although I give them encouragement, they seem too shy to ask me out, and many of my girl-friends feel the same way. We're all reasonably attractive. I am a blonde with hazel eyes—yet that makes no difference. Please, boys, don't be so shy! — S.P., Grafton, N.S.W.

Boys should knit

ALL boys should learn to knit. Knitting is a very useful and practical occupation which requires only a minimum amount of labor and patience. At the same time it exercises the hands. In our form at school there are quite a number of boys who knit and enjoy it immensely. — "Eager Knitter," Glen Waverley, Vic.

Barrels of oil

A GIRL with make-up on is not as bad as a boy who has dipped his head in a barrel of hair oil. Not only does oil leave greasy marks all over that new jumper, but — the smell! It is absolutely vile, worse than any perfume. — Shirley Moon, Rochester, Vic.

Flat broke

WITH the high cost of living, it's about time that juniors were paid the full amount of the basic wage from the age of 15 to 21 years. Juniors are nearly flat broke. Where could many of them go on £6 a week? They are there eight hours a day, and the majority of them work just as hard as their elders do — and are treated badly as well. — Neil Cockrem, Chester Hill, N.S.W.

Zip my lip

WHY are my friends so curious and I so weak? The other day I quite absentmindedly remarked that I had transferred my likes from my old flame to another boy. A minute later the girls who had heard were asking me what form this boy was in, what his age was, how tall he was, and who he was. Despite my stubbornness, they had found out what form he was in by lunch-time. During the lunch-hour they had found out his age, height, form, and WHO it was. That night Mum and all my friends knew and were teasing me for all they were worth. — "Opened Oyster," St. Arnaud, Vic.

Sheer gossip

WHY can't people mind their own business? Last night my girl-friend and I had a few friends in to our house while my parents were out. My mother has always told me that if I want to talk to boys I must invite them in. My mother was told about the boys three times the next day when she went down the street. She was told they were a gang of bodgies, which I know to be untrue. I don't think this is fair. — "No Visitors," Gippsland, Vic.

FASHIONS — today and yesterday

WHY do grandparents down teenage fashions? I am 14 and like others of my age crazy about fashion. The other day I came into the lounge room dressed to go to a record party. My grandmother asked me if I intended to go out in such a "get up." When I said yes, she clucked. Well, I don't think so much of the fashions of their day, as in the enclosed photo. — "Yakkety Yak," Randwick, N.S.W.



YAKKETTY YAK'S AUNT
... Who should cluck?

BELIEVE it or not, the enclosed photo (below) was not taken at a fancy-dress ball. It's a picture of my mother in a pair of "slacks," part of her teenage wardrobe for street wear! How can the former generation say one word about our clothes after that? At least our slacks fit. I'm lucky I wasn't born 25 years earlier. From now on any sarcastic comments about Bermuda shorts, etc., from my parents will be short-lived when I remind them of this photo. — Helen Hinder, 25 Raglan St., Mosman, N.S.W.



HELEN'S MOTHER
... Not fancy dress.

Tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor

● Girls who spend their lives drifting in and out of romantic situations, like straws tossed around in the breeze, may shrug and say: "Only cold and calculating girls would ever consider being practical about love."

BUT wishful thinking and waiting for the heart to flash a radar signal through a haze of moonlight and kisses can lead to disaster.

The girls who really care are those who think twice before entering into an agreement which involves the welfare of others as well as themselves.

The girl who finds contentment and full expression of her capabilities in marriage is the wife desired by every man.

Being a man, the husband with a happy wife naturally struts like a peacock and takes full credit for his wife's cleverness in choosing him as the man who can fulfil all her needs.

And the smart girl never reveals that as well as finding him physically attractive and spiritually attuned, she also finds through him the kind of life she likes.

Before being swept off her feet by the flattery of a current beau, a girl needs to make a searching survey of the kind of woman she is at heart.

This does not mean a hasty flight to the psychoanalyst's couch, but a thoughtful study of questions such as these:

- Are you a stickler for method and order and routine? Does missing your usual bus ruin your day?
- How highly do you rate financial security?
- Are you longing to mother a family?
- Do you want to combine an interesting career with your marriage?
- Are you a party girl—or an intellectual hungering always for stimulating companionship?
- Do you want security or a life of travel and adventure?
- Which fills your dreams—ideas for a better world or outstanding social success?

Narrow the field

Identifying yourself as the kind of person you are immediately narrows the field of men who are capable of making you happy.

Once you've made your choice you must stick by the bargain you make.

If you become a nervous wreck unless you have financial security, and choose your husband accordingly, it's unfair to accuse him of being dull and unimaginative if he spends all his energies on making you financially comfortable.

You can't have it both ways. Nor can the girl with social-political ambitions complain if the loving father

SHE'S YOUNG, she's pretty, and she's happy—for she knows she's going to spend the rest of her life with the Right Man. She's wearing a demure gown of speckled organdie, buttoned and tucked at the front, with a wide fashionable belt.

THE OCCUPATION of the man you marry will determine the sort of life you will live

By MARY COLES

of her brood is too busy breadwinning to stand as the local Mayor.

When a girl marries—she marries her husband's job as much as the man himself, and before signing on the dotted line she should examine that job with the utmost caution.

It is fatal if she tries to make the job conform with her likes and dislikes after marriage.

Whether the job involves dressing for dinner every night or washing greasy overalls, it has to be accepted with good grace to maintain harmony in the household.

A happy wife must find a lot of things about her husband's job rewarding, besides his pay envelope.

For a girl who longs for social lead-

ership, the prestige of marriage to a doctor is not going to make her purr continuously.

She would do better falling in love with a lawyer, who won't be summoned to an operating table while important guests are arriving or be delivering a baby instead of escorting her to a first night.

Social Success

Social success also gravitates to the wives of live-wire young businessmen—including butchers, bakers, and candlestick-makers—who can combine making money with social interests and a willingness to work hard for popular charities.

Being the wife of a doctor, clergyman, schoolteacher, or welfare worker—even a Member of Parliament—would, however, have endless compensations for the lack of a well-ordered social life for the girl who is set on leaving the world a little better than she found it.

The girl who rates financial success highly saves her favors for that nice young boy in the chain store who is too busy studying economics and business administration to take her out much.

He'll be way out in front in ten years' time.

But the picturesque journalist, who gaily wooed her with telegrams and caviare, will still be living beyond his means and too involved with his assignment to write a note to his wife when he is hundreds of miles from home.

Even so, this kind of man has a job which is a good bargain for the girl who wants to keep up friendships with hosts of girl-friends and relations, be head of the household in bringing up the children, take prizes at flower shows with her geraniums—and be loved by a man who finds in HER inspiration for poems he never gets round to publishing.

Thousands of shop assistants and office workers are waiting to snap up girls who like method and order so much that they are happy in getting their husbands off to work on time in the mornings and have an evening meal ready at 6 p.m.

Incurable party girls should think twice about hitching with a man whose work demands early rising.

Dance-band leaders, entertainers, and shift workers are the boys for the party girls.

Career girls

The career-minded girl will find that the partner most likely to be proud of her talents and enthusiastic about putting them over will be a public relations man, advertising executive, travel adviser, or taxi driver.

A dedicated careerist will probably make a farmer, public servant, bank manager, or university professor—and herself—utterly miserable.

A longing for travel and adventure can be met in the arms of a circus trapeze artist as well as on the breast of an explorer in darkest Africa.

Bank clerks, atomic scientists, salesmen in stores with country and interstate branches, chefs, postal officials, policemen, soldiers, and airmen also have jobs which mean travel and changes of address to break the monotony, if that is the way you like it.

And, remember—by limiting the field you'll get results more quickly.

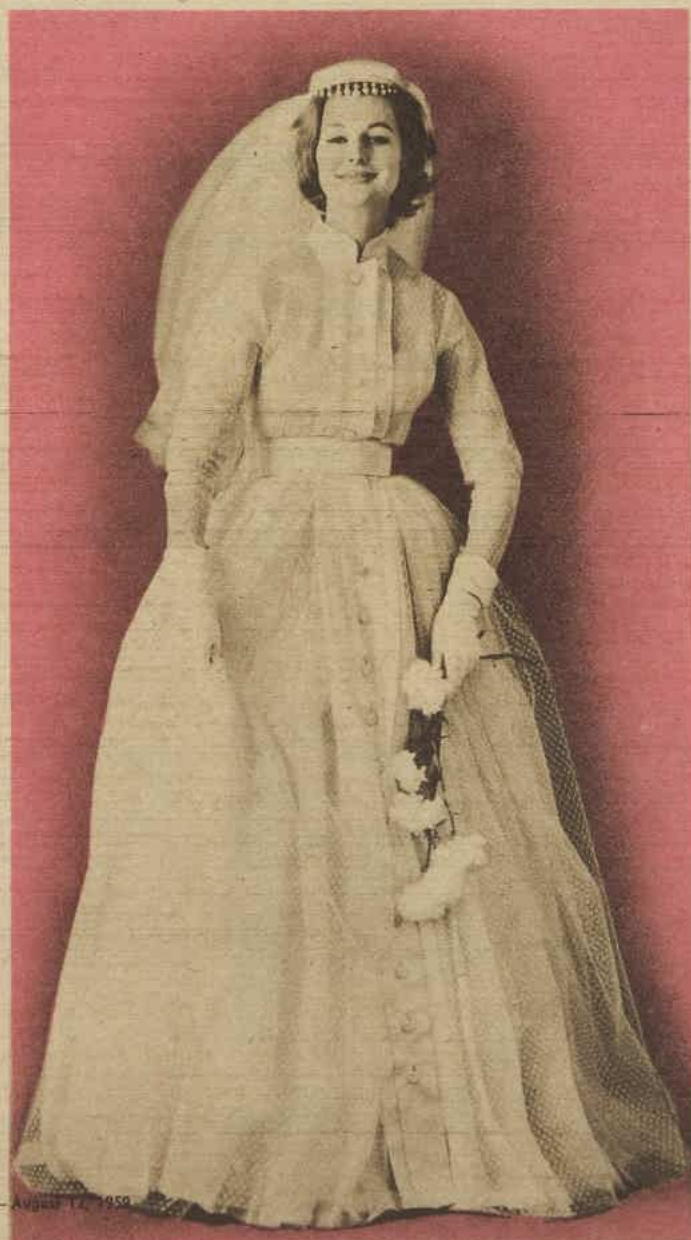
If, for instance, you want to be the wife of an architect or an engineer, don't waste time by being courted by a professional tennis champ.

Unless you are an angel, at every turn it is your husband's job which will largely determine your married happiness.

But having settled for the job, a girl must never become jealous of it.

The more time and energy her husband devotes to perfecting his work, the greater the compliment to his family.

So whenever you glimpse a halo around the handsome head of your latest boy-friend, insist on knowing his occupation before you give him your phone number.



What little fans are made of

● Anyone can be a fan. In Melbourne, in fact, a baby was enrolled as a fan four months before it was born. Fantastic, fanatical, fantabulous? The Australia-wide boom in fan-clubbery is any or all of these.

BUT what are little fans made of? Simply an overwhelming hunger for an idol—preferably a male actor, singer, sobber, or disc jockey.

And the best way to be a fan is to worship with other fans. Hence, fan clubs, uniforms, membership cards, meetings, and newsletters.

Fan clubs gather momentum and money quickly, and in Melbourne many devote the surplus cash to charity.

The idea originated last year when the Opportunity Youth Clubs, which provide leisure-time activities for young people in industrial suburbs, thought of harnessing the enthusiasm of Graham Kennedy's TV fans.

Graham compered "In Melbourne Tonight" five nights a week over GTV, Channel 9.

The Opportunity Clubs opened a Kennedy Fan Club, providing a city office meeting-place for members, and offering a handsome badge, autographed photo, and membership card for a 4/- subscription, and the membership soon rocketed to 11,500.

One member joined twice so she'd have two badges, and she had them made into earrings.

He's colossal

Another member, Diane Pavey, said: "Graham's colossal, honestly. I'd give up anything for his fan club."

"Our members aren't only teenagers. One of the first enrolled was an 86-year-old grandmother, and we even had a baby enrolled four months before it was born."

The John D'Arcy Fan Club is backing the Alfred Hospital appeal for £250,000.

Every John D'Arcy Fan Club member adds another 5/- to the

fund, and the club intends to work for the hospital permanently through the suburban groups, which meet in private homes to watch John comper the Late Show on Melbourne's Channel 7.

Schoolgirl president of the Pat Boone Fan Club, Nola Olney, vice-president Linda Hall, and secretary Sheila Spencer devote all their Sundays to coping with the club's correspondence.

Pat likes his fans to work for some worthwhile cause, so they are budgeting to give regular donations to the Royal Children's Hospital.

Two Elvis clubs

In Sydney the latest fan-club fever is for Australian entertainers.

But perhaps because these boys are so close and attainable, the overseas idols seem to evoke even more fervor.

The two American entertainers who have the strongest clubs are Johnnie Ray (one club) and Elvis Presley (two).

Both clubs are actively preparing for the rumored visits of their idols—Johnnie's in October and Elvis' next May.

Johnnie has been here four times before—but if Elvis comes it will be his first trip.

Wendy Chapman is president of the "17-and-Over" Presley Fan Club.

Any Elvis fan can join the other club, but only fans who have passed their 17th birthday can join the new club.

"I've just started the club," Wendy said, "and we have only 50 members. That's without advertising for any members."

"We're keeping it mainly for older people—I'm 18, really—because the young ones get silly and talk big-talk, big-talk all the time, and they muck it up."

"Also, if there are too many

young ones, the old ones don't want to join the club."

Wendy had membership cards engraved—white with gold lettering. It costs five shillings to become a member and have a card and a photo of Elvis into the bargain.

Wendy has 999 photos of Elvis in her bedroom. She had 1000 before her mother asked if she could have the best one.

Wendy's club has meetings on Sunday afternoons in a basement dance hall in the city.

She was a bit nervous at the first meeting, and some of the boys were a bit shy even of going into the hall.

"Crikey, they're all sitting down!" said one as he retreated from the entrance.

But not sitting for long. With Wendy presiding, in her pink sweater and black-and-tinsel tapered pants, the meeting's ice was broken with some "jive" to Elvis hits.

Boys wearing Elvis sideboards and hairdos with their colorful casuals conducted raffles of Elvis records and belts with Elvis buckles.

This was to bring some funds, first claim on which was the £2/2/- hire of the hall, which Wendy had paid out of her own pocket.

Star guests

Wendy plans to entice well-known disc jockeys to the meetings so that each meeting can have a "star." They'll all discuss the Elvis news in the bulletin the committee will print.

Wendy has liked Elvis for a long time. "I was 15 when I first saw his picture 'Love Me Tender'," she said. "I liked him after that."

She has quite a few books about him, and she owns just about all the records he has ever made, including six LPs.



SHOPPING for more Presley discs during their lunch hour—president of Melbourne's Elvis Presley Fan Club, Maria Cambuzzi (right), and vice-president Joan Ficarra.

"What I like about his singing is not so much the rock-'n-roll, though that's real good, but I like the way Elvis doesn't take old songs and muck them up."

"I like some old songs better than rock-'n-roll," she added. "Sometimes I can't understand the words of Elvis' rock-'n-roll songs. He mumbles terribly. You see, I CAN find fault with him."

Johnnie Ray has 900 fan club members in Australia.

"He has real, uncommonly powerful charm and you can't help feeling attracted," said Joan Hull, an 18-year-old brunette stenographer, who is the president and originator of the Johnnie Ray Fan Club of Australia.

She started the fan club two years ago, just before Johnnie's fourth visit to Australia, "but I'd liked him for a year before I started the club," she said.

The club now has branches throughout Australia and one in New Zealand, and it even has an offshoot in Holland, where all Joan's bulletins and news about

Johnnie are translated by a Dutch friend who used to live in Australia.

Joan's oldest club member is a 90-year-old Sydney woman. The youngest is a girl of five.

For the 5/- subscription members get a membership card. This features a photo of Johnnie, and inscribed beneath is: "As a member of the Johnnie Ray Fan Club I pledge loyalty and support." The member has to sign this pledge.

Kissed by Johnny

And the funny part about all this, thinks Joan, is the beginning, when a friend almost had to force her to go and see Johnnie at the Sydney Stadium on his second visit.

But come Johnnie's third visit, a year later, and Joan had started to like him. "I went six times in four days," she said. "That was after I'd met him personally in the corridor of the Stadium and he kissed me."

Joan tells her fan club members to be quiet and well-mannered when they actually see Johnnie, but sometimes it's difficult.

"When kids can't see the entertainer at the show—when they can't see him properly—that's when they start to mob him. It's much better, then, to grab him and touch him if you can't see him properly."

FAN CLUB meeting for Elvis devotees in a basement dance hall in Sydney on a Sunday afternoon. Members are warming up with a spot of rock-'n-roll.

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly—August 12, 1959



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YOUNG MAN SWINGS ON HARP STRINGS

By BARBARA WALLIS, in Melbourne

● Heart-throb harpist Lloyd Lindroth, who has opened his Australian tour in Melbourne, couldn't even get a date when he was at school.

NOW, at 26, the young American with the cool jazz harp is an idol of thousands of girls.

"But at High School back home I had an awful inferiority complex about girls," he told me with a disarming smile. "They thought I was 'square'."

"Besides, I had a crush on the girl who first started to teach me to play the harp. But I never got anywhere with her."

Night and day during his first two school years he did nothing but play classical music on his harp — to the horror of his mother, who encouraged him to be a musician but felt there was no future for a harpist.

Finally, the attitude of the whole school drove him mad.

Teased at school and forced to practise surreptitiously at home because of his mother's disapproval, the harp became an obsession with him, and he developed an "I'll show 'em" attitude.

"So I went out and bought some popular music," he said. "Of course it was all music I had to transpose—there was no popular music written for a harp. But by the time I graduated from high school I was proficient as a swing harpist."

"And I had all the dates I wanted."

Lloyd doesn't look like a "square" now. Tall and fair, he was dressed in a silk suit with white lace-trimmed shirt and bow tie woven with glitter thread.

He looks and talks like some of the teenage idols who are his friends and neighbors in Hollywood — Tab Hunter and the Everly brothers, Phil and Don.

Played for Ike

But he still has a deep love for classical music and usually warms up with a Bach fugue in his dressing-room before a performance.

Lloyd has appeared on stage, radio, and television in the United States; played in front of President Eisenhower; been a member of the United States Army Band when he played in Korea and Tokyo and won first

place in the "All Army Talent Contest" in 1955.

He feels his future is definitely in jazz. His aim is to do for the harp what blind pianist George Shearing has done for the piano.

Lloyd has a special girl-friend in the States, but he is coy about releasing her name.

She has a TV programme of her own, and she and Lloyd work hard at helping each other further their careers—except for dancing, playing golf and tennis, and driving Lloyd's convertible.

"Wow, what parties!"

Lloyd claims his social life has been fairly quiet in Australia.

"But I sure like it here. I've done some sight-seeing; met some kangaroos—gee, they're cute; and written a lot of letters."

"And I've been to a few parties—wow, what parties! I thought Hollywood was the place for parties—but here I've wondered if I'm going to get out alive!"

Playing at the Tivoli in Melbourne has been one of the highlights of his career, he said.

Lloyd plays two harps in his act. One, a small harp he calls "Junior," is a replica of a 250-year-old Irish harp he left at home which was made for one of the kings of England. ("I can't quite remember which one.")

To play this he sits on the edge of the stage, dangling his legs over the side, and chats with the audience.

Lloyd's big gold harp is envied by every harpist who has played on it.

He rejected an offer by a firm in America to bring out a streamlined modern harp in black and white.

"Not that I'm against modern design," he said. "But I think they've gone a bit too far with this one. Besides, I think my public get more of a kick out of jazz on the traditional gold harp—only very blasé audiences would really appreciate the modern one."

"This is how people expect a harp to look."



HARPIST Lloyd Lindroth, right, teaches American film star Tab Hunter how to pull strings. The Everly Brothers Don, right, and Phil want to pull strings, too.

POINTS OF ETIQUETTE

● Some girls think they can prove how attractive they are by making their escorts wait and wait for them.

BUT the boys don't like it . . . and why should they?

When he says he'll pick you up at eight o'clock, make sure you're nearly ready at five to—with just

a few little things left to do.

There's no need to be ready and waiting at the front door—that's being a little too keen.

Ask him in and introduce

him to your family and chat for five or ten minutes.

But don't introduce him and abandon him to your parents while you primp in front of the mirror for half an hour.

Most young men feel self-conscious and "on show" when they meet your folks, and the parents find it pretty difficult, too.

Worse still is leaving your escort sitting up in the living-room while your young brothers and sisters make ha-ha comments from outside.

If you've arranged to meet after work and take in a five o'clock movie, don't leave him waiting at the door clutching the tickets in his hot little hand.

Girls who do this often have a rude awakening when that special boy they're trying hard to impress decides that they're not worth waiting for after all.



"Oh, I didn't mind waiting a few minutes. Did you know that there are 2574 flowers on your wallpaper?"

THE BITTER-SWEET TEENS OF LOVELY SANDRA DEE

Candy Jones, head of one of America's leading model agencies, tells what it really took for Sandy to reach the top...

● It seems only yesterday — well, it was in 1954 — when the Conover Agency received the following note, written in childish but firm script: *I am writing you to find out whether I have a chance to be a model. I hope to become an actress.*

IT was signed, "Sandra Douvan," and it came from Bayonne, a New Jersey suburb of New York.

A tiny snapshot (about one inch by two inches) was enclosed.

Using a magnifying glass, I studied the photo. I liked what I saw: a sweet round face, with curly golden-brown hair peeking out from under a peculiar little hat.

I wrote her, inviting her to come in to see me with her parents.

When Sandra came with her mother, a petite bubbling young woman, she seemed even prettier than the photo. She was about twelve, with big brown eyes, soft wavy hair, clear complexion, a round angelic face.

She was dressed simply but smartly, and I was very much impressed. She had a quiet reserve, poise, and confidence.

We discussed her potential as a model, and I agreed to take her as a Conover girl. She agreed to shortening her name, for professional use, to Dee.

We had other child models on our list, but there was something about Sandra that made her stand out. Perhaps it was a high intelligence, perhaps it was her frank eagerness to succeed, perhaps it was her tremendous personality.

Special school

She caught on fast as a model. She listened carefully to instructions, did as told, learned quickly. Soon she quit school at Bayonne, and transferred to the Professional Children's School in midtown New York.

This is the school specialising in arranging studies for actors and actresses, including correspondence courses, so that they can take jobs during the day-time. I think it costs about £225 a year.

Like all models and actresses of school age she had to keep up with her schoolwork. She knew she would be in trouble at school and we would have

to stop sending her out on assignments if she had low marks. Fortunately, Sandra was bright, and we never had to worry.

These assignments were not jobs, really. An assignment meant that a job was waiting for the girl who could qualify. Sometimes 20 or 30 girls were auditioned for the same job. The job went to the girl who made the strongest impression, and the other girls would then leave, brokenhearted.

The ferocious competition for these well-paying jobs (as photographic models or as actresses in TV commercials) sometimes turned these young girls into little vixens.

Two peculiarities

But with Sandra there were virtually no problems. She was a fine girl — except for two peculiarities: she insisted on walking her little blond Pomeranian Tiki before rushing off to appointments, and she persisted in considering herself fat.

Walking her Pomeranian meant she was sometimes late for appointments, and the studios had to penalise her by deducting from her fee.

Now Sandra had a round face, but she was not fat nor was she skinny. She was quite normal for her age.

But, unfortunately, a couple of receptionists where Sandra reported for work were stupid enough to remark in her presence that she was "too fat."

Sandra then had a 19in. waist and a trim little figure; but she believed that she was "too fat," and stopped eating.

Naturally, her parents and I were flabbergasted. We tried to persuade her that she was all right; but she just wouldn't eat, and started to lose weight. She became nervous and fretful.

So we had to figure out tricks to get her to eat.

Fortunately, Sandra did not smoke. There are teen models who smoke because they think smoking will cut their appetites

and help them keep thin. But

Sandra — aside from her refusal to eat properly — was health-conscious, and she went to sleep early, got plenty of rest, avoided parties, watched her complexion.

Our trouble with Sandra's poor eating habits reached a climax when I sent her to the Hal Reiff studios to pose for a set of color photos intended for "Young Set Magazine."

Suddenly Sandra gasped, "I have to sit down," and slumped to the floor. She was helped to a chair and revived; but she could not continue to work.

Reiff called off her session and phoned me to complain that I had sent him a sick model, and that he'd never hire her again.

Sandra's mother, of course, rushed her to the doctor, who found that she was anaemic and suffering from malnutrition. He ordered her to take pills for her blood and pills to build up her appetite.

Vitamin pills

But Sandra developed a new quirk: she thought vitamin pills were a substitute for food.

Her mother would say: "Sandy, did you take your vitamins?" Sandra would say, "Yes." Mother would then ask: "Did you eat?" Sandra would then become exasperated and exclaim: "But, mother, I HAD my pills."

This would go on and on.

News of Sandra's fainting got around, and mothers of other teen models, intensely jealous of Sandra's success, spread reports that Sandra was "always sick." They tried to kill off her career.

As a result, Sandra lost out on quite a few jobs. Prospective employers were reluctant to hire somebody who might quite literally fall down on the job.

But Sandra wouldn't give up,



and in time re-established herself as a reliable model.

Through all her troubles Sandra was stoic. I never saw her whimper. She was always the silent type. If I told her something she did not want to hear she just sat stony-faced. She didn't argue back. She just resisted.

Lots of hard work

Being a model isn't quite all fun. It's hard work. It means rushing through schoolwork in order to go on model assignments. It means worrying about weight, complexion, clothes, health, personality. It means having no time for boys, parties, girl-friends, lazing around, listening to records. It means a lot of rushing, hopping cabs, gulping food in cabs, remembering "do's" and "don'ts" of modelling, straining to say the right things at the right time, knowing how to meet adults.

It requires stamina, long hours on your feet, getting stiff from holding a pose, endless waiting and endless walking.

Sandra, I must say, took to modelling easily. She noticed everything; understood everything (except the need to eat properly). She knew what she wanted (to be a great model and then a great actress).

Once, when I realised she was so tired, I asked her, "Sandy, why do you want to take on so many jobs? Why don't you relax and stop working so hard?"

She looked me straight in the eye, and said, "You gave me this opportunity... and I just can't miss it. I want to prove myself! I want to be the best teen model in the business!"

Around the Conover office,

she was quiet and serious-faced. But when she got to the ad agency or the photo studio to audition for a job, she became a different person. She sparkled; she became animated; she captivated everybody.

Top ten models

By the time she was thirteen, she was being hailed in the fashion world as one of America's top ten models. She appeared on many national magazine covers.

As with other models, she was required to be able to portray a girl three years younger and three years older than herself. In other words, she had to have a range of six years of expression — with the aid of make-up and dress, of course.

Sandra was very good. She knew, almost instinctively, how to model. When she was barely fifteen, she modelled once as a young mother holding an infant.

Like most of our other teen models, Sandra was a good student and got fine marks. She was very good in English and social studies, but hated geometry.

But, unlike most other girls her age, she was not boy crazy. The other girls yakked all the time about handsome young actors they had seen backstage on TV (they preferred actors to male models). But Sandra seemed bored with that.

Sandra did very well, financially, when she was with us. Just before she went to Hollywood, she said she had earned £35,000 in 1956 from modelling and TV acting.

When she got to Hollywood she admitted that she had never dated a boy in her life. The boys she met at school seemed so young and immature... and boring. The older boys shunned her as too young. So she kept busy with her studies and career.

Father's death

I believe the only tragedy in her young life came when her beloved gay father died on September 11, 1956, of a heart attack. A week later she had an appointment to audition for Ross Hunter, who was seeking a girl to co-star with John Saxon in "The Wonderful Years."

She tried to break the appointment, but remembered her father's admonition, "Always be courteous," and in fact Hunter had to come in from Hollywood to see her.

Her reading for Hunter was excellent and she was flown to Hollywood the very next day for a film test. She was signed to a contract, winning over 400 other girls who had read for the part.

I remember Sandra Dee as something special. It's not that she's already made half a dozen movies and is being hailed as a discovery. It's because she is gracious, and does not forget her friends.

● To page 16 for pin-up of Sandra

New star rises on British hit front

From BRIAN GIBSON, in London

● Private Elvis Presley had better look to his laurels on the British front—he has a very big rival. A small-part film actor, Anthony Newley, has toppled Elvis from the top of the hit parades.

IVE Waited So Long," sung by 27-year-old Anthony, recently climbed to the top and stayed there for six weeks.

This newest rock-'n-roll star is not yet known in Australia, though some keen film fans may remember him as a competent scene-stealer in "The Man Inside" and "Cockleshell Heroes."

Anthony got into the recording world almost by accident.

He was first hailed as a promising performer for his film portrayal of the Artful Dodger in "Oliver Twist," but soon lapsed into obscurity and next attracted the critics' attention on the stage in the London revue "Cranks."

Film talent-scouts spotted him again, and he signed a five-year film contract.

Then came "Idle on Parade," opposite Hollywood's William Bendix, an Army comedy due for release in Australia within the next few months.

In this film Anthony was cast as a rock-'n-roll singer and given four songs to sing.

Nobody was more amazed than he when teenagers began clamoring for recordings of the numbers.

"I've Waited So Long" was one of them, and now his latest record, "Personality," looks like repeating the success.

Anthony's L.P. of songs from "Idle on Parade" will be released here at the same time as the film.

But this very likeable young man doesn't claim to have a great voice.

"I know I can't really sing," he said, "but my record company doesn't want me to have any lessons."

"The point is, I make the right kind of noise, though of course I'll never be in the Elvis Presley or Tommy Steele class."

"With me you can always hear the words. I've tried it all ways, but the words still come out as words."

"And the trick is quite simple if you can master it. All you do is sing from the back of your nose like the Everly Brothers. You can't hear a word they sing. Marvellous!"

While the offers pour in, Anthony sits back and picks out

the plums, like a television "spectacular" or a one-night variety stand. During the day he is working on his current film, "Jazzboat."

In Britain's show-business world he is considered something of a freak, and jealous rivals say that because he is a comedy actor he can't possibly be serious about singing. They say that he is just jumping on the band-wagon for a laugh.

But Anthony says, "It's a lie. When I make a record I believe in it."

Whatever the verdict, this new British star is right on top, and with fresh offers pouring in each day it looks as though he's going to stay there for quite a while.



ANTHONY NEWLEY—is he Britain's answer to Elvis Presley?

LISTEN HERE—WITH BERNARD FLETCHER

POPS Among recent visitors to Australia are the **Kalin Twins**, two rock-a-bye boys whose recording of "When" put them on the map. A 45 r.p.m. single (FK3084) has been issued to mark the occasion, and at least one side is definitely a big one—"Sweet Sugar Lips."

Already it's snaring lots of air-play, and deservedly so, because the tune is infectious and the lads zip through the cheerful lyrics with lots of sparkle. The reverse side is "Moody," a skilful blend of the rocking beat and modified cha-cha. They make a very worthwhile double.

NAT "KING" COLE maintains his silken style in his new Extended Play album (EAP.1.1211), which he introduces with the theme song from the film "Night of the Quarter Moon." It's a very sentimental ballad and sounds as if it were tailor-made to fit Nat's talents.

He also re-introduces that oldie "Again," and rounds off the platter with two heavy romance numbers, "Something Happens to Me" and "To Whom It May Concern."

I can recommend this disc if you happen to be wearing stars in your eyes for a certain someone.

SWING Few will deny that the release of the soundtracks from the only two full-length films which featured **Glenn Miller** and his band is one of the musical events of recent years.

Yes, I know there's been a spate of Milleriana in the past, but this two-disc album is the best. Miller was at his peak in 1941 and 1942, when he appeared in "Orchestra Wives" and "Sun Valley Serenade," and I think it's true when they say he had the greatest swing band of all time.

Technically, the 18 tracks to be found on TCF.100-1/2 were years ahead of their time because they were recorded on

tape, which was an innovation in those days.

Every one of them is as fresh as if recorded last week.

Two have never been heard on record before: "Boom Shot" and "You Say the Sweetest Things, Baby," by the first and only appearance on disc of the Glenn Miller Sextet. Both were cut out of the soundtrack of "Orchestra Wives" when the movie was being edited.

Most of the tunes are now almost legendary—"American Patrol," "Bugle Call Rag," "I Got a Gal in Kalamazoo," "Serenade in Blue," "I Know Why and So Do You," "Chattanooga Choo-Choo," and the

never-to-be-forgotten "In the Mood."

This is really a classic issue and comes in a glossy box. Unfortunately, you can't get the discs separately so it'll be a case of juggling the budget.

CLASSICS When Helmina von Chezy wrote "Rosamunde," she must have been slightly around the bend.

The story is so confused that the play was performed only twice, and that apparently was once too often. Fortunately, Schubert left a rich legacy in his music.

Hitherto, I was familiar only with the overture and the charming ballet music. These are available on many good discs and they deserve a place in any collection of music. But for those who revere Schubert, surely one of the greatest melo-dists, there are treasures galore in WG.18055, a 12-inch disc which presents the complete music to "Rosamunde."

This includes sections for contralto and chorus, the artists here being Hilde Roessel-Majdan and the Vienna Akademie Kammerchor.

This valuable addition to the Schubert recorded repertoire is played by the Vienna State Opera Orchestra, conducted by Dean Dixon.



THE KALIN TWINS — Herbie (left) and Hal.

Young man

Once the boys get off their grey flannel leash their clothes are colorful, casual, and real cool. Here Tony Yeldham, Bill Errington, and Jocelyn Wiseman, of Sydney, wear just-right clothes for any weekend.



A WELL-DRESSED DOG-LOVER like Bill will probably win Jocelyn's heart, too. Bill's navy-blue Bermuda jacket is the mainstay of most boys' wardrobes. Here he teams it with cotton casual trousers.



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HOW TO HOLE IN ONE—in style. Bill's red shirt is orlon and his slacks thick corduroy—now every guy's choice for casual wear. Tony wears a grey wool golfer's cardigan with a red trim and beige cotton trousers.

TWO OF
for a spit
shetland
orlon
mohair
moccasin
wool
outfit,
pretty

about town



A SCOOTER all set
Tony wears his blue
flower over a white
t-shirt with navy-blue
overalls, plus his Italian
and thick ribbed
Jocelyn likes this
— and so will every
on the block.

THREE'S A CROWD, or is it? Bill wears a navy-
and-white bulky jumper and fawn drill slacks;
and Tony a squash shirt and gabardine trousers.
Note that Jocelyn's jumper was made for a boy, too.



SHIP AHOY and they're ready to sail in John Barraclough's yacht
Sea Mist. Tony wears a navy shawl-collared cardigan plus grey-and-
white-striped dacron pants, popular with men — they need no ironing.



At 21, he's at the top

- After four years in the highly competitive business world, 21-year-old Tony Yeldham has proved that he has a good executive head on his beautifully tailored shoulders.

WITH his cropped dark hair, suntanned face, and wide, white grin, Tony Yeldham looks rather like film-star Tony Perkins.

But there the resemblance ends. Perkins loves to dress in sloppy, beat-up clothes — Yeldham is one of the best-dressed young men about Sydney.

And why not? This go-ahead young man runs a shop in the Sydney suburb of Double Bay which is full of the very latest in men's wear.

Tony went to school at Shore, then, at 17, started a young executives' training course with a chain store.

"But after about eight months I decided to try my luck working for myself," Tony said. "I

teamed up with a young New Australian tie-maker and we started in a very small way manufacturing ties.

"He made the ties and I sold them to the stores.

"After a while we really caught on and had contracts with all the leading men's wear stores in Sydney."

"After about six months I de-

cided to branch out on my own with a shop at Rose Bay.

"I joined up with a tailor and we started concentrating on exclusive made-to-measure clothes for men and boys — suits, trousers, shirts, jackets, swimwear, the lot.

"After a while I formed a company with three of my friends and we moved down to the next shopping centre, Double Bay.

"We brought a tailor out from Italy, and there are two other Italians in the workroom and a woman tailor who makes all the girls' things.

"The business has just grown like mad.

"Last year we sent out about 2000 catalogues of the summer stock and got orders from all over Australia, even some from England and America. Some of my friends acted as models."

Besides running the shop, Tony is also the designer for his beachwear manufacturing venture.

"A lot of this beachwear goes to Surfers' Paradise — I guess they sell it to Sydney people up there on holiday," he said.

"Personally, I like wearing sports clothes best.

"I'm usually so busy working that I don't have time to get all dressed up, so it's just too bad if the owner of the shop is the last with the latest.

"We don't sell lairy clothes. Certainly they're colorful, but they're never crummy.

Boys are keen

"You know, some of the boys around here are mad about clothes; they'd happily spend every penny they earn on their backs.

"Most of them have several pairs of casual trousers, a couple of pairs of suede shoes, some cotton-knit sweaters, thick wool sweaters, a car coat, Bermuda jacket, one "best" suit — and the rest.

"Young men and boys are the best customers of all because they know exactly what they want.

"And I've never had a bad debt from a young bloke. They might be a little late sometimes, but you're always sure of getting the money.

Tony has quite a big female clientele, too.

"The girls have been buying masses of bulky sweaters," he said. "Now they're keen on short-sleeved cotton-knit jumpers."

Tony arrives at the shop every morning at 7.45, and works through till at least 7 at night.

"If we're very busy I'm at the shop over the weekend, too," he said. "At Christmas and Easter I work about 100 hours



● TONY YELDHAM.

a week — you have to, when you're working for yourself."

Next year Tony is going to America for five months.

He hopes to get a job in one of the big department stores (the men's wear department, of course), so that he can bring home lots of new ideas.

"Anything that will help along my dream, a store with everything for men under one roof — clothing, steam baths, showers, barber shop, coffee lounge. And perhaps a boutique for the girls."



"What a perfectly darling outfit!"



"For Pete's sake, pull out your shirt!"

AT 12, HE'S A HARVARD MAN



12-YEAR-OLD Fred Safier, jun., who is studying nuclear physics at Harvard University, U.S.A. Fred is shown playing with a miniature theatre in his San Francisco home, with a periodic table of elements hanging on the wall behind him. Fred learned to read when he was three, completed his full primary school course in two years, and graduated from secondary school at the top of his class, aged 11! Since its foundation in 1636, Harvard University has admitted students on the basis of mental qualifications, regardless of age. Fred is Harvard's second-youngest student; the youngest was 10-year-old Paul Dudley, later Chief Justice of Massachusetts, who attended the college soon after it opened. Fred likes tennis, plays baseball, is a keen stamp collector, plays the violin passably, and does beautiful ceramic work. He excels at chess and can beat most players while keeping two other games going. Fred is 4ft. 8in. tall and weighs 5½ stone.

AT HOME WITH YOUR HAIR

BY CAROLYN EARLE

WHEN you've neither the time nor the money for a professional perm — do it yourself, either single-handed or with help. On this page are three young and pretty hair-dos with illustrations for perming and simple directions for styling the hair afterwards. Top-flight stylist Richard Henry of

London and Rome recently created these hairstyles specially for the users of home perms. All you have to do is choose your favorite — Roman Mingle, Romanina, or Rimini — and take it to your own hairdresser. Have him cut and shape your hair to suit it, then have your home perm.



TO SET: Place rollers and make pin-curls exactly as shown in these two diagrams.



BRUSHING: Dry hair thoroughly, remove pins. Brush every strand of hair (even curls on hairline) back from right to left. Leave for three minutes. Now brush front hair slightly forward. Brush main section again from right to left, lifting it high on crown of head, then stroking it down into the neck. Lift hair from left temple on brush, following main line of hair for two inches, then bring forward again to cover left ear. Lightly flick fringe in strands from the right to the left side.



TO SET: Place rollers and make pin-curls exactly as shown in diagrams at right.



BRUSHING: Dry hair thoroughly, remove pins. Now, leaving section in front of dotted line (top front) alone, brush all hair behind and to sides of this section straight back. Leave for three minutes. Brush lightly but firmly, lift middle-back section and stroke backwards, bringing hair flat again about four inches above nape of neck. With same movement take side sections out and down over ears. Now lift front section and brush to form a high pouf. Brush lower back hair flat against head, flicking ends towards right ear.



TO SET: Place rollers and make pin-curls exactly as shown in diagrams at left.



BRUSHING: Dry hair thoroughly, remove pins. Take a shaped hair-brush, brush hair back from face, slanting brush slightly towards right. Lift back hair with brush and follow line to right. Leave for 3 minutes. Now, brushing from left temple diagonally to right again, lift hair with brush, mould in movements that bring it forward slightly over right eyebrow. Continue brush stroke until hair tips behind right ear; brush nape hair ends under and rest of side hair into place.

Do it yourself

● Giving yourself a home perm is simple enough when you know how, but the novice must always be prepared to cope with small problems. Here are some of the questions most often asked about home perms—and the answers.

WHAT KIND OF HAIR TAKES A HOME PERM BEST? Hair can be divided into three types—coarse, normal, and fine. Waving lotions are made for each type, and it's important to choose the correct one for your hair. Hair that has never been permed before—experts call this virgin hair—is the most resistant to waving. Whatever the texture, nape hair is the most resistant to waving, hair at the crown least resistant.

SHOULD CUTTING BE DONE BEFOREHAND? Have a professional cut or trim before your home perm to make sure you are not perming on top of an old wave. If your hair is thick, have it thinned and shaped. A week or 10 days after the cut is the ideal time for your home perm.

WHAT SHAMPOO SHOULD BE USED? Hair must be clean. Use a mild shampoo, never soap or a strong detergent. One of the prepared egg shampoos would be excellent. If your hair has been washed within a day or two it is not necessary to wash it again before waving. Some perms begin on slightly damp hair, others on dry hair. If the instructions say the hair must be dry before you start, they do mean thoroughly dry so that the lotion can penetrate.

WHAT ABOUT BLEACHED OR DYED HAIR? Bleaching, dyeing, and tinting tend to make hair brittle, harsh, or dry, and a test is absolutely essential before perming. The test curl should be made on the most dry or fragile part of the hair. The complete wave should only be given if you are perfectly satisfied with the way the test curl looks, feels, and handles after being waved, dried, and combed as directed. Don't re-wave the test curl or wash your hair again between making the test and home-perming the whole head.

CAN COLOR RINSES, SHAMPOOS, AND SPRAYS BE USED AFTER A HOME PERM? Perming of any kind makes hair porous, and therefore likely to absorb color to a much more intense degree than usual. This highly porous condition lasts about a month. Sprays and rinses recommended by wave manufacturers can be used—a week or 10 days after the perm is advised—but in at least one shade lighter than usual.

IS TIMING IMPORTANT? Yes. Home-perming must be done to the clock. It is a good idea to practise winding before doing the actual wave, although no harm will be done if you are a slow winder. Wave lotions are formulated to take care of this possibility. Time is vital when you water-rinse your hair. It must be done thoroughly. If instructions say two minutes, it must be a FULL two minutes. A little longer can only do good; less time, on the other hand, could spoil your perm.

CAN A HOME PERM LOOK SOFT ENOUGH TO SUIT THE PRESENT SMOOTH BOUFFANT HAIRSTYLES? Yes. If you want a softer wave, take up a deeper—not a wider—tress of hair on each curler. The smaller the section of hair the tighter the wave. The softer wave will not last as long, but will give the hair enough "body" to be set in a loose style. The rod curlers can be used as rollers for setting if you pad them out with cottonwool fixed in place by sticky tape.

**Louise
Hunter**

Here's

your answer

She's had you

"I AM 18 years old and I love a girl of 16. I have been going with this girl for nearly 2½ years, and I think that she is wonderful, but she is starting to act very strange. When I take her to the pictures we enjoy ourselves, and then after the pictures I take her home and walk her to the door. When I go to kiss her good-night she says to me, 'Only one kiss,' or else she says, 'Pretend that I have kissed you.' This girl is getting that way that she will hardly even let me hold her hand. Now that she has started work I don't know whether she will change or not. I work in another town, and all I do now is write once a week and ring her once a week. I don't want to lose this girl because I couldn't find anyone better except for these points."

"Puzzled and Worried," Vic.

I think she has had you. I'd look for another girl.

Break it off

"I AM 17. I go with a boy of 20. Lately he has begun to get serious and has asked me to go with him for another six years, and then to marry him. I have got to be tired of him, yet when I mention breaking up he cries like a baby. I like another boy now, and he likes me also, but he will not interfere with my friendship with the first boy. We have been going together for seven months now, and I do not want to be tied down to this boy any longer. Do you think it wise of me to break it off and ignore his cries?"

"Wondering," N.S.W.

Yes, break it off at once or you'll have a very dreary time.

Telling grandma

"SOMETIMES when I visit my grandmother other visitors are also there. She tells them of wild romances I am supposed to have had, although really I feel shy with boys and have never had a date. If boys are present, she makes pointed match-making remarks. She thinks that she is making me popular, but her remarks only embarrass everyone else, and make me feel cheap and appear a flirt. I have explained this and asked her to stop, but she does not. Can you suggest a way to stop her, please?"

"Embarrassed," N.S.W.

Only a very drastic one. You'll have to tell your grandmother you will not go to see her when she has other visitors, and if you are trapped there when visitors arrive just take your leave politely.

You'll have to be quite firm about it, and really do as you say, because she'll never believe you mean it. I'd tell your mother what you are going to do so that she supports you, and I'm sure she will in the face of such an embarrassment.

The sad thing about it all is that grandmother really carries on the way she does about you, imagining that her wild romantic stories about you make you even more wonderful than you are. She wouldn't dream that she was making you appear in a bad light.

I really do feel that (mother permitting) you must be firm with her, even if it means you stop visiting her altogether for a while.

Wishes — best gift

"I HAVE been going out (not actually steady) with a boy for over six months, and as his birthday is early next month would it be right for me to give him a small gift? I'd like to very much, as this boy has been very good to me, but as I am shortly leaving the district and may not see him again I was wondering if it would be right to, as I do not want to place him under any obligation to me. I thought if it was all right I might give him a key-ring for his car or some other small gift."

"Wondering," N.S.W.

I quite understand your wish, and,



"—Now don't be jealous, Joyce—Muriel's just my mechanic!"



"Father is very strict!"

knowing how you feel, I think it would be all right to give him this little gift. But, knowing the interpretation that other people put on such things, I think it would be far better not to. Boys are apt to put the wrong interpretation on such actions.

What makes me more sure that it would be unwise to give him the gift are your own doubts. You obviously feel that this boy, whom you know well, might feel he was under an obligation to you if you did.

Don't do it. Just give him your best wishes if you see him on his birthday.

More the merrier

"I AM a boy of 16. I have a problem concerning my girl-friend and myself. She is the same age as me. We are having a bit of trouble with her parents. Her father thinks we are getting too serious, and has limited our dates to about one every three weeks, which I think is very unfair to her, not mentioning myself. Do you think I should break it off and find another girl whose parents aren't hard to get on with, or should I let things stand as they are and hope her parents realise how unfair it is? I love her very much, and I think she feels the same way about me, which makes it very hard for me to decide what to do."

"Puzzled," S.A.

Girl-friends with parents who are easy to get on with are an essential for a man considering matrimony. A boy dating a 16-year-old girl shouldn't be greatly concerned about such things. I think you should find yourself another girl, in fact, a number of girls, so that you can have one to take out at least once a week. The present girl whom you love so much would fill in every third week.

I may sound very nasty and as unfair as your girl-friend's parents, but really at 16 your attitude would concern most adults. Girls should play a minor role in your life now.

For a boy of your age it is good for both prestige and morale to have a girl to take out when it's necessary or occasionally when he feels like it, but I think it is a great mistake to settle down to steady dating one girl at 16.

I'm not against dating at 16 in moderation, but play the field, take out a number of girls, and take them out as friends, not as potential wives.

All girls are different. A boy needs to take a lot out to get to know the different types and find out which one he likes best.

Only a postcard

"DURING the next school holidays I am going to Sydney for a holiday. I have asked my boy-friend if I may write to him while I am away; he said he would like it if I would. What I am wondering is would it be correct if I brought him home a souvenir or would it be better if I just sent him a postcard or two while I am there? I am 14. Do you think this is too young to have a boy-friend? I have gone to the pictures with him a couple of times. Each time I had my parents' permission. As well as the pictures he takes me to the school socials, which are held about every three months. He is also 14."

M.E.H., Vic.

I think 14 is far too young to have a boy-friend who takes you to the pictures.

As for writing to him while you are on holidays, as you have already asked him if you could write to him, I'd send him a postcard while you are away, but I wouldn't take a souvenir home to him.

A WORD FROM DEBBIE



ARE you a glovecarrier? If you are you are missing the note they add to the most casual clothes. They should be worn on all occasions, never carried — a habit many young misses cultivate to save cleaning and washing chores. Glove-carriers never win a place in the elegance stakes.

And what do you do with your handbag when you are eating out? Never put it on a table on which food or drink is being served.

Put your handbag on your knee, an empty chair if there is one, or if all else fails put it on the floor.

Wedding invitations

"I AM getting married soon and will be having a very small wedding breakfast at which only the bridal party and the groom's parents will be present. I want to ask a number of my friends to come to the church. Should I send them invitations or ask them personally? Also could I have a small pre-wedding party such as a kitchen tea?"

"Wondering," W.A.

I think you should see the friends you want to invite to the church ceremony and ask them to come. Many people feel a wedding present is obligatory if they receive a printed invitation, but would accept a personal invitation to the church without ever thinking they have to buy a gift.

And it is very nice to be asked personally to attend the church ceremony when the wedding is quiet. Many people are dying to go to compliment the bride and groom, but don't because they feel that members of the wedding party may feel they are only sticky-beaking by being present in the church.

Of course, you may have a kitchen tea if someone suggests giving you one. Friends or relatives of the bride always give such teas. If the bride wants to entertain her girl-friends before her wedding, she gives a trousseau tea at which she serves afternoon tea and shows her trousseau. At a trousseau tea guests don't give presents to the bride.

Kiss — and go mad

"PLEASE tell me what I can do. I am a 16-year-old girl, and feel as if I am madly in love with my chemistry teacher, who is about 24. He has always been very nice towards me, and I feel that I will have to kiss him or go mad."

"Heart," Vic.

Kiss him and you will really go mad — mad with dismay at what you've done. Work hard at his class and just think about how you'd like to kiss him and you'll be much happier.

Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

'Cause she's got - personality...

... SHE'S THE MOST POPULAR GIRL IN TOWN

"It has always seemed rather odd to me that most articles giving girls advice on how to make themselves attractive to a fellow are written by women," wrote Ian Harman, of Melbourne. We agreed, and so Ian has his say on the qualities he considers "should arouse the adoration of the mere male."

It is perfectly simple to make a boy like you. You don't have to be beautiful—it is personality that does the trick.

PERSONALITY is something no normal young man can possibly resist.

Perhaps you imagine yourself cheated out of your share of this magic element at birth. But there is no need to give way to despair, because personality can be cultivated.

Many girls have got the wrong angle on this personality business. They seem to think it means they must be constantly wicker-cracking and sparkling the whole time with incredible wit and vivacity.

Believe me, this bubbling, forced gaiety is not even a poor

relation of true personality. So rule number one is—don't sparkle!

Always be natural. That is the main demand of our sex. It should be your golden rule, written in letters of fire over your head.

If you are naturally vivacious there is no need to try to be otherwise. But if you are of the quiet, rather wistful type, don't make the error of patterning yourself after your opposite. If you look grand in a frilly frock, wear that, and don't array yourself in something daring or dignified which won't suit you at all.

The rules

But though you are to keep that original self of yours, you must remember some rules which, if carried out faithfully, will make you a personality instead of just another person.

A boy likes a girl who is independent. She is so much more fun to take around than the clinging, stay-at-home kind.

It is a great mistake to think that every young man hopes eventually to meet a girl who is thoroughly domesticated and an excellent cook. Quite frankly, there is not a fellow worth his salt who cares two pence whether you can poach an egg or bake a cake.

However, you can carry this "independent" idea too far. A boy is always embarrassed if a girl insists on paying her share or argues about it when being taken out for a treat.

It is a terrible crime in masculine eyes to argue about sharing a bill in a restaurant or paying to go to a theatre. If you know a young man can't really afford to take you to certain places, arrange the matter with him beforehand. Never breathe a word about the subject in public.

Be independent of circumstances. If that certain person wants to take you for a bus ride in the rain, make up your mind to like it. Tell him you get a real thrill out of looking at the bright lights through the mist, and that he couldn't have thought of anything better!

Never let inconveniences

worry you when out with a boy you don't want to lose. Accept life as it is and look on the sunny side of things.

That may sound trite, but remember there is a funny side to nearly everything. Look out for it and cultivate a sense of humor. A real sense of humor, mark you, and that doesn't mean giggling girlishly at the weakest jokes.

And try to see the joke when the laugh is on you. If you can do that you have a better romantic investment than all the good looks in the world.

Be a sport. Have a go whether it's playing a game you feel will make you look perfectly ridiculous or going for a ride on a dizzy roller-coaster.

Every young man likes a girl who's a good companion, who'll take her share in the things he finds amusing.

It is your duty to rub balm on the knocks the world gives him. Praise instead of blaming. Tell him he's wonderful, and then say it again—in a slightly different way, of course.

Be entertaining. The most attractive girl is the one who can converse intelligently. Men hate bores. But don't talk too much; be a good listener some of the time.

Never answer in a series of dull monosyllables, showing clearly that you are not taking the slightest interest in what is being said.



YOU DON'T have to be beautiful to be attractive. A girl with personality can outshine any bored beauty.

Finally, let me caution you against being a flirt. It often happens that a girl flirts at a party in the hope of making some boy jealous. That will just fall flat.

It's better to let your favorite boy know that other men would like to know you better,

but that you aren't interested.

A young man doesn't like to feel he has got you as a sort of consolation prize. He likes to think he has won you in spite of hot competition.

So there it is, girls—the man's-eye view of personality. Now it's over to you.

CATCHING COLORS

• An old Chinese legend tells you to wear:

BLUE to enchant him,
RED to excite him,
BLACK to impress him,
WHITE to enslave him,
GREEN to intrigue him,
MAUVE to disturb him,
GOLD to inspire him,
YELLOW to make him happy,
GREY to make him sad,
PURPLE to arouse passion,
and
SILVER for tenderness.

But remember—they do say that lots of Australian men are color blind!

CAPTIVATING VOCAL CHORDS

• An attractive voice is within everyone's reach. If Eliza Doolittle could change from a raucous-mouthed shrew into "My Fair Lady," you, too, can learn to make words flow from your lips like the sweetest honey.

TRY to speak DISTINCTLY at a low pitch. Avoid using any word that really bothers you until you have checked its pronunciation and meaning in a dictionary.

When the shower is running and you are out of earshot of the family, attack that habit of slurring your a's to sound like "eyes"; emphasise those a's, humming "The rain in Spain is mainly in the plain."

Let it trip off your tongue lightly, gaily, slowly, quickly, changing the pitch of your

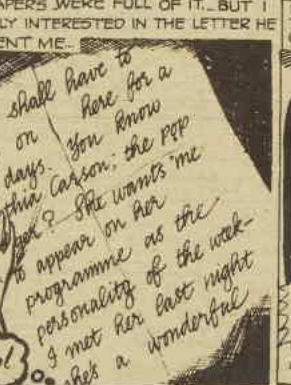
voice until the phrase flows rhythmically. Repeating "How now, brown cow?" a dozen times a day is another wonderful cobweb duster for lazy vowels.

Don't confuse a low-pitched voice with a monotonous one.

Even if you have a cold, the lowest, huskiest phrase still throbs with music if you make a practice of really meaning what you say.

Then you'll be ready when the time comes to say important things like, "I love you."

Love Story



OTHER GIRLS' JOBS

She's in the money business

By Patricia O'Connell

Money, money, money — it's all around Lynette Watson all day, every day, because she works in a bank.

PRETTY 16-year-old Lynette is the office girl in a city branch of the Commonwealth Bank in Sydney.

After a year learning shorthand and typing at technical college, Lynette decided to join the bank last November.

When we were at Tech, they took us on a tour of the bank's main office, and I liked the look of it," Lynette said. "So I decided to do the bank's entrance exam—a shorthand and typing test—and when I passed I was appointed to this branch."

Lynette lives with her family in the Sydney suburb of Presby, and each morning, Monday to Saturday, arrives in the city about a quarter to nine.

After signing on in the attendance book, she changes into her navy-blue skirt, crisp white blouse, navy cardigan, and shoes, and is ready for work by the dot of nine.

When you first start the bank gives you £7/10/- clothes allowance and £5 every year after," Lynette explained.

First of all, I connect the switchboard, and as well as answering the switch I type up

any new accounts, and get on with typing back the shorthand I took down from the manager late the day before.

"After morning tea I come back and do some filing.

"There's still plenty of typing left to do, and, of course, the switchboard keeps on buzzing.

"At lunchtime I meet my girl-friends for coffee, or we take our lunch to Hyde Park. Or there's the bank's cafeteria, which is terribly cheap.

"In the afternoon there's still more typing and shorthand to take. I usually finish and go home about 4.30 or, if we're very busy, 5.15.

"On Saturday morning I work from 9 till 11.30 or so. Usually I help on the adding machine and the counter."

The bank enters into Lynette's social life, too.

"There's always something being organised through the bank—dances, theatre parties, basketball matches," Lynette said.

"And at head office there are squash courts and table-tennis rooms for the staff.

"Our bank's first birthday party is coming up soon. It should be great fun."

Lynette loves going to informal dances, usually a couple each week in the suburbs near her home.

"We go to the pictures on Saturday night. No, I haven't got a steady, I go out with lots of different boys."

... and here's how to be a bank girl

BANKS demand a high standard of intelligence and personality and prefer applicants to have the Intermediate Certificate with passes in Maths and English.

Some set their own exams in shorthand and typing for would-be stenographers, while others request a high standard report from a business college.

Girls are employed as stenographers, accounting machine operators, and clerks.

References are essential and some banks require a medical examination.

Wages vary slightly but the commencing salary is about £403 per annum.

Lynette Watson earns £13/18/- clear a fortnight.



BANK typist Lynette looks after the switchboard.

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — August 12, 1959

Dear Teenagers' Weekly

WE have been reading Robin Adair's column with much amusement.

We have noticed that he is fond of making wisecracks at us girls and we are wondering if he's so hot himself.

Please, could we have a picture of this here square or daddio or whatever he prefers to be called. We don't mind if we can't have photos sent direct; a picture printed in your magazine will do just fine.

But please can we see what the dear boy looks like.

Thanking you in anticipation,

—Jen and Carole, Murtoa, Vic.



GIRLS—here's the daddio himself.

A GUY GIRLTALK

● I'm starting a campaign to make boys' schools drop Latin and French — even English — and teach a new language: Girltalk.

EXISTING language courses are no doubt useful (English particularly, I've noticed), but I think a grip on Girltalk is a must if a bloke is to understand — literally — the fair sex.

For, as a wise man once (almost) said: "The female of the SPEECHES is more deadly than the male!"

What is Girltalk?

Well, I only woke up to it the other night. Suddenly I found that what I'd mistaken for years as the Queen's English was, in fact, a secret female language with more double-meanings than a nightclub joke.

Here's what happened:

It all started when my date and I were on our way to a show and bumped into another lass and her escort. Now I knew that this girl was about as popular with my date as a laddered stocking.

So imagine my surprise when the girl squealed, "Let's make it a foursome!"—and my date said sweetly, "Yes, let's!"

But I was in for an even bigger surprise. No sooner had my girl agreed than the other lass talked her way out of the whole thing and hurriedly dragged away her date.

"Why did she change her mind?" I asked my girl.

"Because I told her we didn't want to join forces," she said patiently.

To close the subject (and probably to close my open mouth) she went on to explain that it would have been unladylike to give the girl a point-blank refusal. So she had agreed with the suggestion—but only after a ten seconds' pause.

This, she said, quite clearly showed the other girl that she wasn't wanted.

Well, that was my introduction to Girltalk. And there was more to come.

In the first film, for instance, there was a particularly lovely lass. "That Desiree La Roche is lovely, isn't she?" commented by partner.

"You can say that again!" I said.

She didn't say it again, though. In fact, she didn't say ANYTHING for quite a while!

So there's another Girltalk gimmick. If a cutie passes a compliment about a colleague, odds on her tongue's in her cheek hard enough to crack her make-up.

Near the end of interval, as we were settling back in our seats, my girl suddenly said, "I don't want anything from the lolly-boy." So she didn't get anything from the lolly-boy.

Only after she had stayed stony-faced during the first 20 gags of the funny second feature did I realise I hadn't translated yet another bit of Girltalk.

What she'd really meant was: "I don't see you trying to hail the lolly-boy—how about starting now!"

My next encounter with this fascinating language popped up when we were walking home and bumped into (again) the couple we had Girltalked out of sitting with us.

The brushed-off belle asked my lass if she thought the film had been as good as the book.

"I didn't read the book," said my girl, "but then I haven't got your love for good books—or so many free evenings at home to read them."

That was really only Girltalk for saying that the girl was as much on the shelf as any book!

Proof that the other girl was up on the language, too, came when she commented on my date's dress.

"It's so pretty," she cooed delightedly. "I gave Grandmother one just like it the Mother's Day before last, and she adored it."

Even I saw through those delicate digs, but my next Girltalk test was a failure.

That came when we were halted outside my girl's house saying good-night to our travelling companions.

"Are you sure you couldn't come in for supper?" my date asked cordially. (I know now that the "Are you sure you couldn't" really meant "You can't come in!")

The other girl would have taken the hint—except that Muggins me missed the cue.

"Yes, come on in!" I insisted. "I'll make the toast!"

I had toast all right, and something extra—the cold shoulder!

Oh, by the way, I received a letter from a lass the other day.

"Your column for teenagers is read each week in our house," she wrote. "My grandmother and maiden aunt find it fascinating."

Nice of her,

wasn't it?

Hey, wait

a minute!...

—Robin Adair



SANDRA DEE
... pin-up for the boys

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Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — August 12, 1959



BLACK-FRAMED Chinese bird prints have a slim scarlet slip. Hung close and squarely over the chest, they gain importance.

DELICATE hues in this painting are repeated in the frame. Rose-pink coloring rubbed into the wood matches the woman's sash.



ht and wrong ways to frame



MODERN painting looks out of place in elaborately carved frame (above). Reframed in simple bleached wood frame (left) the same painting comes to life. Now the design dominates.

SUSAN HAYWARD

starring in **"WOMAN OBSESSED"**
a 20th Century-Fox Film Production



SUSAN HAYWARD LOVES LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO

never dries
it beautifies

thick and creamy...
blessed with lanolin! needs no after-rinse!
of course, it leaves hair more manageable!



BUY THE BIG SIZES
AND SAVE MONEY!

NO WONDER IT'S THE FAVOURITE SHAMPOO OF 4 OUT OF 5 TOP HOLLYWOOD MOVIE STARS



WELL-BALANCED COMPOSITION of painting and furniture is linked by ornaments, also in scale. The painting, by Australian artist Sali Herman, is owned by Mrs. Vincent Fairfax, of Sydney.

Groupings that add charm to a room

● Hang your picture in the right position so the relationship of picture and furniture will then make a composition that lends charm to the whole room.

THE size of the picture should be in proportion to its surroundings, and in harmony with furniture and ornaments nearby.

A huge oil painting would not group well with modern wrought-iron furniture; a delicate flower print would be out of place in a streamlined contemporary living-room.

Small pictures and prints look isolated and forlorn when hung alone, but they can be grouped together to take the place of a large picture. The simplest group is a set of pictures the same size on the same theme and framed identically.

When grouping pictures of different sizes with frames that don't match, it is important to work out a good balance be-

tween small and large pictures, and to arrange an even distribution of light and dark colors. Portraits on the outside of the group should look towards the centre.

You will find the grouping easier if pictures are hung either level at the top or at the bottom and with the sides of the group straight also. This is not an inflexible rule, but it takes an expert to keep perfect balance in an irregular grouping.

Pictures grouped above a staircase can follow the line of the stairs.

If you want to experiment, cut out pieces of brown paper the same size as the pictures. Fix the pieces to the wall with adhesive tape and rearrange them until you get the effect you want. Mark the corners with a pencil, then hang your pictures in their places.

Pictures set in a group must be hung flat against the wall.

Over the fireplace is an ideal position for one or more pictures. If the fireplace is low, a tall picture will give it height. If the fireplace is high, the picture can be a wide one or a horizontal arrangement of small prints.

Almost everyone has accumulated family snapshots. Group small ones together in a frame about 12in. by 6in., mounting them on velvet or white lacquered timber. Now this can be included in any picture group.

Use ribbon

Another idea is to frame small photographs of the same size between cardboard and glass and bind firmly with black adhesive tape.

Three or four of these photos are hung on a 2in. to 3in. wide ribbon (stick ribbon to cardboard with strong all-purpose glue). Finish the ribbon about 2in. below the lowest photograph and snip a V in the straight end like a pennant. Now hang ribbon on the wall, using a brass curtain-ring.

Attractive odd ornaments such as candlesticks, china jugs, or a copper lamp can also be grouped with pictures, either just below them on chest or table or on a wall shelf nearby. This is an ideal arrangement for anyone who collects things like a magpie.

As a rule wallpaper does not make a good background for pictures unless it has a small design such as a fine trellis, pin-dot, or pin-stripe.

Your pictures can still play their part in decorating at night. Use a wall light to spotlight one or a group. Or install fluorescent lighting over a large picture and hide the light with a pelmet.

HOW TO HANG PICTURES

THE hanging height for a picture should divide the wall area between floor and ceiling or furniture and ceiling by nearly two to one, with the greater space at the top of the picture. In the average house the eye level of a person standing is approximately the correct height.

FOR light pictures use small hooks attached to special hanging-pins. The pins can be driven about an inch into the plaster and the pictures hung with ring-screws and wire or with a small tab with a metal ring at the end.

FOR heavy pictures, the wall should be plugged beyond the plaster into the brick or cement. In a timber house look for a batten.

IF the wire of a heavy picture must show, don't hang it like an inverted V. Use two hooks with a straight wire descending from each.

FOR most pictures, ring-screws should be fixed close to the top frame to make the picture hang flat against the wall. Do not hang your pictures at a sharp angle or high above the heads of viewers.

THE RICH LOOK OF VELVET

● Unusual framing heightens the impact of a picture. Fabrics are often used with charming effect, as the pictures on these pages show. Mr. Leslie Walford, of Sydney, has enhanced their beauty with velvet frames and mounts. For such fabrics, use a glue that contains a fungicide to prevent the formation of mildew.



ANGLED FRAME of this oil painting is covered in grey velvet, the slip painted white, and the moulding gilded. Frame is in perfect accord with the subject.

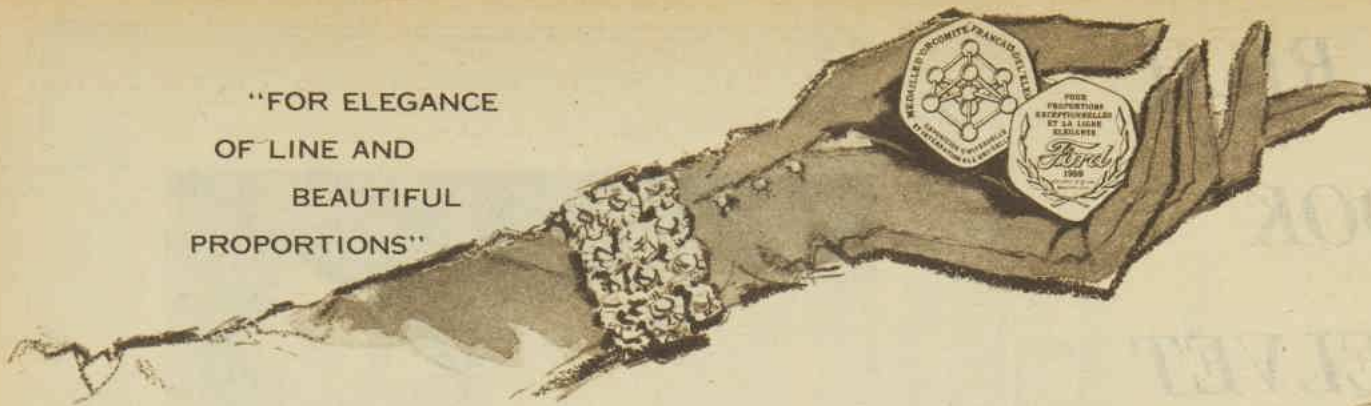


ROSE PRINT is outlined with ribbon, the mount is silk, and the frame a deep rose-pink velvet.



NATURAL WOOD frame is separated from flower print by wide velvet mount in a complementary color.

"FOR ELEGANCE
OF LINE AND
BEAUTIFUL
PROPORTIONS"



High fashion gives its award to

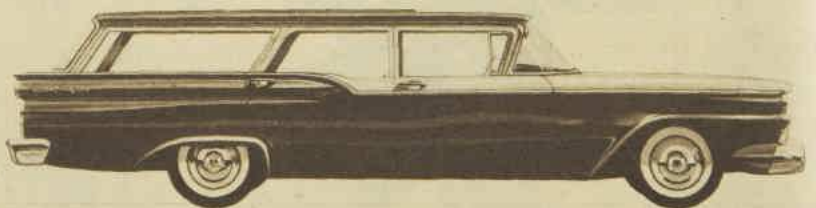
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TOP: The brilliantly new Custom 300 (Fordomatic transmission optional)

ABOVE: The 'way ahead' new Ranch Wagon (Fordomatic transmission optional)

LEFT: Superb, style-leader—Fairlane 500 (Fordomatic transmission standard equipment)

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Continuing . . . THE LOST AND THE FOUND

The man was going abroad for three months, and he would have to see Paul over Christmas.

There'd be no sense in her going along. The man was a bachelor; they'd be terribly busy.

Ariel was everything he had remembered, and more. The way the snow fell lightly on her dark hair and the little feathered hat. The fragrance of her. The yielding and the independence. He was caught, as at the beginning; it was frightening, and pure enchantment.

After a little time, she wanted to know what Ruth was like, wanted to know, of course, why he had done it.

He felt exhausted, trying to explain. "I was so alone. It was as if nothing could ever be important anyway, after us." He described Ruth. "She is not at all like you, my darling. Yet she is gentle, good, and kind. And enough in love to want to be with me more than anything in the world."

"I see," Ariel murmured, with pain and contrition.

"There is no meeting of minds between Ruth and me," Paul said. "There never could be." And he despised his own impatient folly. If only he had waited a little longer!

So the few days fled in agony and delight. Somehow, they said goodbye.

Then the dark months, the terrible darkness of the cave.

There was the night Ruth said, "This is a good house, Paul." She spoke softly, with gratitude and contentment. "Such a good house, for children! We must have a lot of children."

Panic filled him. How could he have thought he was finished with love? But he forced himself to be pleasant, to be decently humane. "Oh," he said, "you're young. You've plenty of time for children."

He knew that he was abstracted, worlds removed, and that Ruth felt it. She thought he was overworked. She went to him with slippers, hot tea,

with every possible, considerate kindness. It was unbearable.

In March, Paul went again briefly to New York. He knew there was one course for him to take. If he lost his job doing it, as of course he would—well, then, that was inevitable, as all the rest.

When he returned home, he wrote an impassioned letter, in fright and guilt and exaltation.

"My Ariel. Yes, I will go to you. I have hardly slept for weighing the consequences. I must try to make Ruth understand. I shall take care of her, shall give her the house and everything I own. It will be little enough to make up for her pain. But then I shall go to you."

PAUL had to finish the term. Time raced and it crept; he had no true conception of its passing. So it might have been two weeks later, or three, that he went home one afternoon and received Ruth's news.

She gave it to him with a flame of pride and wonder. "Oh, Paul," she said, "oh, Paul. We're going to have a baby!"

Not "I," but "we," giving unconscious emphasis to his fatherhood, to the joint responsibility.

"Our child, yours and mine. It's happening all over the world this minute, and still it's a miracle for us!"

All the clichés, of course. Ruth would. He never remembered what he answered, but probably he gave the expected felicitations, in the usual stock-comedy daze of the prospective father.

Oh, irony. Oh, malignant, twisted fate. He went out to the orchard; he ground his knuckles into his face and wept. That much Paul remembered, as he remembered never having wept before, not even when his beloved parents died.

He remembered, too, the letter that had to be written.

"Ariel, darling, Ruth is going to have a baby. She told me

from page 30

yesterday, with utmost faith and joy. You understand that this changes everything for us, don't you?"

He wrote the letter and put it in the mailbox, and that was all.

After that, silence.

The ache in him. You couldn't believe it possible that a body undiseased, a mind not ill, could be one entire burden of pain.

But he saw it through, performing the sham before Ruth and all his friends, before his students and his own image in the shaving mirror every dreadful morning.

He saw it through until he came at last to stand beside the high white hospital bed, where Ruth lay in her utter bliss with a pair of ruddy, wriggling twins. He gave out cigars, grinned at the standard jokes, got his back slapped in congratulations.

He took the twins home one blustery day and saw them into their organdie bassinets. Out of unseeing eyes they gazed up at their father. Poor, helpless things!

It is astounding, the resilience of the human soul.

The agony becomes a pain, the pain an ache; the ache dulls, and after a while it is there only when someone accidentally touches it in a way that brings quick memory.

At a party the conversation turned to birthdays, gifts, and anniversaries. Ruth said, with laughing affection, "Paul never remembers those things, not even his own birthday. He's never at the door with flowers."

Ah, but he was. Roses and lilacs and those wonderful brown-speckled orchids that go with dark hair and gold skin. Nick, the florist on Adam Street, could tell of many an order telegraphed to New York.

A wave of pity softened Paul. Looking at all these couples he knew so well, many of them so closely and soundly mated, he thought, Ruth has

been cheated and deprived, and she doesn't even know it. There isn't even enough between us to make us quarrel—like Joe and Betty Ives, with their hot fights and ecstatic reconciliations.

When he took Ruth in his arms, it was only because he was a young man with a healthy need, never because of any wanting of her.

Then he thought, Ah, well, it's a great deal more than she had out of life before she had me. I've given her the dignity of marriage and motherhood. Who is to say that every human being is entitled to love, any more than to wealth? She can consider herself lucky, at that.

For a moment he almost hated her.

Only once did they come close to a serious quarrel. Again it was at one of the Saturday-evening gatherings that made the social pattern of the university. These evenings were all talk, in which the women took avid part. Many of them had been graduated from the university; all of them had been graduated from somewhere. But Ruth, the outsider, had nothing to say.

"For heaven's sake, can't you talk?" Paul burst out when they were home. "Unless they talk about domestic trivia or children, you sit like a stick."

"But they're all like one another, Paul, and I'm not like them, don't you see?"

Well, they were curiously almost all the same, with their neat dark dresses, their clipped, beautiful speech, and their round of activities: child-study groups, art classes, jobs for the childless ones, their vigorous intellectual lives. Ruth certainly wasn't like them.

He persisted, nevertheless. "Why don't you try being more friendly? There's a life going on in town that you don't know about—the book club, the Friday musicale. Liv-

To page 43

Fashion FROCKS

• Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.



"MARY LOU."—Empire-line dress has a bloused bodice and slender skirt. The material is no-iron cotton, and color choice includes blue-and-grey on a white background, lilac-and-grey on a white background, rose-pink-and-grey on a white background, pale-yellow-and-grey on a white background.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 73/9; 36 and 38in. bust 76/9. Postage and registration 4/3 extra. Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 49/3; 36 and 38in. bust 51/6. Postage and registration 4/3 extra.

NOTE: If ordering by mail send to address on page 69. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

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You taste real chicken in this cream of chicken soup ... freshly home cooked in minutes!



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Continental soups

Chicken Noodle - Cream of Chicken - Chicken Broth - Mushroom - Tomato Vegetable - Thick Vegetable - Green Pea - Beef Vegetable



WHEN THE CHILDREN MEET AT YOUR PLACE... Healthy young appetites will heartily agree, that there's nothing so deliciously tempting as a steaming bowl of tasty Continental brand Cream of Chicken Soup. Follow it with a slice of your favourite apple pie, and the children will vote you tops! There's nothing so good as that real chicken flavour of Continental Cream of Chicken Soup.



CHICKEN VEGETABLE SAVOURY

Melt 1 oz. Copha shortening, blend in 1 tablespoon flour and contents of a packet of Continental Cream of Chicken Soup. Add 1½ cups milk and stir till boiling. Mix in 2 cups cooked vegetables — for example, corn, peas, carrots. Serve hot with bacon rolls or toast, as required.

CS40:WVWPC

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 12, 1959

Barret would gladly take you."

Something defiant seemed to flare in Ruth. "Let's face it, Paul. I'm a completely ordinary woman. The movies you and your friends scoff at, I enjoy. The books you call marvellous, I don't even understand. I've tried, goodness knows. But I get so confused. Maybe you shouldn't have married a woman like me. But you did, and I'll do the best I can for you, and I love you."

At least she had sufficient pride to defend herself. He would have despised an obsequious manner, and he was relieved that she could conceal her humbleness.

Life organised itself. The children sat up, walked, talked, were bright and charming, and adored. They were very happy children. No doubt of it, Ruth did have a knack.

Other people began to feel it, too. The faculty wives, even Liz Barret, who had been cordial to Ruth only for Paul's sake, began to seek her for her own sake. They went to her for plain woman-talk or to ask advice about their houses and their children. She had a native talent for handling children, they said.

Then there was that terrible time when the Ives' had a final quarrel and broke up. Everyone was appalled and helpless. But Ruth Farjeon wasn't. She got them back together again.

"Betty Ives is just worn out and irritable from having all those babies one right after the other, and Joe doesn't understand," she declared. So she got hold of Joe and gave him a good, sound talking to. She talked to Betty, too.

After that she took their children for a week and made Betty and Joe go on a trip all by themselves. When they came back they were sheepish and happy and in love again.

Everyone marvelled, Paul most of all. He marvelled, too, that he could know pride in Ruth instead of the old, old feeling that he was ashamed of her.

The Farjeon house became the unofficial meeting-place of the English department.

Continuing . . .

THE LOST AND THE FOUND

from page 41

"You've got some sort of magic, Ruth," George Barret said once, fretfully. "A man can put his feet up in this house—you're not too fussy for that—and still it doesn't always look as though a hurricane had just passed."

"My wife," said the newest young instructor, "has all the child-raising theories down pat. They sound fine, too, I'll admit, and still it must be wonderful to live in a house like this where the kids are quietly in bed when you want to relax and you don't break your neck over bicycles on the floor."

Paul sat there feeling oddly respected. These men, with their so-accomplished wives and their independent "modern" marriages, looked at him and knew he was truly head of his house. They envied him.

In the sixth year of the marriage came the best fortune Paul had yet had in his career. He was jumped quite suddenly over three far more venerable men, to become George Barret's assistant. It was common talk, moreover, that he would be the head of the department when George retired.

"I am so proud, Paul," Ruth said. "Sometimes I think maybe you don't realise how proud I am, because I don't understand the things you work at. But I can understand their value. I think it is romantic to have a husband who can do great, serious things and doesn't just live to amuse himself and make money."

She looked rather lovely framed in the white doorway, with her rich hair loose and the gentle glow on her face.

So the years went—six, seven, eight.

Sometimes Paul thought of Ariel Tolliver. It was odd, but he had to think very hard to recall her face. Of course, he was so busy, his mind so challengingly occupied with other things.

He had been given a graduate seminar to teach; he had at last begun a book. The

wheels were running smoothly, just as he'd planned.

Life at home was smooth, too. In the evenings Paul read while Ruth sewed or read aloud to the children.

Robbie sat gravely listening, somewhat remote: the image of his father, people said. Ellen was a gentle, cheerful child with a jolly laugh. Paul would look up from his book, and his love would overflow to his children.

Then one night, quite suddenly, he looked up at Ruth, between the children, and love, rising like the tide, overflowed to her as well.

Only last night that had been. Paul rose from his desk and looked at his watch. Ruth would have met Amanda by now and brought her home.

Maybe it had been Amanda's visit from abroad that had brought his emotion to a head at just this time? The

Luxury is more perilous
to youth than storms
or quicksands, poverty
or chains.

—Hannah More

household's being polished to a lustre, Ruth's charming pride in her home, her children, and herself? He was mature enough at last to understand intelligence other than that which thrives on books, the beauty of her body, heart, and spirit!

And Ariel? Now, in the clarity of his new understanding, Paul saw that affair for the superficial dazzle it had been, the shabby glitter. Two selfish people, not quite grown, enjoying their covetous passion.

Yes, he had come a long way. He chuckled. Paul Farjeon, you were born lucky.

Still, he wouldn't give luck all the credit. Some wise, subconscious judgment must have

led him to make the choice he had made, so that now he had found love, most beautifully, in his own wife.

The dinner was perfect. Afterward, Amanda, mellowed by the sentimental occasion, leaned back on the sofa in the library. "Well," she said, "you really have done big things, you two."

"Would you like to see the kitchen?" Ruth asked. "It's really a jewel, and—"

"No, thanks," Amanda interrupted bluntly. She hadn't changed. "I'm not interested in kitchens, and I wasn't talking about the house, anyway. I meant yourselves." She waved her hands. "Your lives. You, for instance, are not what I would have expected for Paul at all. I see you've been very good for him, though."

Ruth smiled. "I hope I have. I've been good to him. I know that, as he has been to me."

Amanda raised her eyebrows. "A clever distinction! You don't look clever, either, just sweet and simple. But of course you already know that about yourself. You never met Ariel Tolliver, did you?"

"Amanda!" Paul said.

"Oh, 'Amanda'!" she mocked. "Do you suppose your wife thinks you never knew a woman before her?" She turned to Ruth. "Ariel Tolliver was a friend of mine. Paul was dreadfully in love with her."

"Was he?" Ruth said.

"Oh, quite terribly. I was in New York. I suffered all through it with them. Especially with Ariel. She's a sculptress, a real beauty, and a brilliant woman. When she and Paul began verbal fencing, sparks flew, I can tell you."

Silence, and Ruth's embarrassed smile. What else could a wife do but smile?

Then Paul's own heart beating. "Nobody wants to hear about that exaggerated nonsense, Amanda," he said. "It's ancient history."

"You're such a stuffed shirt, Paul darling," Amanda said. "I'm not exaggerating, and be-

sides, it's not, ancient history. Good heavens, it was only—" she paused to count—"only seven years ago. Nineteen-fifty, I remember it perfectly, because that was the winter my divorce became final and I was packing to go abroad. Ariel spent the whole time crying on my shoulder."

Nineteen-fifty. Ruth and I were married in nineteen-forty-nine. Dreadful, idiotic, chattering woman. And nothing he could do to stop her.

Amanda laughed. "Will you please stop giving me those black looks, Paul? I know exactly what I'm talking about." Now, for some crazy reason, the subject had become an issue.

"Yes, it was Christmas, and you came to New York. Ariel was so happy, she told me after you had gone home. And then that spring, I remember, she got a letter from you calling everything off, and she would never tell me why, just said something unexpected had happened. But it almost killed her."

Amanda stood up. "Paul, you're so silly. You think Ruth minds, but it only makes you more romantic." She yawned and went to the door. "Well, good-night, both of you."

Even before the door closed behind Amanda, even before Paul looked at his wife's face, he knew that a phase of life and time was over.

He could not read Ruth's face. It had gone dead. But her body, flattened against the wall, was shuddering as though she was suddenly cold.

"How can I make you see this thing?" Paul said. "I can say only this—I'm not the same man. I didn't know anything then. Now I do, and I love you."

Her lips moved. "You love me. Now you tell me that you love me."

"Ruth," Paul said, his wavering voice pleading his faint hope, "believe that I do. All that is good and warm in my life has come from you."

She did not answer, merely

only the eyes were alive, passionate with pain and scorn. For the first time, his spirit was naked before her, stripped of its pride, its pretentious dignity. He, man of mind and logic, superior thinker for whom everything always turned out precisely right; he who had hired this woman to be his wife and maintain him on his pedestal—he stood now, stripped, before her.

With sudden terror and jealousy, he knew how desirable she had become in her rounded womanhood, knew that many another man would find her pleasing.

Ruth thought aloud. "You never loved me the way I loved you," she said, in sorrow and wonder.

So she had lived with him under this roof all this time—"Now it is the other way around," he said. "It is my turn." A cry escaped him. "But I'll have you back again! I'll make it better than it ever was and better than we ever dreamed it could be."

But he saw in the eyes raised searchingly to him that she did not really believe him. Yet she wanted to believe him; he saw that, also.

"A man can't just take, at his due," he said. "I understand that now. A man has to earn what he gets." Perhaps for the first time he knew humility: he, Paul Farjeon.

Presently Ruth moved. She turned out the lamps and fastened the front door, as if this were any other among thousands of nights in their time together. Very straight, very quietly, and bravely, she did these ordinary things, hers, as mistress of the house, to do.

Paul stood there, waiting until she had finished. Yes, it was his turn now. But he would have her back, heart and soul. It would be hard, it would take time and patience, but he would do it. The knowledge was faith and humbleness, mingled in a kind of prayer.

And quietly he followed behind her, up the stairs.

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COOKING OUTDOORS OVER CHARCOAL

● Cooking over a charcoal fire is a custom comparatively new to Australia, but in many other parts of the world it has been practised for centuries.

FROM the earliest times charcoal has been produced by a process known as wood distillation — the rendering of natural wood to almost pure carbon by the removal of wood tar and gases. This carbon, used for cooking purposes, gives greater heat for a longer period than many other types of fuel.

Charcoal is the ideal fuel for barbecues and all other outdoor cookery. Charcoal fires need little attention, burn with an even heat and should not smoke, flame, or smell. When properly cooked over a charcoal fire, food does not become singed or burnt and does not have a charred or smoky flavor.

Recipes below are suitable for cooking outdoors over a charcoal fire, and are sufficient for 4 persons. Spoon measurements are level.

MEAT PASTIES

Three-quarters pound hamburger mince, ½ lb. sausage mince, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, salt, pepper, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 egg, ½ lb. mushrooms, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, extra flour.

Combine meats, sauces, salt, pepper, flour, and beaten egg. Mix well together and divide into 4 even portions. Pat or roll out each piece to a circle about ½ in. thick. Wash and chop mushrooms coarsely, sauté a few minutes in melted butter, drain. Place in equal amounts on one side of each meat circle and carefully fold meat over to form shape of a pastie. Wrap in aluminium foil or grill over charcoal until cooked. Serve with a sauce made from the mushroom liquor and butter.

MACARONI AND TOMATO MEDLEY

Half pound shell macaroni, green food coloring, 1 tablespoon shortening, 1 clove garlic, 1 onion, 2 rashers bacon, 3 tomatoes, salt, pepper, grated cheese.

Cook macaroni until just tender in a large saucepan of boiling salted water to which a few drops of green coloring have been added; drain. Heat shortening, add crushed garlic, chopped

onion and chopped bacon; cook a few minutes, add coarsely chopped tomatoes. Cook 5 minutes, stir in drained macaroni and seasonings and continue cooking until thoroughly heated through. Serve piping hot, sprinkled with cheese.

PIQUANT RIBS

Buy pork or lamb spare-ribs (from the flank) and cut into sections. Thread them on to the revolving skewer of a barbecue. If lamb, brush with a little oil. Allow meat to rotate over the heated coals about 1 hour. If cooking meat on the bars of a barbecue, turn frequently. During the last 15 minutes of cooking, baste well with the following sauce:

One cup tomato purée, 1 tablespoon honey, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 1 teaspoon Tabasco sauce, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, ½ teaspoon mustard, salt, pepper.

Combine all ingredients and allow them to stand for about 1 hour before using.

FOIL POTATOES

Potato Rolls: Choose oval-shaped potatoes, scrub, parboil, and slash almost through in 3 or 4 even sections. Fill slots with slices of onion, tomato, and cheese. Wrap in a piece of aluminium foil, cook in the coals for about 20 minutes.

Cheese Potatoes: Cut peeled potatoes into thin strips, pile on pieces of aluminium foil. Sprinkle well with grated tasty cheese and chopped parsley. Wrap up and cook over coals about 20 minutes.

SEAFOOD PARCELS

One pound smoked cod, 1 small packet frozen peas, 3 potatoes, 2 onions, 2 carrots, 1 cup white sauce, 1 lemon, salt, pepper, butter.

Soak cod for 1 hour in large quantity of water, drain and divide into 4 pieces. Parboil potatoes, carrots, and onions, cut into ½ in. slices or strips. Arrange food in 4 servings in greased aluminium foil, dot with butter, sprinkle with salt, pepper, and lemon juice. Wrap foil over as for a parcel and cook over charcoal 20 to 25 minutes. Unwrap, and serve on the foil with hot white sauce spooned over the fish.

Continued overleaf

IDEAL FOODS to cook over charcoal are these meat pasties, seafood parcels, beef rollettes, coiled frankfurts, pepper boats, savory tomatoes, and steak fillets.



LAMB RIBS with a piquant tomato sauce for basting make an inexpensive yet succulent dish.

SKEWER TREATS served with a pan of interesting macaroni medley provide a colorful meal.



By LEILA C. HOWARD, Our Food and Cookery Expert

TO PREVENT chocolate custard cake sticking, line base of tin with greased paper.



Cooking outdoors over charcoal (Continued from previous page)

BEEF ROLLETTES

Four thin slices grilling steak, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon mustard, little milk, 4 slices cheese, 4 large gherkins or 1 pickled cucumber, salt, pepper.

Sprinkle each piece of steak with salt and pepper, spread with mustard which has been mixed with a little milk. Top each piece with slice of cheese and place gherkin or strip of cucumber in centre. Roll up and tie in one or two places with strong cotton or string. Cook, turning frequently, for 15 to 20 minutes. Serve with a savory sauce.

COILED FRANKFURTS

Four frankfurts, chutney, 4 strips cheese, 4 rashers bacon (rind removed).

Split cooked frankfurts in half lengthwise, cutting not quite through. Place strip of cheese and a little chutney along split, coil bacon rasher around each. Reheat over hot coals.

SKEWER TREATS

Offer a choice of ingredients so guests can make up their own specialties. The following is a list from which they can choose:

Cubes of Round Steak (marinated in a mixture of vinegar, soy sauce and oil to make

it tender), cubes of veal or pork, mushrooms, tomato pieces, onion halves (par-boiled if large), red and green pepper pieces, bacon curls, cocktail frankfurts or sausages, pineapple wedges, kidney halves, lamb's fry strips, peach halves, gherkins, baby potatoes (par-boiled if necessary), luncheon meat strips, green or black olives.

Thread foods on skewers and grill over charcoal for 5 to 10 minutes.

CHICKEN ORIENTALE

One large onion, 1 seedless orange, 1 3lb. chicken cut into small pieces, flour, 2 tablespoons salad oil, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup rice, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. almonds (blanched and chopped), $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk, 2 tablespoons chopped red pepper, pinch pepper, pinch dried thyme, 1 teaspoon salt.

Chop onion and orange coarsely. Dredge chicken pieces in flour. Heat salad oil in very large cast-iron pan. Brown chicken quickly on all sides, remove from pan. Add rice and almonds, cook until golden brown. Spread rice on bottom of pan. Add onions and oranges, arrange chicken on top. Add remaining ingredients. Cover tightly, cook on outdoor grill 1 hour.

Casserole wins prize

Two recipes, one for savory steak and the other for a chocolate cake, win prizes in our cookery contest.

FIRST PRIZE of £5 is won for a recipe for a well-flavored steak casserole dish topped with pumpkin puffs. This is ideal to serve when the family is tired of the usual type of stew. Spoon measurements are level.

SWISS STEAK WITH PUMPKIN PUFFS

One pound round or top-side steak, 2 tablespoons flour, salt and pepper to taste, 1 dessertspoon brown sugar, 1 teaspoon mustard, 1 small onion, 2 tablespoons tomato sauce, 1 dessertspoon vinegar, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint stock or water.

Mix flour, salt, pepper, brown sugar, and mustard well together. Cut steak into 2-inch squares, coat well with flour mixture. Place in casserole-dish, sprinkle with remainder of flour. Peel and chop onions finely, add to meat in casserole. Mix tomato sauce, vinegar, and stock, add to casserole. Place lid on and bake in moderate oven $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 hours or until steak is tender. Prepare pumpkin puffs.

Pumpkin Puffs: Six ounces self-raising flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon celery salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 1oz. margarine or butter, 1 cup cold mashed pumpkin, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 egg, little milk if necessary.

Sift flour, salt, celery salt, and cayenne pepper. Rub in

shortening. Add mashed pumpkin and lemon rind. Mix to a soft dough with beaten egg and milk if necessary. Place spoonfuls of this mixture on top of steak in casserole, glaze with a little milk. Return to hot oven for further 12 to 15 minutes (until puffs are well risen and cooked through).

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. A. Foley, Wynnum Road, Mur-arrie, Brisbane.

CHOCOLATE CUSTARD CAKE

Two cups brown sugar, 1 cup milk, 4oz. grated chocolate, 3 eggs, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 cups flour, 4oz. butter or substitute, extra $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 tablespoon water.

Place 1 cup brown sugar, milk, grated chocolate, 1 egg yolk, and vanilla in top half of double saucepan and stir over-boiling water until mixture thickens to custard consistency; remove from heat allow to cool. Cream butter with remaining brown sugar add remaining egg-yolks, mix well. Stir in extra milk and sifted flour, cooled custard bicarbonate of soda dissolved in warmed water. Lastly, fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Fill mixture into greased loaf-tin or 7in. cake-tin. Bake in moderate oven 1 to $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

Store 2 days before cutting.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. R. Gillard, 99 Beulah Street, Gunnedah, N.S.W.

FAMILY DISH

VEAL curry, served with rice, is a good dinner dish for this time of the year. The recipe is sufficient for four or five people and costs about 8/-.

VEAL CURRY

One and a half pounds veal steak, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons good shortening, 1 apple, 1 medium onion, 3 tablespoons curry powder (quantity can be varied according to taste), 1 large banana, salt and pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sultanas, 1 tablespoon sweet fruit chutney, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups meat or vegetable stock or water, cooked rice.

Cut steak into cubes. Fry in hot shortening 6 to 8 minutes. Add peeled chopped apple and onion. Cook 15 minutes longer, stirring and mixing frequently. Add dry curry powder, sliced banana, salt, pepper, sultanas, chutney, and stock. Stir until well mixed, cover, and cook gently until most of the stock has evaporated and steak is tender. Serve with cooked rice.

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HW 54 WW749

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—August 12, 1959

Fly **QANTAS** 707 JET
to the **OLYMPIC GAMES**

August 25th — September 11th, 1960



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707 Jet to Rome (value £1,580), plus £250 spending money.

You'll fly to Europe in Autumn via Darwin, Singapore, Karachi, to Rome . . . be there for 'The Games' — August 25th to September 11th.

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Every Pelaco 'Fractional-Fitt' pack contains a self-mailing entry form listing 12 features of the Pelaco 'Fractional-Fitt' shirt. Simply indicate the order of importance and mail the form. The most skilful evaluation of these features will win the fabulous first prize.

(Note: The use of the entry form from the shirt pack is not obligatory in those States where this would contravene State laws.) Entries close January 30. Results will be announced in metropolitan newspapers on February 8, 1960.

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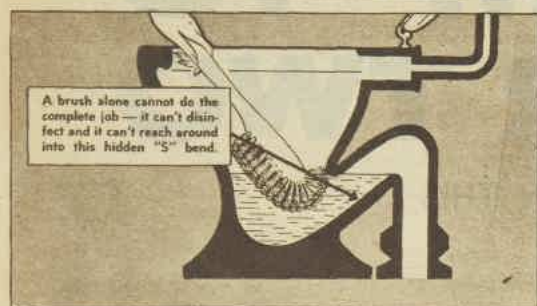
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START THE WEEKEND WELL
WITH
WEEKEND

1/- FROM YOUR NEWSAGENT

BUILT ROUND A COURTYARD

FRONT VIEW and entrance of the house, with the carport on the right.

This week's home plan was an entry by Sydney architect Mr. Derek V. Moor in the recent Taubman's Family Home Competition.

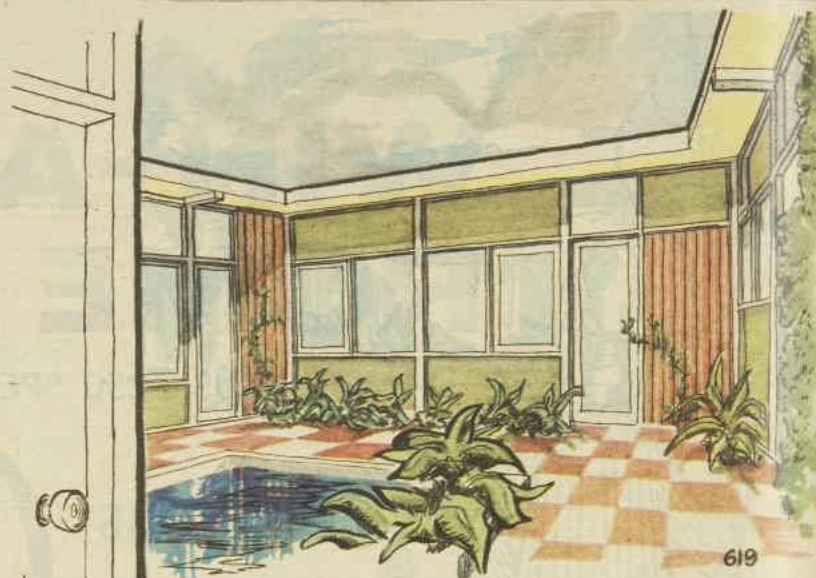
THIS plan, No. 619 in our series of "signature" home plans, emphasises some of the most pleasing aspects of contemporary design. The house and the outdoor areas blend together to make a pleasant whole.

Plans and specification are available from any of our Home Planning Centres (see addresses below) for the special fee of £10/10/- in the building materials recommended by the designer.

The total area of the design is approximately 11 squares.

Paved courtyards surround the living-rooms so that the two can be combined to make spacious areas for both family life and entertaining.

One of the most outstanding features of the home is the central court. It is illustrated above with its attractively paved floor and decorative pool.



THE CENTRAL COURT with its pool and flower boxes is shown above. Large windows and glass doors allow plenty of light to enter the house as well as providing pleasant views of this attractive inner courtyard.

trated above with its attractively paved floor and decorative pool.

If your building budget is restricted, the pool could be replaced with gravel paving or a variety of other surfaces which would be unusual and effective.

The rooms are laid out in a U shape, with three bedrooms and the bathroom in the longer wing.

Glass areas along the

hallway wall allow an attractive view on to the central court. The bedrooms have neatly fitted built-in wardrobes, and there is a spacious linen cupboard near the bathroom.

Open-plan room

The open-plan living-room is large and has a charming outlook on two sides to the central and rear courtyards.

The kitchen also has a pleasant outlook on to the central court. It is well equipped with bench and cupboard space, and has a convenient serving-hatch to the dining section.

All our Home Plans conform to Council requirements.

As well as supplying plans, our Home Planning Centres will arrange for site inspections and advise you on the best design for your block of land. They will draw preliminary sketches of any plan, which will be invaluable when you are discussing design and cost.

If you are intending to build your house yourself, these Centres will, for a reasonable fee, prepare a material quantities list, which will be a reliable guide when you are buying materials and assessing costs.

Our Centres will also give you helpful advice on remodeling old homes or the addition of a room, and will advise you on any structural alterations you wish to make.

Where to buy this plan

THE plan shown on this page can be bought for the special fee of £10/10/- from any of our Home Planning Centres. The Centres, which have been established in conjunction with leading stores, offer a comprehensive service to the intending home-builder.

STANDARD PLANS are also available from these Centres in hundreds of designs suitable for all blocks of land. They are usually available from stock in any building material. Each set of plans contains five copies of plan and three copies of specification. Fee for these standard plans is £9/9/-.

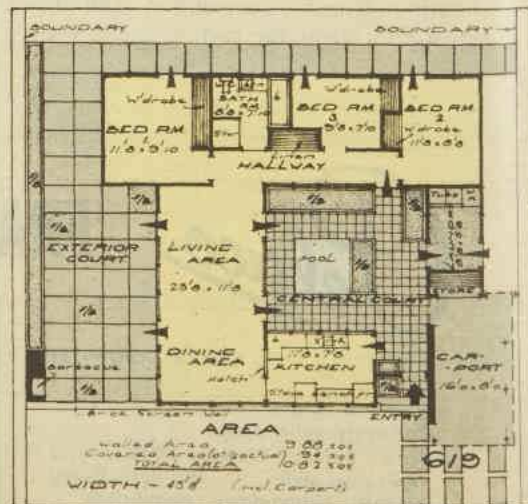
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MAIL ORDERS should give the number of the design, and should state the building material to be used. Please include fee.

Addresses of the Centres are:

SYDNEY: Anthony Hordern's.
ADELAIDE: John Martin's.
BRISBANE: McWhirter's.
TOOWOOMBA: Pigott's.
HOBART: FitzGerald's.
CANBERRA: Anthony Hordern's. (A senior representative of the Home Planning Centres visits Canberra on the first Friday of every month.)
MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium.
GEELONG: The Myer Emporium every Friday and Saturday.



FLOOR PLAN shows doors from all the main rooms leading on to the courtyards. There is a serving hatch between the kitchen and dining area.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 12, 1959

about all the families on the street transplanted their lives there each summer.

"I — I guess I forgot," she said weakly. The late-summer evening was chilly. She hadn't been thinking clearly these past few days. Or perhaps she had assumed his homecoming here to the house and she had wanted to be that way.

"I'm driving up myself, and I'd be glad to take you along, Janie," he said, taking off his straw hat and rubbing his eyes. "Have to take your supplies up to the cottage, anyway."

Margaret felt cheated a little. He had never liked the lake since after she had grown up. There were too many kids. Janie would think it was wonderful, of course, but the lake was for families and youngsters. She remembered the last years alone she had left home to go to New York to work. It had been unspeakably dull.

"How are they — my father and Janie?" she asked Mr. Driscoll, who had been talking about his new plant.

"Fine, fine. Tom — your dad misses your mother a lot, and now that his health hasn't been so good he's sort of half-minded, you know." Margaret would have known, but it was funny how you skimmed over things without really grasping it they said. "And that Janie, she's quite a girl."

Margaret shifted impatiently. "Quite a girl, indeed. That was just the sort of comment you'd expect from Mr. Driscoll."

At the lake, too, the Driscolls were next to theirs. He turned her bag to the front door and announced their coming with a shout. "Got a letter for you, Tom." There was no answer.

Margaret took the bag from him at the door. "I can manage Mr. Driscoll, and thank you very much." He was anxious to go across to his home, no less anxious than she was to be home. "Guess they're out," he said as he turned away.

She walked past the high-backed rockers on the porch, opened the screen door, and stood for a moment in the middle of the unlighted front room. Nothing had changed. The mantel over the fireplace was still crowded with the same untidy accumulation of odd-ments that had always been there.

The mounted sailfish over the fireplace had sprung a couple of new leaks, probably, but its expression was just as malicious as it had always been. The big table, where they had always eaten their meals, read the morning paper, and played cards, still looked freshly scrubbed and immensely substantial.

The back screen door closed with its characteristic flat slam and she called: "Who's there? You home, Margaret?"

For a moment there was no reply, and then her father came slowly to the door of the room and hesitated as though he wasn't sure he had heard a voice. Margaret moved towards him. He smiled and took his pipe out of his mouth. "Why, Margaret," he said. "How nice."

She kissed him on the cheek. "Let's have a light so I can see you," he said.

Margaret moved instinctively to the table and the bulbous lamp on top of it. Her hand found the switch instantly. The light drove the built-in shadows of the room into the corners.

Her father blinked once in the sudden brightness. "You look wonderful, Margaret. Isn't your hair lighter than it used to be?" He chuckled. "I guess that's possible, eh? Come, let's sit down." He eased himself into one of the wicker chairs near the fireplace. "How's Frank?"

Margaret remained stand-

Continuing . . .

OUT OF SIGHT, OUT OF LOVE

from page 25

ing. Frank was fine. Of course her hair was blond. What difference did that make?

He smiled up at her. "Now I'll have someone to play cribbage with me."

Margaret turned away. Was that all he had to say? Couldn't he tell that she wanted to be told that he loved her, and was glad to have her home? He hadn't even asked her why she had come back like this so suddenly.

She looked at the narrow lake. The far shore was only a dark shape in the dusk. She could hear the last shrill cries of the children at play. Somewhere down the lake an outboard motor spluttered and died as it swung into a dock. This was all familiar, yet so alien that it hurt.

She turned to face her father

turned. Her dark eyes were wide with surprise.

"Margaret!" she said. Margaret hesitated. This was not Janie, surely, not this tall young woman whose rounded young figure defied the loose shirt and the jeans she wore.

"How are you, Janie?" she said. The other girl did not make a move, either.

Janie pushed back her dark hair. "What on earth . . ." she began, and then she moved forward and kissed her sister on the cheek. "I didn't know you were here," she said.

Margaret looked around. "Just got here tonight. Mr. Driscoll drove me out."

"How nice," said Janie. She glanced over her shoulder at

like a rocket and then died. Far away a girl laughed. Margaret leaned her face into her spread palms just as the tears began to come.

When Margaret came down the next morning Janie was sitting at the big table with her feet hooked through the rungs of the chair. She stared into her cup of coffee until Margaret had turned to go to the kitchen. Then she jumped up and threw her arms around her sister.

"Margaret, I was so mean to you last night. But I'm really glad to see you." Janie buried her face on her sister's shoulder. "Margaret, I'm so miserable."

Margaret patted her shoulder. "Let's sit down."

"Don't look at me like that," said the younger girl. "I'm a big girl now." Her grin was twisted. "Big enough to get my heart broken."

Margaret sipped her coffee. "You've just been seeing too many TV shows of the wrong kind. Who is he and what did he do to you?"

Janie reached over and took her sister's hand in hers. "It's Grant Kendall. We've been going together for a year, and he's going away to school this fall. He's going to study mining engineering."

"Surely you must want him to make something of himself."

Janie dismissed the remark with a gesture. "It isn't that. We've only got another two weeks together, and he's going to Canada on a trip with his family, so he can see some broken-down mine."

Janie bent her head into her hand.

"Oh, for heaven's sake, Janie. You two will see each other again."

The younger girl got up and leaned forward, resting her weight on her hands on the table.

"Not if he runs off and leaves me. If he goes on this trip I never want to see him again."

"Look, Janie, this is something he wants to do. It's important to him."

"More important than I am?"

"Look, you're young . . ." Janie wheeled on her. "I expected something better than that from you. Of course I'm young, and I'm in love, and I expect the man I'm in love with to want to be with me." She butted her cigarette. "Really, I thought you might be able to help me, after all."

Janie thrust her hands into the hip pockets of her jeans. "You used to have lots of fellows. You've been married to Frank for six or seven years. I thought you could help me."

Margaret hesitated for a long moment.

"Sit down, Janie. I'll try to help you."

The younger girl sat down obediently.

"You love him very much?"

Janie nodded.

"And he loves you?"

Janie shook her head.

"He's told you, hasn't he?" Janie nodded. "Well, then, have some faith in that love. Don't go issuing ultimatums. You did tell him 'or else' when this matter of the trip came up, didn't you?"

"I thought . . . yes, I did."

Margaret looked down at the match folder she was opening and closing in her fingers. "You said I should know, Janie. Maybe I should. I'm not too sure." She looked up. "But I know this — that there's no disagreement, the first one —" she paused again. "— or what seems like the last one, that can't be worked out by one or the other's saying again, 'I love you.' Just that."

"Good. Let him say that and tell me he'll stay here."

"Maybe he can't, Janie. Maybe he's more stubborn than you."

Janie turned and looked at her sister. "Just that, eh? 'I love you'?"

Margaret shrugged her shoulders. "However you say it to him. 'Hi, I love you.' Something like that, I guess. That's not much of an answer, Janie, but that's the best I can do today."

While she was out in the kitchen, her father came through the back door, carrying the morning mail and paper.

"Hello, Margaret. Sleep well?" He went on through the room without waiting for her answer. "Where's Janie?"

"I thought she was in there," said Margaret, joining her father at the table. He had spread out the paper and was adjusting his glasses.

Margaret watched him as he read. She could see now what had escaped her last night. Her father was an old man. His white hair was thick, still rumpled the way it had always been, but his face was shrunken; his cheeks were pale, almost transparent. His movements were uncertain, even when he turned the pages of the paper. He was old and lonely.

Margaret got up and went to his chair. He looked up with a pleased smile when she put her arms around him.

"Dad, it's nice to be home," she said. He continued to smile. She hoped she wouldn't cry and spoil the whole thing.

"When you're through with the paper we'll have a game," she said.

"Let's have a game right now. I can read the paper any old time," he said.

"Good," she said. "I'll get the cribbage board. You'll have to show me how to count; I'm afraid I've forgotten."

They were halfway through the second game when Janie came through the door, followed by a tall young man. She was smiling as she made the introductions.

"How do you do, Mrs. Darcy," said Grant, with a suggestion of a bow. Margaret felt the way Frank said he felt the first time a boy called him "sir." Grant was so young. She looked at Janie, a radiant Janie. They were both so young.

"Grant's going up to Canada with his family next week," said Janie, slipping her hand into his. "But just for a week. Then he's coming back here before he leaves to go to school."

"Isn't that nice," murmured Margaret, cutting the cards.

"Going fishing, Grant?" asked Mr. Barrett.

"He's going to see a mine," said Margaret.

"C'mon," said Janie, tugging his hand. "We've got a million things to do. We've got a new quartet down at the clubhouse and they need a name."

"That Grant," said Margaret as they went out, "is a million laughs."

Her father chuckled. "Janie seems to like him," he said, carefully discarding a second card.

"Sure she does. She just told him so," said Margaret, looking out the door. It did work. The first quarrel, she had told Janie, or the last one.

"Your play, my dear," said her father.

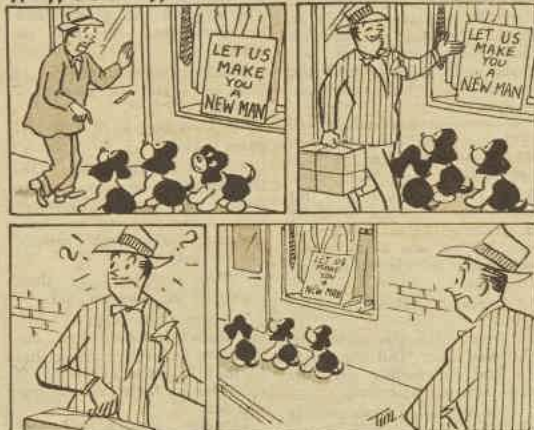
"Will you excuse me, Dad? I'll just be a minute."

The long-distance call went through quickly. Frank sounded hot and grumpy. She hesitated, then she spoke.

"Hi, you. I love you."

(Copyright)

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff



again. Her smile, she hoped, was bright.

"Where's Janie?" she asked casually.

Her father looked up suddenly, and for a moment looked almost surprised to see her standing there. "Oh, she's around somewhere. She went out right after she got us some supper. She spends most of her time down at the Kendalls'."

"With those kids?"

"They're not kids any more; they're quite grown up. Specially that Grant."

Grant Kendall? Margaret tried to remember, but his face failed to emerge from the crowded recollection of a crowd of tanned, untidy children who had coursed through the house that last year.

Margaret said, "I suppose I take my old room?"

"Fine, fine," he said. "Oh, Margaret," he called after her as she started up the steep, un-painted stairs. She paused. "Perhaps when you come down we can have a game of cribbage, eh?"

Margaret hesitated, then continued on her way upstairs without answering. She dumped her bag on the wicker chair which still stood by the window overlooking the lake. The Yale and Harvard pennants, more faded than ever, still hung below the larger Syracuse banner.

M

MARGARET sat down on the edge of the bed. Her shoulders drooped. Downstairs the back door slammed in its small way, and she heard someone walking firmly across the floor. That would be Janie, her little sister, Janie. Quickly she rose and went downstairs.

Janie was bent over a drawer in the sideboard rummaging through the accumulated clutter when Margaret came around the corner into the room. Janie straightened and

the open drawer. "Will you excuse me for a moment? I'm looking for something."

"Go right ahead," said Margaret.

"Have you seen Dad?" asked Janie, without looking round from her searching.

"He was here," said Margaret.

"He hasn't gone to the Driscolls' again, has he? He's always going over there. You should have kept him here."

Margaret drummed the table with her fingers. Janie continued to paw through the brimming drawer.

"Go and get him, will you, Margaret?" she said. "Play cribbage or canasta with him. He's lonely, the poor dear."

Margaret got up and walked to the door and looked into the darkness. "Why can't you play with him?" she asked.

"Because I have played with him night after night while you've been away. Because I cook all his meals and take care of him day after day." She paused. "Now that you're here you can help. Why, you haven't even written for two months."

Margaret turned her head away. "Let's not quarrel, Janie," she said wearily.

"No, let's not. I've already got enough on my mind," said Janie. "But while you're here try to help."

Margaret opened the front screen door and walked out on the porch. The night pressed in, dark and almost impenetrable all round the front of the cottage. Margaret wished she could lose herself in it. She would never be missed by anyone.

There was a silence behind her for a moment, and then Janie ran from the room, leaving by the back door.

Now she was alone, all alone, Margaret told herself. She sat down in one of the big rockers. Somewhere the sound of a radio cut high into the night

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Continuing... THE MARK OF THE HAND

from page 27

swayed and, head down, moved close to him. Mr. Mowry saw it all.

"Mowry? Where were you?" Douglas snapped.

"I—I was just outside by the glass door," Mowry said in a nervous rumble. "I saw it through the glass. See, I had noticed the painter's truck arrive, and I wanted a word with him. I wanted him to stop by and make me an estimate."

Mowry mopped his face.

"Go on."

"I was about to knock, and I could see the little girl up in the chair, just as she—and the kid had a gun. Miss-M-Mrs.—" Mowry began to stutter.

"Walsh," said Sylvia behind her hands.

"Mrs. W-Walsh came in and rushed over to her. But the gun fired. Got him in the back. It looked as though he'd turned and was going to leave the room. Then he fell down, and Mrs. Walsh started trying to get the gun away, and then this young lady, over there, she came, and the gun fired the second time, but this time

S-S-SSE—"

Mowry sputtered and choked.

"Terrible thing," he apologised.

"Shook me up, I'm not too well. Excuse me. Well, Mrs. Walsh got the gun, and by this time I was pounding to be let in, so she let me in. I looked at him, but he was dead. And, well, that's it." He fell back in the chair.

"A terrible accident," wailed Sylvia.

"Betty?" Douglas turned his bloodless face. "Did you see?" He had the feeling that she alone was not hysterical.

"I was helping your mother with her bath," said Betty, speaking quietly. He knew that the weight of the child against her breast was steadying her. Holding Tessa, Betty would not speak otherwise than quietly. He felt thankful.

"I heard the first shot," Betty went on, "but I couldn't leave your mother just that minute. When I could, I hurried down. I heard a voice in the den. When I opened the door, Mrs. Walsh and Tessa were—well, struggling. The gun fired again. Mrs. Walsh got it, and I ran to Tessa. Then Mrs. Walsh let Mr. Mowry in, he said the man was dead, and we all left the room." Her voice was quiet and clear; what she said was crushing.

"My mother was upstairs? Where is Mrs. Monahan?"

"I'm here," Mrs. Monahan called. She came in, escorting Douglas's mother. Mrs. Kilburn was dressed, and she seemed calm.

"Mother—" her son's voice broke a little—"you'd better not—"

"I'm all right," Mrs. Kilburn said calmly. "I've heard most of what's been said. It took us a while to make the stairs. Go on, Douglas. Find out about this."

Douglas made a visible effort to remain calm. He said quietly, "What do you know, Mrs. Monahan?"

"I didn't hear a thing," said Mrs. Monahan. "With that old washer and dryer going, you couldn't. All I noticed, all of a sudden Tessa wasn't in the kitchen. I'd had my eye on her. I sorted a few things, I think. Then I went after her, to see where she'd got to. But by that time it was all over. And Betty, she sent me upstairs."

"Mother, did you hear the shots?"

"Yes, I heard both shots. I can't give you the exact time." Mrs. Kilburn turned to the policeman standing at the door. "You see, lieutenant," she said, "I didn't have a watch

on, as I was in the tub." Mrs. Kilburn looked very brave.

The policeman smiled. "I am a sergeant, ma'am. My name is Gordon. The time is not too important here. Seems clear enough what happened. Only one thing I'd like to ask right now. How come a loaded gun?"

The room was still. "It couldn't have been loaded," Douglas said sharply. He put Sylvia to one side. "I checked that gun myself after we'd used it for target practice last night."

"You're sure?"

"Yes, I'm sure."

"The little girl knows how to load the gun, does she?"

"No. Of course not. She's only three years old."

"Then who loaded the gun?" The sergeant was quiet-spoken but persistent. He got no answer.

Finally Mowry began to mumble. "Did the painter, I wonder?"

"Why would he?" the sergeant asked.

Sylvia burst into tears. "Oh, Douglas, I'm so sorry. My fault." She moved towards him again to cling to him. Douglas' arms went around her automatically.

"Why do you say that, ma'am?" the sergeant asked.

"Because last night—" Sylvia hesitated, biting her lip.

"We are in love. I think that I—that I distracted him. It could be my fault that the gun was left—"

Douglas scarcely felt her body where he held it. He could feel the stiffness of his own mouth.

"You took care of the gun? You remember?" The sergeant pressed him.

"I didn't clean it," Douglas said.

Sylvia sobbed.

Douglas said to her almost brusquely, "Be quiet a minute. Whoever's fault it is, it's not yours, Sylvia." He put her into a chair. He walked across the room, and his knees buckled as he went down before his daughter. "Tessa, baby."

"Daddy." He could tell she had been badly frightened.

"Will you tell Daddy just what happened, sweetheart?"

"Okay," said Tessa. Everyone in the room was perfectly still.

"You were in the kitchen, were you?" Tessa nodded. "Then you came in here, did you?"

"Yes."

"How did she come?" interrupted the sergeant in a low voice, his eyes busily checking. "Kitchen's across the front hall, is it? But you were in the hall looking for that sample of some leather, Mrs. Walsh. Did you see the little girl go by?"

"She must have gone around by the dining-room," Sylvia said breathlessly. "There's another way around, behind the stairs."

"Did you come through the dining-room, Tessa?" Douglas asked.

"No." Tessa's head pressed hard against Betty, as she wanted to hide.

"But you did go into the den, sweetheart? Don't be afraid. Just tell me."

"Silvera pinched me. She hurt me." Tessa began to sob.

"We know she did," said

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Genista tinctoria (golden yellow), *hibiscus cameo queen* (pale yellow), *Hypericum calycinum* (bright yellow), *Kerria japonica* (bright yellow), *Laburnum vulgare* (yellow—needs cold district), *Ribes aureum* (yellow—needs cold district), *Lantana drap d'or* (yellow), *Linum trigynum* (yellow), and *Ochna multiflora* (yellow), *lilac primrose* (yellow), *Tecoma smithii* (orange-yellow), and *Tecoma velutina* (bright yellow).

GARDENING



• *Spanish broom* (*Spartium juncea*) does well practically everywhere except in the tropics. Needs cutting when growth becomes very dense.

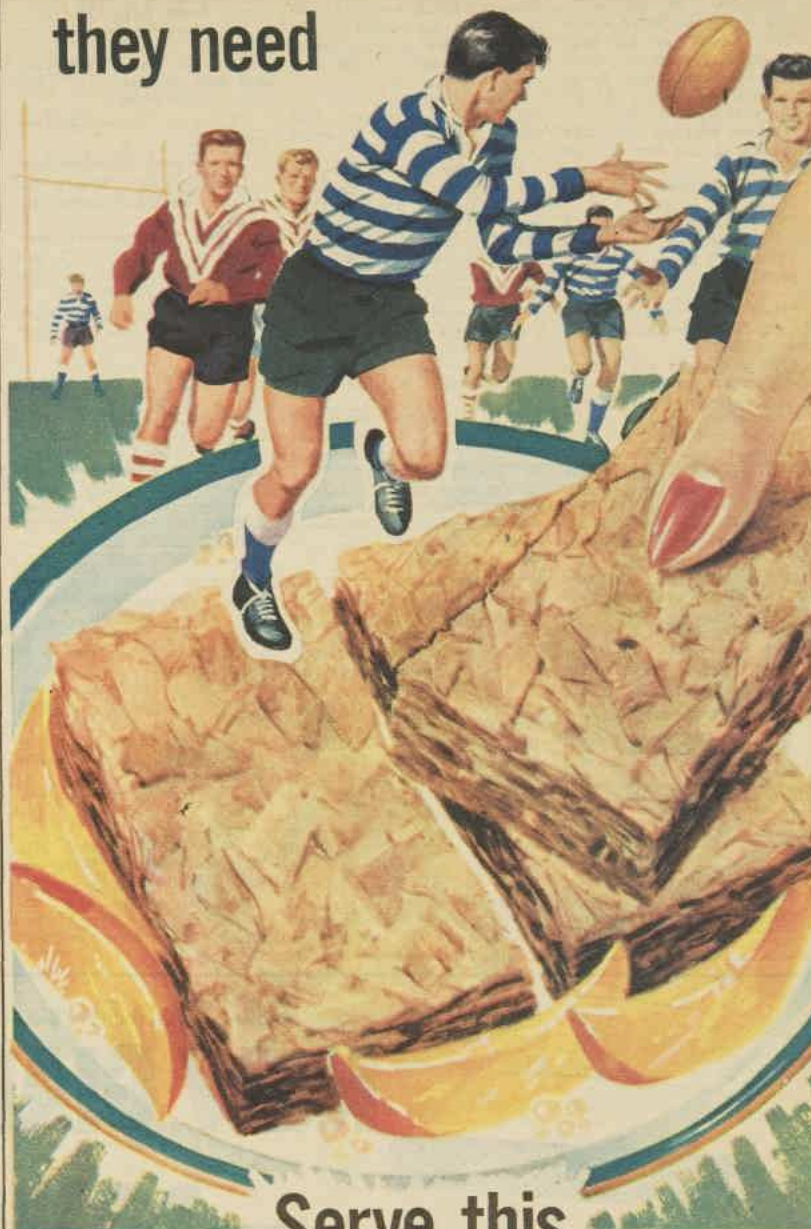
• *Mollis axaleas* are hardier than the Indian or Japonica types, but their colors are mostly pale pastel. This one shows a glorious mass of golden yellow bloom.

• *Pittosporum revolutum*, a native of New Zealand, prefers cooler districts from Sydney to Hobart, but is adaptable to other climates.



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Douglas. "Don't cry. Did you see the man?"

The child didn't seem to understand the question.

"The man in the white clothes?" put in Betty softly.

"No." Now Tessa's hair flew, the ends flicking Betty's face, as she shook her head. Douglas glanced up at her. Betty's brown eyes were steady.

"Did you take one of Daddy's guns out of the box on the table?"

"No." Hair flew.

"Did it go bang?"

"Yes." Tessa began to cry noisily. Betty drew her closer.

"You can't get a lot out of a youngster that age," the sergeant said gently.

"Didn't see the painter?" Douglas flogged his brain. "How can that be?"

"She just can't say." Now, as the doctor came out of the den, the sergeant asked him, "Doctor Hollister, could a child forget a thing like this? Forget she ever saw the man?"

"I'd rather expect she couldn't tell you very much about it," the doctor answered. He looked around with the air of one alert to his personal duty.

"Sorry, Kilburn," he said kindly. "These things sometimes happen. Keep the child busy. Your mother should have one of her white pills." The doctor's eyes flitted dubiously over

Mowry. "Mind the shock," he said. Then he turned to the sergeant. "No question about cause of death. Accident, of course."

"There'll have to be an autopsy," the sergeant said apologetically. "But it seems clear."

When the doctor had gone, the sergeant spoke to his partner within the den. Then he let the panelled door close and moved back into the living-room. "Two shots, ready in the gun," he informed them. "Only the two."

"No," said Douglas, meeting this pair of eyes, in which he saw pity. "I cannot believe that I left a gun loaded. I have a deep habit. It's like a reflex."

"You remember checking?" Douglas said, in a moment, violently, "I would remember if I hadn't."

"I'm sorry to say," said the policeman sadly, "that we hear this too many times. It's always a terrible thing. But that's the way it happens."

Douglas knew this man believed that he, Douglas Kilburn, had left lying about his house a loaded gun, ready to kill. And the man was sorry for him. A terrible cloud began to press him down.

"Now," said the sergeant briskly, "I'm going to want all this repeated and taken down. Here's the lab crew. We'll want your fingerprints, if nobody objects."

"Not at all," said Mrs. Kilburn brightly, straightening up, seeming to meet the sergeant's businesslike mood.

"Will you make a paraffin test, Sergeant?"

The man's eyes flickered. He smiled. He was a good-looking, youngish man. He

went to lift Tessa's little hands and sniff at them. The child made no objection.

"S-s-s-s—!" Mowry had begun to hiss.

The sergeant looked at him. Douglas said, "What's the matter with you?"—rather angrily.

"Mrs. W-Walsh's hands," stammered Mowry. "I was only thinking. There was that second shot, you know."

Sylvia lifted her hands. "My hands?" she mourned. "My hands?"

DOUGLAS felt a flash of anger towards her. Why couldn't she stop that wailing?

"I see what you mean," said the sergeant cheerfully. "Looks to me" — he smiled at Mrs. Kilburn — "we wouldn't get anything useful from the so-called paraffin test."

"I read a good deal about police methods," Mrs. Kilburn said, almost cheerfully.

Men were now streaming across the room — men from the police laboratory.

"It is so interesting," said Douglas's mother bravely. "Douglas, for pity's sake get the child upstairs."

Betty stood up, with Tessa in her arms.

"I'll have to talk to you, Miss," the sergeant said quickly.

"May she go with Mrs. Monahan, then?" Betty was still speaking quietly.

Douglas heard an anguished cry come from his own throat. "Let Betty go with the baby."

Continuing . . . THE MARK OF THE HAND

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"Tessa would like to go with Mrs. Monahan," Betty said.

"Sure she would." Mrs. Monahan crooned. "We don't want to stay down here, do we, honey?"

Douglas watched with a feeling of perfect helplessness as Mrs. Monahan gathered Tessa in her kind, competent arms.

After they had left, Betty said apologetically, "Your mother needs me."

Douglas saw his mother lean suddenly on Betty's arm. He sank down in a chair and covered his eyes. He heard his mother say bluntly, "Sergeant Gordon, what does the law do to a three-year-old in such a case?"

"Nothing," the sergeant said compassionately. "Nothing, ma'am."

Nothing, thought Douglas, but the rest of her life in the shadow of this?

Sylvia had slipped nearer. Her perfume was in his nostrils. She sat on the arm of his chair. Her hand touched his hair. "Nothing bad will happen to Tessa," she murmured. "Please, Douglas, try to feel better."

He could not move. He could not think. Nothing bad? A loaded gun. His gun. His guilt. The cloud on his spirit weighed heavily.

"I would like to see your technicians at work," Mrs. Kilburn said to the sergeant brightly. "I read murder mysteries so much." She broke some kind of spell by speaking.

The sergeant said, "I guessed you did, ma'am. But the — body is in there."

"Death is no stranger to me," Mrs. Kilburn said

gravely. "Poor fellow. Had he a family?"

"We don't know yet." The sergeant was watching her with a touch of affectionate amusement. He pushed the den door open and let her look in. "This is just routine," he said, rather mischievously.

"What are they doing? Oh, I see. That's to bring up fingerprints, isn't it?"

"Yes, ma'am."

Betty watched the scene gravely. No doubt their voices were better than silence. She knew Douglas was in a state of shock. Sylvia was petting him, comforting him. But she's too soft, Betty thought fiercely. His mother knows better. She knew that Mrs. Kilburn was trying to help him ride over the shock. Trying to use her mind. This is no time to be soft, Betty thought. Then she fixed her attention firmly on the scene in front of her. She could see into the den.

"Prints on this long edge of the desk," a man said. "Got them, Joe?"

"I'll get 'em."

"Three sets," said the first man. "Same hand. Fellow's got a scar on the forefinger."

"Thanks a lot," drawled Joe. Joe had a camera.

"Mr. Mowry's," Betty said. She could see that white heap on the floor and the technician's feet respecting its presence. "He put his hand there when he crouched down to look at — at — Mrs. Kilburn, don't you think?"

The sergeant said suddenly, "You find a scrap of leather anywhere?"

"Nope," said his partner, who was drifting about, hands in his pockets. "Nothing like that. We found the gun in this table drawer. Plenty of prints on that drawer, Joe."

"I got 'em already," Joe said.

Now, with an intensity feeling she couldn't understand Betty shuddered. The shudder was communicated to Mrs. Kilburn, who swayed.

"I think, ladies—" The sergeant was letting the door swing shut. "We have work to do."

With Betty helping her, Mrs. Kilburn turned away.

The sergeant crossed the room. "Mrs. Walsh?"

"Yes?"

"When you finally got the gun from the little girl, you put it into that drawer?"

"Yes. I—I don't know what I did that." Sylvia looked bewildered. "Wanted to hide it, I guess. Wicked thing."

"She doesn't like guns," Douglas said.

"About that scrap of leather you say you got it from your handbag in the hall?"

Sylvia said, "Oh, yes, when is it? What did I do? Oh, here it is." She took a scrap from her skirt pocket.

Mrs. Kilburn was definitely wilting now, and Betty stood still, mustering all her strength willing it to Mrs. Kilburn. But her brain was asking frantically, "What? What just happened? What is wrong here?"

Douglas Kilburn surged out of his chair. "Betty," he said, "get Mother to sit down. Sylvia, will you please find some brandy for her, and Mowry too? Sergeant, what should we do now? Let's get on with it."

"Right," said the sergeant gratefully.

"At last the body of Henry Updyke had been taken away and the swarm of men had left the stricken house. Mowry had gone, saying he felt ill."

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Notice to Contributors

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Continuing . . . THE MARK OF THE HAND

from page 52

seemed to Betty that time dragged mercilessly the rest of the day.

Finally it was time to eat, and Betty was helping Mrs. Monahan prepare a simple early meal. There had been no lunch.

Mrs. Monahan was mourning aloud. "Poor little angel! Ah, the poor angel! I wish I'd seen her leaving the kitchen, but I didn't see her go at all. I happened to look, and she was gone, and the door was swinging. I wish I'd stopped her. Poor angel!"

"Swinging?" said Betty alertly.

"Door to the hall," said Mrs. Monahan. "See, it was moving, so I knew she'd gone."

"Wait a minute. Mrs. Wahl was in the hall looking for that sample of leather. She didn't see Tessa go by. She says Tessa must have gone the other way."

"I don't know. All I know the door was swinging," Mrs. Monahan repeated. "Oh, but it's all a shame! Poor Mr. Kilburn, leaving the gun like he did. And the poor painter! A terrible thing!"

"Oh, let's not keep on groaning about it."

Mrs. Monahan bridled. "I'm sorry," cried Betty. "Of course it's terrible. It doesn't help to keep saying how terrible it is." Tears came into her eyes.

"You haven't cried yet, have you, child?" said the cook sympathetically. "Why don't you cry a little bit? Nobody's to me." The good woman turned her back.

Betty wanted to cry. She sat down on a bench built into a corner of the kitchen and put her head on her arms. But she could not cry.

Instead, her mind kept asking questions. Silly questions. Why would a door swing if no one had used it? What had made her shudder when she had been standing at the den door? Why had Mowry made that strange hissing sound? Twice he had made that sound. Why would Sylvia have put the scrap of leather in her pocket? If you see a child with a gun, don't you just drop whatever

usefulness she had. She sprang up and said to Mrs. Monahan, "It's time for Tessa's bath."

"Her daddy's got her," Mrs. Monahan replied. "Poor little angel!"

Betty went into the living-room and found Douglas and the little girl sitting in one chair. She took the child firmly

up a hazy memory, but she had no time to be fully conscious of it. She could feel Douglas' pain, but it had to be borne. She pulled herself up straight and forced her spirits to lift.

His hands let go of the wood. "Would you mind tucking my mother in, too?" Douglas said, and his voice was quiet. "You seem to be taking care of us all, Betty."

"I wish I could," she murmured.

"Yes," he said absently. "Thank you." He started down the stairs.

Mrs. Kilburn looked drawn, and she said to Betty, with a wan little grin, that she would be glad to be helped out of her clothing and get to bed. She was not in a mood to talk. Nor was Betty. Again her mind had begun to circle and check, circle and check. His hand, she thought. Mowry's hand. Mowry's hand. Yes, she thought in rising excitement, that's it.

When Mrs. Kilburn was comfortably settled against her pillows, Betty reached for the book on her night table. She caught a glimpse of the title, something about murder. "Do you want this?" she asked quietly.

Mrs. Kilburn said, "It's only fiction. I don't know, Betty." Betty drew in her breath. "Could I say something? Will you tell me if I'm crazy?"

"I will," Mrs. Kilburn said pleasantly, "if I can. What is it?"

"It's—like a mystery story," Betty said slowly. But she was excited. "You know how Mr. Kilburn's desk usually stands against the wall?"

"Yes." "It was shoved out against that table. The edge that used to stand against the wall is the one that's near the door now."

"Yes." "So nobody's fingerprints could have been on that edge unless they were put there since the desk was moved." "That seems right," Mrs. Kilburn's eyes were steady behind her glasses.

"Do you remember the fingerprint man saying 'Three sets. Same hand.' Something about a scar?"

"I remember. I also remember that you said they were Mr. Mowry's marks."

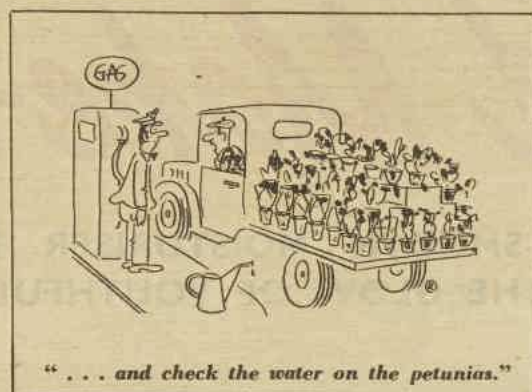
"He couldn't have made them before this morning," Betty had been thinking out loud. Now she began to have qualms. She had no right to upset Mrs. Kilburn, who already was terribly distressed by the day's events. She said to her, apologetically, "Oh, it's not important. I'd better not."

But Mrs. Kilburn sat up higher. "Go on, Betty," she commanded.

"Well, when I went into the den this morning Mr. Mowry was outside the locked glass door."

"Yes." "He was let in after everything was over. I was right there. I watched him crouch down to look at the painter. I saw him put his hand on that edge of the desk—once. But I—I was in a funny state. I couldn't seem to look at anything else but his hand. I watched it, every second. The thing I remember now, so plainly, is that his hand did not move. When he got up, he simply lifted it away. Then we all left that room. Nobody went back into it until the police were here."

"Yes?" "Then why are there three



"... and check the water on the petunias."

you have in your hand? Silly questions. Yet the name Sylvia begins with S.

And why was she so tense, that day in the garden, about this particular neighbor? Was it possible that Mowry had started to say "Sylvia" twice during the morning? And had he caught himself only just in time? Oh, no, no. Imagination! But what was wrong?

She could not weep. She couldn't seem to do anything. But she must not, she thought with panic, sit here and let her imagination destroy whatever

from him, and he made no objection. He let her go as if now, perhaps, he could afford to weep.

Betty carried Tessa upstairs, bathed her, put her to bed, and started reading a story to her. The little girl was pretending everything was just the same, but Betty sensed an echo of trouble and a willingness to cling and to be comforted. Tessa was frightened and could not so easily forget, this time. Betty put heart and soul into the task of easing the child. Just as she felt she could leave her, Douglas came to the door, with Sylvia beside him.

"Sylvia would like to say good-night," he said. "Is she all right, Betty?"

"She's all right," Betty said. "She's almost asleep."

AT the sound of the voices Tessa began to stir and now she curled her little body under the covers and began to howl.

"Sweetheart, what's the matter?" Her father knelt beside her bed.

"Want her to go away," sobbed Tessa.

"Who?" "Silvera. I don't want Silvera."

Douglas turned his face. "I'm sorry, Sylvia. I think you had better—"

The slender blond woman stepped backward towards the door. "But I understand, of course," she murmured. "Good-night, little darling. Sylvia loves you." She turned gracefully and went into the hall.

The child howled. "Can you do anything, Betty?" Douglas asked in distress.

Betty moved towards the child. "She's gone, Tessa. It's just Betty and your daddy. Hush, now. Go to sleep now."

"Everything's all right," her father said painfully. "Good-night, sweetheart."

Finally, Betty tucked in the covers, turned off the light, and closed the door softly behind her. Douglas was standing in the hall. His hands were on the stair railing.

"She'll be better in the morning," Betty said gently.

"My fault," he said. Betty's heart seemed to leap out of her body. "No, no," she said.

"Yes," he said wearily. "Oh, yes."

She could see the whiteness of his knuckles on the railing. Something about the way he was gripping the wood called



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Continuing . . . THE MARK OF THE HAND

of Mr. Mowry's finger. "What is this?" Mrs. Kilburn knotted her brows. "His hand did not move. So he could have made three marks."

"Why, he couldn't," Mrs. Kilburn said. "There must be something wrong." Her hand had lost its dead, sad look. She bent her wits upon the problem. "Was he in that room before? Is that what you mean?"

"When?" Betty asked. "He wasn't there last night, was he?"

"No. Do you mean that he was about this morning?"

Betty caught her breath, gasping through her mind at all the other silly questions. The door that had been Mowry's hissing.

Before she could breathe again, Mrs. Kilburn said, "You go and tell this to Douglas. Right away."

"Oh—"

"Either you are right or you are wrong, Betty," Mrs. Kilburn said severely. "We will find out which. I'll go down with you."

"Oh, no. I shouldn't have left you."

"I'm not upset," Mrs. Kilburn said. She looked brightly again. "Help me up, Betty. That man Mowry looks dangerous to me."

Mrs. Kilburn's imagination had been caught, Betty knew. She loved a mystery. Too late, she wished she had kept her feet.

The fire burned in the living-room, and two heads bowed over the back of the sofa.

"Douglas," his mother said anxiously. "Mother?" He stood up. "What's the matter?"

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

from page 53

"Turn on some more light," Mrs. Kilburn said. "There is a little mystery here. Will you please tell him, Betty?"

So Betty, her heart shaking, found herself catapulted into the centre of the stage. And there was Sylvia, turning to stare.



"Please use the service entrance."

"What is it, Betty?" Douglas asked kindly.

She pulled herself together as best she could. "It's about the marks of Mr. Mowry's hand on the edge of your desk."

"What about them?" He was brisk and cool.

Betty repeated her story as steadily as she could. When she was through, Douglas frowned.

"Well," his mother said impatiently, "do you see the discrepancy?"

Sylvia began, "I don't understand—"

Mrs. Kilburn said excitedly, "Suppose Mowry got into the den earlier. Suppose he loaded the gun. He fired the first shot, and then—"

Douglas said sadly, "Mother, please." He looked thoughtfully at Betty.

Sylvia said, "Wait. I was there, Douglas. It seems to

me—well, of course, he touched the desk. He let go a minute and grabbed for it again. That's what it is, of course."

"Mr. Mowry did not move his hand," Betty said. She looked at Sylvia. "Sylvia," she said to herself, "is a liar."

"Are you contradicting me, Betty?" Sylvia asked in a tone of surprise.

"Yes, I am," Betty said. "Betty," Douglas said sternly, "you can't really—I know we are all upset."

Betty had had enough. "There's another thing," she burst out. "A little thing. Tessa didn't break the teacup. I know that. Tessa was sitting on the stairs when I heard the teacup fall. I saw the pieces."

"What nonsense is this?" exploded Sylvia. There was pink high on her cheekbones. "What are you saying? Who broke the cup, then?"

"I think you did, Mrs. Walsh," Betty said steadily. Sylvia got up slowly and somehow ominously, as if to enter battle.

Betty said recklessly, "Tessa didn't step into the scabbard, either."

"Then who left Tessa's little footprints there?" Sylvia asked. "An elf?" The sharp sarcasm in her voice was a shock. She turned to Douglas, and her tone became soft again. "Douglas, please—"

"Just a minute," Douglas interrupted. "Betty, what is your point?"

"I think Tessa tells the truth," Betty said. "I know her. I've taught her. I think there is something wrong."

"Wrong about this morning? Are you trying to believe that Mowry got in and killed the painter? Is that what you two are after? Now, Mother," he chided.

His mother looked disapproving.

Sylvia said, "Oh, please, when we know—"

"I don't know who killed the painter," Betty said clearly. "I just don't believe that Tessa did."

Douglas kept a stiff silence for a moment. Then he said, "Do you realise what you are saying?"

Betty realised very well, but Mrs. Kilburn did not. "Now, Douglas," she said, "think a moment. We don't know anything about Mr. Mowry. He's been there only a month since the Perrys left. He could be—"

Sylvia came flowing around the end of the sofa. She turned on a kind of female power. Her voice was gentle, pitying. "Poor Betty. You must try to understand this, Douglas."

"Understand?" he said. He looked down at Sylvia.

"Why, she's head over heels in love with you, Douglas," she said, very softly. "Didn't you know? I know. Your mother knows, too. It's so obvious."

BETTY stood still, her heart pounding.

"That's why she hates me so," Sylvia continued. "Oh, I've known that ever since I came."

Douglas said, "Just a minute." He looked as if, in this moment, he despaired of all females. "Now, please, let's try to be reasonable. Start at the beginning. About the cup—"

"I told you," Sylvia said gently. "Little Tessa broke it, poor darling. But Betty would rather believe I did it. And so she does believe it. You can understand—"

He stared at her, then turned his head and studied Betty.

Betty said, speaking clearly and rapidly, "There are some other things. Mrs. Walsh says that Tessa went through the dining-room. Tessa says she didn't. You had better know that Mrs. Monahan saw the hall door swinging."

Douglas shook his head, as if to shake off bewilderment.

"This is ridiculous," Sylvia began.

Betty would not be stopped.

"Tessa says she didn't see the

To page 61

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have always been favorites in Hollywood and this year's crop are among the prettiest yet.

Entertainment

JILL ST. JOHN

GORGEOUS girl in the gorgeous purple (not to mention the hat) is Jill St. John, 19, and the favorite girl-friend of Lance Reventlow, son of heiress Barbara Hutton. Things are looking bright for the lovely redhead at her studio, 20th Century-Fox, where big things are being planned for her. "I want to be adorable, pert, and funny in films, but not just sweet," Jill says.



JO MORROW

VVIVACIOUS 19-year-old Jo Morrow is the girl who walked off with the plum of portraying Alec Guinness' daughter in "Our Man in Havana." Under long-term contract to Columbia, she has been seen in "Juke Box Rhythm" and in quite a small role in "Ten North Frederick."



CLAIRE KELLY

THE NEW Kelly at Princess Grace's old studio, M.G.M., is delectable 25-year-old divorcee Claire Kelly. She began modelling with the Powers Agency in New York when she was 15. Her next film will be "Ask Any Girl," with "Please Don't Eat the Daisies" coming next.





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FAMOUS TREATMENT FOR THE BLOOD

Good telecasts make TV real magic box

By NAN MUSGROVE

● There have been some TV highlights recently that made that exciting phrase "the magic box" a true description of a television set. There was laughter, pathos, history, entertainment in four outstanding shows.

THE shows were Channel 9's "Mr. Adams and Eve," Channel 7's live drama "The Big Day," ABC-TV's Russian Revolution film, and the live telecast of part of the Joyce Grenfell show.

"Mr. Adams and Eve" Sydney's Channel 9, Fridays, 9.30 p.m.) stars Ida Lupino and Howard Duff. In real life they are married (happily), and their weekly TV show is generally a satire of their public lives as film stars.

The episode I refer to was an uproarious affair that left me weak with laughter, a film of their first attempt at a TV show. Don't think I'm about to describe the full 30 minutes and ruin my story, just watch the show yourself some time. "Mr. Adams and Eve" creeps up on you. It is first-class in script and production. Like all the "series" shows

to power of the Bolsheviks, and the assassination of the Royal Family.

It is a grim story, and it all seemed rather unreal at first, mainly because a lot of the Tsar's own home movies, part of the family records, were interpolated in the film.

The films showed the Royal Family at play, relaxing Tsar Nicholas looked extraordinarily like King George V, and I'm certain is the first member of a Royal Family to be shown on TV bathing with friends in the nude.

The frivolity really heightened the whole terrible situation and added to this absorbing documentary.

"Joyce Grenfell Presents," telecast direct for a too-short 30 minutes from Sydney's Phillip Street Theatre, was another magic half-hour. Her talent is peculiarly suited to the intimacy of TV.

And how the production of such shows, during an actual



Practical dressmaker

OUR DRESSMAKING EXPERT from New York, Lucille Rivers (above), is giving sewing demonstrations on TV in Sydney and Melbourne, in addition to her store lectures in both cities. In Sydney she is appearing each day this week from 12.30-1.30 p.m. on TCN, Channel 9; in Melbourne she will appear from August 10-14 on HSV, Channel 7, at 12.30 p.m.

In her lectures, Miss Rivers shows the various stages in making a dress. And so that she doesn't waste TV time by sewing it all on camera she has the dress made up in various stages—so that she can display each stage as she comes to it.

"Television is a wonderful medium for sewing demonstrations," Lucille Rivers says, "because all the time you have a close-up view of what I'm doing."

"But I hope everyone is coming to see me in the stores as well (in Sydney, David Jones; in Melbourne, the Myer Emporium), because then I can help them with any personal dressmaking problems they have. I really want to help dressmakers. I hope no one will hesitate with problems, no matter how small."

TELEVISION PARADE

that romp on week after week, it has good nights and bad nights, but its average of good nights is very high.

Channel 7's live play, "The Big Day," was a wonderful surprise. I'd checked out on these presentations after "They Were Big, They Were Blue, They Were Beautiful," but being at heart an optimist I watched again.

I wasn't very hopeful either. "The Big Day" was advertised as written, acted, and produced by Australians. So was "They Were Big, They Were Blue, They Were Beautiful," which I found embarrassingly bad to watch.

But there the similarity ended. "The Big Day" was written by John Ford. It was beautifully done, well acted and produced.

Its cast, headed by Edward Howell, who played the role of the undistinguished clerk who was retiring after 30 years' service, did the author proud, and made his play an hour of very real and moving entertainment.

All the Australians in it were just ordinary people, not the usual well-known theatrical Australian types but the kind of people you'd find anywhere in the world. It was a welcome change.

ABC-TV's two highlights were the documentary film about the Russian Revolution and the Joyce Grenfell Show.

The documentary started with the high life of the Russian Royal Family before the revolution, covered the war against Germany, the revolution of the workers, the rise

performance, has improved. I remember a rather dreadful telecast of part of "Salad Days" from the Elizabethan Theatre that was marred by technical difficulties.

The technicians deserve a special pat on the back for the job they did with "Joyce Grenfell Presents." It was splendid.

These days no one can dismiss Australian TV with the remark that "the programmes are very bad." That day has long passed, and it's a poor week when you can't find some really outstanding show to enjoy.

★ ★ ★
WHAT makes a clown funny? Most people come up with the old heartbreak-behind-the-mask story, but comedian Red Skelton doesn't agree.

He says this story is "pure malarky."

"I couldn't tell why people laugh at me," Red says. "No comedian—or clown—could. I guess people just see something they do being exaggerated. So it's funny."

Whatever it is, the Red Skelton Show certainly makes people laugh.

It is one of the most popular comedy shows on TV in America, and comes to Sydney's Channel 9 on Saturday, August 8, at 7 p.m., displacing "The Nelsons."

The Red Skelton Show is quite unlike any other on TV. You can't say it's variety, a revue, or a situation comedy. But one thing you can say—it is funny.

Every show begins with an

elaborate song-and-dance routine complete with big, gorgeous showgirls and spectacular dance routines accompanied by the lush music of David Rose's orchestra.

After the opening razzamatazz, Skelton appears and does a five-minute warm-up with the audience and clowns a mime. Then comes the heart of the show, with Skelton as one of the many mad characters he plays, doing a comedy sketch.

It is done before a live audience, and the laughter and applause are real, not the hollow, canned variety that chimes in mechanically at exactly the right moment.

Red won't work without a live audience.

"You never know for sure that you're putting it over until the audience tells you," he said. "From the way they react I can almost tell you what the ratings are going to be."

Skelton once "put it over" with great success in an operating theatre.

He was due for major abdominal surgery for a dia-

phragmatic hernia and was wheeled into the operating theatre on December 14.

When the sheet was removed from the unconscious Mr. Skelton, the surgeons found a Christmas parcel seal stuck to his stomach with adhesive tape.

It read: "Do not open until Christmas."

★ ★ ★
I AM often asked who I think are the outstanding personalities of Sydney's TV—not the personalities who appear occasionally but the bread-and-butter kind, those you see day after day, doing any chore at all, station announcing, news-reading, competing, interviewing, or turning their hand more than competently at any job.

Channel 2's Michael Charlton and Channel 9's Roger Climpson are my nominations.

Both of them share common characteristics of good manners and poise that make them more than equal to any situation. It is unobtrusive poise, the sort that makes life easier and TV life more pleasant and easy to watch.

A large, elegant glass filled with a deep red wine, set against a light background. The glass has a wide bowl and a slender stem. In the bottom right corner, there is a small green rectangular label with white text.

BEAK MIRABEAU

1 lb. beef, cubed; 1 onion, sliced; 1/2 cup wine; salt and pepper; 1 mol. butter.

Put beef, onion and wine in pot. Boil for 2 hrs. Reduce heat to medium. Add potato chips, salt and pepper. Cook 1 hour. Add butter. Stir. Cook 1/2 hour. Serve hot. (Serves 4.)

[illegible]

A large, elegant glass filled with a golden-white wine, likely Chardonnay. The glass has a long, slender stem and a wide, rounded bowl. A small, rectangular label is attached to the right side of the glass, featuring a red background and white text. The wine is clear and bright, reflecting light. The background is a soft, out-of-focus landscape with rolling hills and a clear sky.

[illegible][illegible]

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AUTHORISED BY THE AUSTRALIAN WINE BOARD

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 12, 1959

AW 79 FPC

Page 59

NEW RELEASES

Reviewed by Ainslie Baker

★★★ Excellent
★ Average

★★ Above Average
No star—Poor

★★ HOW TO MURDER A RICH UNCLE

Comedy, with Nigel Patrick, Wendy Hiller, Charles Coburn, Katie Johnson. Lyceum, Sydney.

SOMETHING about the climate of England seems particularly conducive to the chilly and detached touch necessary for the disposing of elderly and wealthy relatives.

This delightful piece of macabre entertainment comes, as did "Kind Hearts and Coronets," from a British studio.

When wealthy Uncle George (delightfully played by Coburn) returns to his ancestral home, its present occupant (Patrick), struggling in circumstances drastically reduced by taxes and family hangers-on, decides the old man must meet a swift and generally profitable end.

As plan after plan misfires, the ghoulish family is steadily reduced in number, until the still-healthy Uncle George is charged with the mass murder of his relatives.

That magical old lady of the British theatre, Katie Johnson,

rescues him from this unjust accusation, the elderly dears are married, and it is only on his honeymoon that the fate Uncle George had been so lucky in eluding catches up with him.

To the rather unrewarding role of Patrick's wife-accomplice Wendy Hiller brings a feather-brained blandness that only she could produce.

In a word . . . **MACABRE.**

★ THE BEAT GENERATION

Drama, with Steve Cochran, Fay Spain, Jim Mitchum, Jackie Coogan, Ray Danton, Mamie Van Doren. St. James, Sydney.

FIRST off the mark in the beatnik field, this is a rather poor and shoddy little effort.

A high degree of confusion seems to have been suffered by the scriptwriters, who got the beatnik talk all right but were never able to decide if they were working on a domestic drama, a comedy, or a straight law-enforcement thriller.

Film Parade

Deborah Kerr to leave Hollywood

● Deborah Kerr, while filming "Beloved Infidel" in Hollywood, talks each week by transatlantic telephone to daughters Melanie and Francesca, who will remain in England following Deborah's recent American divorce from their father, Tony Bartley.

the best part of three months, I will fly over to England to see the girls and say goodbye," Deborah said.

ONCE the picture is finished, Deborah plans to sell the house which she formerly occupied with Bartley and the girls and in which she has been living lately with only a secretary and a cook.

"Up till now," she says, "I've kept the house because of my Scotty, my dachshund, and my parakeet. But I know now I don't want to make my future home in Hollywood."

"I love Switzerland, and I will make my home there. This would make it easier for visits to my girls, too."

Screen-writer Peter Viertel, the "other man" in the Kerr-Bartley case, whom Deborah hopes to marry when both are finally free, owns a villa in the fashionable Swiss mountain resort of Klosters.

"As soon as this picture is completed, and before I leave for 'The Sundowners,' which will keep me in Australia for

Most of the supposedly beat characters, whose main purpose, it seems, is to supply background atmosphere, look and behave like refugees from some ancient Artists' Ball.

Danton plays a psycho beatnik who sadistically attacks married women, among them the young wife (Fay Spain) of police officer Cochran.

Things not being what they might between the married couple, anyway, a good deal of surprisingly clinical talk ensues when it is found that she is going to have a baby.

Both of these two people handle their roles with a fair showing of competence, with Jackie Coogan, as Cochran's friend and colleague, giving one of his nice, solid performances.

Gangling Mitchum (a not altogether unlikeable youth) plays the semi-beat beatnik who falls under Danton's influence, and for his troubles gets landed with the dreadful Miss Van Doren.

But don't let any of this bother you!

In a word . . . **SHODDY.**

ONCE a down-at-heel San Francisco beatnik, Mort Sahl, who has graduated to being a highly successful sophisticated comedian, has been given a top role in the forthcoming "All the Young Men." The film will star teenage heart-throb James Darren, distinguished negro actor Sidney Poitier, and veteran Alan Ladd. Sounds quite a mixture.



LEADERS of Hollywood's bright young married set, Bob Wagner and Natalie Wood have a big smile for movie fans who packed the sidewalk to watch the stars arrive at a recent gala premiere.

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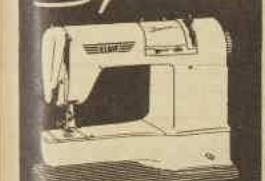
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Continuing . . .

THE MARK OF THE HAND

from page 55

man in white clothes. I don't think that's because she was shocked and forgot. I think she didn't see him because he was just a heap on the floor. I didn't see him, either, when I went in."

"On the floor!" Douglas barked.

"Something is wrong," Betty cried. "Can't you see?"

His eyes were becoming angry. "Just what am I supposed to see? Do you know what you are saying? Sylvia saw that shot fired. Mowry saw it. Do you realise you are saying that both Sylvia and Mowry are lying and have conspired to lie? About Tessa!" he blazed.

"That would be the vilest, the most indecent—"

"Oh, hush," Sylvia soothed. "She's only making trouble. She doesn't know what she is saying."

"That would be vile and indecent," Betty said steadily. "No, Mr. Kilburn, I am saying what I think. And I think," she went on evenly, "that Mrs. Walsh and Mr. Mowry are not strangers to each other."

"Douglas," wailed Sylvia, "the girl is—why, she's crazy!"

"I can only tell you what I think—and what I will tell the police," Betty said, because she was lost, and there was nothing for her to do but follow the thread and keep on saying everything she had been thinking. "There have been lies. I know she lied about the cup."

"The cup has nothing to do with this morning," snapped Douglas. "What about the marks of Mowry's hand?"

"That's ridiculous," Sylvia snapped. "She says he didn't move his hand. That's only her word. But I was there. I saw what happened. The prints themselves are there, to prove he moved it."

Douglas' throat moved, but he didn't speak.

"Oh, this is sad, pathetic," Sylvia cried. "Don't you understand? She is in love with you. She sees you feeling guilty. She wants to fix it so that neither you nor the child could have done anything wrong. But I—I'm someone who came and broke up her dream. She would like to see me blamed for everything. Try to understand her, Douglas. She is very young."

"Betty," Douglas said coldly, "what is the truth?"

"I have told the truth," Betty said, "as I know it."

"Not all," Sylvia interjected slyly. "She didn't tell you about her jealousy."

"I will tell you now," Betty said. Her heart was cracking. "Yes, I have been jealous. I have resented her. And I am in love with you. I wish I could stay here. But I have tried to discount my feelings."

Douglas said, almost pleadingly, "You are not—not serious."

Betty looked at him. "I am telling the truth. But all that part of it has nothing to do with the fact that Mrs. Walsh has been telling lies about Tessa ever since—"

"Douglas," Sylvia said hysterically, "send her away! Heaven knows, I'm sorry for all that's happened, but this I cannot bear." She turned aside, sobbing. "I cannot—cannot—"

Mrs. Kilburn spoke. "Help me upstairs." She looked stricken.

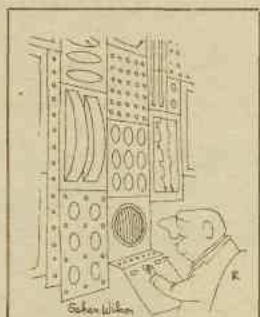
Douglas said, "Yes, that's enough, I think."

Betty turned once more to face his angry eyes. "I had to tell you what I believe," she said.

"Do you believe it?" His voice was cold. "Or did you think you could make trouble?"

Betty took a step backward. "I could have made trouble long ago about the teacup," she said hotly. "I've been arguing with myself for a long time. I've checked my recollections over and over." His face was still cold.

"Believe me," she went on passionately. "I have tried a thousand times, every way, to remember and check back and analyse. When I say, 'Mr. Mowry did not move his hand,'"



"Why does a chicken cross the road?"

I don't say it impulsively or carelessly or to make trouble. You can leave your heart out and you can use your brain alone. You should know. What do you do in that laboratory?"

Douglas set his teeth. His eyes were examining her as if he had never seen her before.

"Well, that was quite a speech," said Mrs. Kilburn, valiant against her fatigue. "And I think it has a point. Of course, we must say what we believe."

"She's turned you against me, too?" Sylvia wept. "I thought—I thought you were fond of me."

"What a curious idea you have, Sylvia," Mrs. Kilburn said, in a voice thin and clear as silver wire. "What a curious notion of love."

DOUGLAS said, "No more. No more of this. Take her upstairs, Betty. Now." He was giving an order.

"Yes," she said quietly.

She felt the little lady leaning heavily on her arm all the way upstairs. Betty got her to her bed, put on the bed light, laid the covers up over her, presented the book mately.

"You must not leave," Mrs. Kilburn said suddenly, as if she could read her mind. "You will have to stand up to this. If you believe it. And if you can bear it."

"I can bear it," said Betty stonily. "I know I can't have anything here, and I've known that a long time. And I have borne it. Nothing is going to be any harder."

Mrs. Kilburn studied the young face, so set, so hurt. "You may be wrong," she said gently.

Betty said proudly, "Of course. I know that. It is possible that I am simply mistaken."

"Good-night, Betty," Mrs. Kilburn said. Then she added, with great kindness, "I am not upset. I actually feel—better. It is a puzzle, and it must be solved."

Betty turned away and went, blinded by tears, to her own room. She lay on the bed in the dark. The house was intolerable now. But never mind that. Her own feelings were not important. What must she do? After a while she knew.

She must simply go and tell that policeman, that Sergeant Gordon, all of this. The feelings were there, however. Not two hours ago Betty had been taking care of everyone here, trusted, needed, and praised. Now she had been exposed, labelled a jealous fool, responsible for saying vile and indecent things.

Downstairs in the living-room Sylvia still wept, but daintily. "I am so sorry, for your sake. I am trying my best to feel sorry for that—Betty. I am sorry for everything."

"I'm sorry, too," Douglas said gloomily. "I can imagine that Betty would like to see Tessa exonerated. Heaven knows, so would I."

"And I," breathed Sylvia. "But she is not guilty. She is too little. Nobody will call her guilty."

He sat still as stone. The firelight played on his face.

Mrs. Kilburn was lying awake under her bed light, with the book closed in her hand, when her son tapped on her door and came in. "You all right?" he asked.

"Oh, yes. I have been trying to reason it out." Her eyes were bright.

"Don't try," he said heavily. He sat down on the edge of her bed and studied the top blanket. "Mother, do you think Betty is in love?" He didn't look embarrassed. He looked seriously concerned.

"Oh, certainly," his mother said blithely.

"Then you can't reason it out," he said impatiently.

"Because she may be prejudiced?" she replied tartly. "Who isn't? Some of us are honest still. Aren't you?"

He was silent.

"Of course, the least posterous solution is simply that Betty is all mixed up about what she thinks she saw," Mrs. Kilburn went on. "The most attractive solution is that Mowry did it."

"That is very attractive," Douglas said grimly. "Better watch it. I'll tell you what is unattractive. That's for me to believe I left that gun loaded."

"Who could have loaded it, if you didn't?"

"Not Sylvia. She's afraid of guns. No, I'm afraid I did it. I am afraid because I know, only too well, how easily you can fool yourself. That's one thing I've learned in the laboratory." He was trying to be light about this.

"There is too much searching of memories," his mother said. "We ought to have more evidence."

"Don't think about it. Don't dream—"

"Son, Betty is honest. Mistaken, perhaps, but honestly so, I am sure."

He looked down at her. "To be sure," he said, "is harder than Betty Follett thinks it is."

His mother said, "But truth is hard. It is solid. That is its quality."

He kissed her cheek. "You're a tough little biddy," he said fondly, "but you read too many thrillers. Go to sleep now."

In the morning the house was unnaturally quiet. Douglas had left early. Betty crept about her duties. Tessa was subdued and played by herself. Mrs. Kilburn kept to her room. Sylvia was sequestered in the guest-room, with a headache.

Finally, later in the morning, Betty went to the telephone.

The sergeant's voice was easy and kind. "I'd be glad to talk to you, Miss Follett," he said. "Why don't you come

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Continuing . . .

THE MARK OF THE HAND

about one o'clock? If it's about fingerprints, we'll have photographs by then, and there is a point or two I'd like to show you. And you can say what's on your mind. Okay?" He made her feel better by sounding friendly and matter-of-fact.

Betty had lunch early, in the kitchen, where Mrs. Monahan, who virtuously proposed to skip her afternoon off, for this Friday was hers, bustled about, cleaning the refrigerator.

Betty went upstairs to change her dress and fix her hair. Then she tapped on Mrs. Kilburn's door.

"Betty? Come, lower me gently, won't you, dear? I am shrieking in every joint today."

Betty helped settle her in the long chair.

"Where is Sylvia?" Mrs. Kilburn asked.

"Mrs. Monahan says she is still lying down."

"I see. Betty, I've been thinking. Now follow this. If Sylvia and Mowry are acquaintances, and if they did conspire—Mrs. Kilburn's eyes were bright—" wouldn't you suppose they'd want to talk with each other today? Wouldn't they be nervous?"

"Oh," Betty said, "please don't—"

"I can't stop my mind from working."

"I called Sergeant Gordon," Betty said, quietly. "I'm going to see him. I came to ask you

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to excuse me while Tessa is napping."

"You are going to the police?"

"Of course. That is all I can do."

Mrs. Kilburn said briskly, "Well, now! Suppose Sylvia sees you leave the house? I wonder. What if she saw her chance to slip over and talk to Mowry? I could watch from Douglas' den."

"Oh, no, you couldn't," Betty said in alarm. "Please, don't try any detecting or anything. Please? Or I can't go."

Mrs. Kilburn settled back. "I'm too decrepit," she said crossly, "darn it! Anyhow, they'd be too smart. Or—" her eyes rolled thoughtfully — "they'd use the phone."

Betty was considering the gaudy book jackets all around the room. "It isn't a game," she warned. "You mustn't think it's a game or try to play it. Please, Mrs. Kilburn, I'll be as quick as I can. Mrs. Monahan will be here."

Mrs. Kilburn said vaguely, "I know. I know."

AS Betty walked briskly to the bus stop two pairs of eyes watched her. Sylvia's eyes from the guest room. Mowry's eyes next door . . .

As soon as she was sure Betty had left the house, Mrs. Kilburn punched the bell that summoned Mrs. Monahan. It took her perhaps five minutes to talk Mrs. Monahan into taking her usual afternoon off.

"When everyone is resting?" scoffed Mrs. Kilburn. "Betty will be back in an hour. Your sister expects you. Now, don't be silly."

Two pairs of eyes watched the cook go . . .

Mrs. Kilburn was out of her chair and half-way to her door when the phone rang, and she turned back to answer it. "Mother? Did I wake you?"

"No, no."

"Why didn't Mrs. Monahan answer?"

"Oh, I told her to go out. And Betty is busy. What is it, Douglas?"

"Is everything all right?"

"Of course. Of course," his mother said impatiently.

Soon he hung up, even though he was not entirely reassured.

Mrs. Kilburn was able to make it to the top of the stairs before Mrs. Monahan had reached the corner. She got down them by clinging hard to the banister. Once down she humped her stiff limbs across the living-room and into the den.

There was a phone in there. Mrs. Kilburn knew the Perrys' old number, and she assumed that Mowry had not had it changed. She dialled the number before she lost her nerve.

"Dean Mowry speaking," the man's colorless voice said.

Mrs. Kilburn whispered breathlessly, almost without voice, into the phone, "I'm alone. Come to the den." Then instantly she hung up.

She stood holding her breath for a moment. Then she hurried to the door leading to the sun porch. On the porch she let herself down into a wicker chair. Well hidden, she thought with satisfaction. Around the corner from everywhere. She could see out the window. She could have heard through the wall; but to make sure, she had left the door to the den open a crack. She settled down to wait, but her heart would not be quiet. It thumped annoyingly.

Now, she thought, reviewing her plans, if those two have conspired, what will Mowry make of that whisper? He will come to this den door. She would be able to hear him. And this would be evidence, of a sort.

She sat rigidly in the wicker chair, quite pleased with herself; but as time passed she began to doubt the wisdom of her manoeuvres and called herself a fool. Betty had been the sensible one. She had gone to the police. Mowry would make nothing of that whisper. Oh, well, she hadn't the energy to get back up the stairs alone.

Her heart had begun to slow down when it leaped again. She could see the tops of the shrubs moving. And soon she heard the sound of feet scraping. Then fingers tapping.

Another thought came to her. Sylvia would hear, too. The guest room was just above. Sylvia might come down. So much the better, thought Mrs. Kilburn. She herself could not move, in any event. Nor did she think she should, for she might hear something very revealing indeed.

Then she heard Sylvia opening the glass door. "Dean?"

"What's up?" he said morosely.

"Be careful."

"I saw the girl and the cook leaving. What's up?"

"That girl," said Sylvia, "has got a notion about your fingerprints. Listen, you must say that you moved your hand."

Mrs. Kilburn's heart seemed to turn completely over. This was not a game. Not a game at all.

"When? Where?" Mowry sounded bewildered.

"On the desk. Please try not to be stupid," Sylvia's voice was rising. "After I let you in. She says you didn't move it. But they found too many prints. I said I saw you make all three sets of marks. So you say so, too."

He said, rather bitterly, "You put your prints all over the table drawer."

"And remembered to touch it again," she said. "You should have thought to move your hand. Listen, the girl is also saying we know each other. Watch that, too."

"Everything you touch you twist," the man said sadly.

"I'll get rid of her," she said viciously.

"You really think," he said oddly, "you are going to get away with murder?"

"I can't help that now," she said. "What else can I do? Or you, either?"

"If I — tell?"

"Your health?" Sylvia said softly. "Your mental health?"

"That all you wanted?" he said glumly in a moment. "You called."

"What?"

"Come to the den," you said on the phone."

"No," said Sylvia. "No!" Her voice rose. "It's that damned Betty! Where is she? Where is she hiding?"

Sylvia jerked open the door to the sun porch and looked straight into Mrs. Kilburn's eyes.

And Mrs. Kilburn looked back. But in the meantime her heart had risen up and done something terrible to her. She had no pain, but she was paralysed. Her mouth felt crooked, and she could not pull it straight. She could not speak.

"You?" Sylvia said, thightly.

"She's got something the matter with her," Mowry said

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Continuing . . .

THE MARK OF THE HAND

her Sylvia's shoulder. "She's sick or something."

"Yes, I see," said Sylvia.

"Better get that Dr. Hollister. Don't like the way she looks."

"Why don't you just go, then?" Sylvia said. Her eyes glittered savagely.

"But look, she can't move. Maybe she is dying."

"I had nothing to do with that," Sylvia snapped. She called the door shut.

Mrs. Kilburn could hear Mowry squealing something behind the door. She sat in the grip of whatever terrible thing had overcome her, and when she heard him burst out the glass door, running away.

After a long, long silence she heard Tessa's voice, and Sylvia coming to her.

Still Mrs. Kilburn could not move. She could not call out. There was no one to call except Sylvia and the child. Neither of them came. Mrs. Kilburn said to herself: "Am I going to die in this wicker chair? How very odd! I never even sit here."

Douglas Kilburn came out of a room in the police station feeling stunned. He had just finished telling Sergeant Gordon all that had been said in his house the night before.

Then the sergeant had told him something. "I'll tell you this, Mr. Kilburn. Our men went over that den pretty thoroughly. And your little girl is pretty small. Now, three people say she was standing on that big leather chair."

"Yes."

"How did she get up there?" Gordon said. "Our men could find no mark of her hands on the leather of that chair. I don't see how she'd get up there. Alone, that is."

The first thing Douglas saw after he left Sergeant Gordon's room was Betty Follett, standing beside the high desk in the main room of the police station. He strode to her and grabbed her arm. "What are you doing here?" he demanded.

"I have an appointment." "Who is at the house?" he asked.

"Mrs. Monahan. Everyone is resting. Please, Mr. Kilburn, I must talk to the sergeant."

"Anything new?"

"No," Betty said in surprise. "Just everything I said last night."

"I've just told him all that. You had no business leaving

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the house. I work, you know. I can't stay home and mind my baby. That's what you were hired to do."

"But Mrs. Monahan—"

"She's gone out."

"I didn't know."

"You weren't dreaming all that stuff last night, were you?" He was furious enough to shake her. "You weren't just making up a crazy story, were you?"

"No," Betty looked stunned. "Then how could you leave my mother and my baby alone in the house with a lying, murdering woman?"

Luxury, as it increases our wants, decreases our capacity for happiness.

— Oliver Goldsmith

Betty gasped. Douglas looked at her coldly. "That's what you implied she was, didn't you?"

Helplessly Betty said, "I shouldn't have left them. I thought Mrs. Monahan— I'll hurry back."

"I'll hurry you back," he snapped. He propelled her out to the street and pushed her into his car.

IN the house the phone rang, and Sylvia answered it. "Yes?"

"This is Dr. Hollister's nurse," the voice said. "We've had a call. It was not too clear. I'm new here, so can you please tell me? Is there a Mrs. Kilburn?"

"I am Mrs. Kilburn," Sylvia said.

"Oh, then. The impression I got was that Mrs. Kilburn— there was some emergency."

"Why, not at all," Sylvia said. "There must be some mistake. I'm sorry."

"Thank you," the voice said unhappily. "I suppose I couldn't hear. The man was terribly upset."

"I wish I could help you," Sylvia said sweetly. "But everyone here is fine, just fine!"

As she hung up there was the noise of a car in the street. She saw that it was Mowry's and knew he was going to try to escape.

In Douglas Kilburn's speeding car, Douglas said to Betty contritely, "I am upset. I

apologise for blasting you like that. But the sight of you—"

"I thought I ought to tell the police," she said humbly.

"You thought I wouldn't tell them?" He was bitter.

"I didn't think — that you believed me."

"I don't say I believed you. I say I told the police what you said."

"Everything?" she quavered. "Everything anyone said," he retorted sharply. "Including — all reports about emotions."

They were silent. There is nothing more, thought Betty painfully. Now it is really over. I must leave his house and his life. Then she began to speak. She heard herself saying words without consciously having framed them. "If Tessa took that gun and killed a man," she said quietly, "it will hurt her."

"Of course," he agreed bitterly.

"But if she didn't," Betty said, "and she tells us that she didn't, and we don't believe her — that will hurt her, too."

"I shouldn't have scolded you, Betty. I don't really suppose anything is going to be wrong at the house. It's just — Perhaps I have come to rely on you too much. I'd like to say this. You have been good with Tessa. She has been fine in your hands. I have been happy to leave her with you."

Betty's sight blurred.

"As for all this talk about emotions—" His eyes turned to her briefly, kind and ready to be friendly. "I can very well imagine that you were — well, goaded into saying what you said last night."

Betty kept silent.

"Anyhow," Douglas said awkwardly, "you'll have to forgive my bad temper. Or, at least, I ask you to."

He drove into the driveway. He used his key on the front door.

"Who is it?" said Sylvia's voice in alarm. "Oh. Oh, it's your daddy!"

They made a picture. The two of them were sitting on the couch. Sylvia wore a long blue dressing-gown, and Tessa, perched beside her, had on her pink party dress.

"She woke up," Sylvia said, "and no one seemed to be about, so I dressed her. We've been having fun."

Betty could see traces of chocolate on Tessa's cheek. Tessa shouldn't be wearing the

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Continuing . . .

THE MARK OF THE HAND

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party dress. There was chocolate on the piano keys.

"Aren't you in the lab today, darling?" Sylvia asked.

Douglas let his body sag against the frame of the archway. "I'll have to go there in a minute," he said in an exhausted voice.

Betty said, "I'll take Tessa now."

"Why ever should you do that?" Sylvia said, and her astonishment was both phony and insulting.

Betty took it on the chin. She said, "Then I'd better see to Mrs. Kilburn."

"Just a minute," Sylvia said, "before you disturb her."

Sylvia went towards the hall. "Douglas, is Betty leaving here?"

He didn't answer.

"Because," said Sylvia, "we must have this clear. It seems that Tessa and I get along very well—when Betty is away."

Betty said, "I'd like to be excused."

"Just a minute." Again Sylvia stopped her. "Douglas, if I am to be your wife and Tessa's mother, then I must be friends with Tessa. We must love each other. You know it has to be that way."

He seemed to nod, by the merest possible inclination of his head.

"Then Betty will have to be stopped from setting the child against me," she said. "You remember last night? I've had a real struggle today to make Tessa understand that I do love her."

And you did it with candy, Betty thought. And it isn't love, at all. There is chocolate on the piano. Is it love to teach a child to destroy? She's not going to eat what she ought to eat on top of the candy. Betty turned and put her foot on the bottom step.

"Wait," Sylvia said. "Wait just a minute. Douglas, this is your house, isn't it? Won't you please tell this girl to go, and go now? Because I ask you? Because I feel it is terribly important? For our lives together. Yours and mine and Tessa's."

He did not answer, so Sylvia turned to Betty. "I am sorry, Betty, to see you dismissed without notice, like this. After

all the things you said, however, you can't be surprised."

"Not at all," Betty said coolly. "It doesn't matter what you do to me. Or if I lose a temporary job. It matters that the police know what I said. They'll deal with it."

"You ran to the police," said Sylvia scornfully, "with all that nonsense?"

Betty looked over her head and said with pain: "I'm not supposed to care what you do to—people I love. But I do care. It's up to the police now." She began to walk slowly up the stairs.

"She isn't good for Tessa, you know," Sylvia said tersely. "You must dismiss her, Douglas. Now. Surely on this earth there's someone else who can take care of your mother. Couldn't you take the girl to a bus now, as you go? Don't let her disturb your mother. Just let her be gone. I don't think—I cannot bear to be in the house with that girl."

"Why do you say," he said hoarsely, "that Betty's not good for Tessa?"

"That's obvious. If you weren't away all the time—"

DOUGLAS looked at her strangely. He kept his eyes intently on her face.

"It's not my judgment alone," Sylvia said piously. "Your mother says the same."

He swayed forward. "My mother said to you that Betty isn't good for Tessa?"

"Why, yes, Douglas," Sylvia's eyes were round.

"I think," he said steadily, "that is one lie too many."

"Oh, Douglas, that hurts!" cried Sylvia. "When your mother wakes in an hour or so, why don't you ask her?"

"You are willing to have me ask her?" he said sharply. "You advise me to ask my mother what she thinks of Betty Follett?"

"Of course," she cried virtuously.

His face had darkened. He moved to the bottom of the stairs. "Betty," he called.

Betty was in her room. Her opened suitcase was on her bed. She heard him and went into the hall.

"Look in on my mother, will you? Right now." His voice held alarm.

Douglas said to Sylvia, "How did you dare tell that lie?"

"Dare? But I don't understand."

"Betty!" He called again, his alarm becoming greater. In a moment they were running through the house, Betty upstairs, Douglas down. He burst at last on to the sun porch, heading for the terrace. Something called him—not a sound but a sense of a presence. He looked behind him and saw his mother in the wicker chair.

When Betty came running down, Douglas was striding across the living-room with his mother in his arms. "Betty, bring Tessa. Come with me."

Betty saw that something frightful had happened to Mrs. Kilburn. Terrified, she ran to snatch up the little girl.

"Oh, Douglas," Sylvia cried. "I had no idea! What can I do? Oh, what is the matter? Where did you find her? Is she dead?"

He had to stop for a moment, as Betty ran around him to open the front door. In that moment Mrs. Kilburn's lids fluttered. Her eyes opened. Her glasses were crooked on her nose. One eye looked impudent, alive, into Sylvia's face.

"Did you think she was, Sylvia?" Douglas said.

She seemed to sink away. Douglas strode out the door.

Douglas had told Betty to wait with the child, at the hospital, no matter how long. The child was patient and good, but Betty's eyes ached. Finally, after an eternity, Tessa fell asleep.

At eight-thirty Douglas came to the waiting-room. He picked up the sleeping child and said to Betty, "We can go now."

"How is your mother? Could I see her?"

"Not now. We have to go." He put them into the car. "My mother's speech will come back, they think. She'll be all right."

"She can't speak?"

"She can write," Douglas said.

To page 68



ever wish that you were twins?

Aren't there times when you wish you had a twin sister in the office? Another girl to help with that extra pile of mixed typing assignments? Most likely you have a twin, but the FACIT T1 typewriter does have a "twin tabulator" to help you out. Not only does "mechanical memory" store your standard letters and invoice set-ups for next time... it also readily takes care of in-between, ever-changing assignments. But that's not all the happy labour-savers that FACIT T1 has to offer you:—

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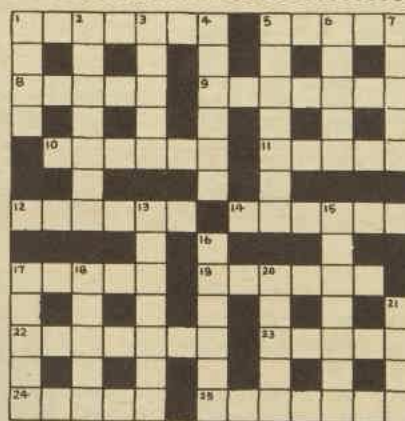
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Epigram (Anagr., 7).
- Copy of a composition for cricketers (5).
- It ends the crane at the ship's bow (5).
- Man's name hiding a Swiss canton in a staff of office (7).
- A millionth of a metre (6).
- Rabbit with a small cake for head-covering (5).
- Ask Ned (Anagr., 6).
- Causing death at hell (6).
- Purposes hidden when giving a tame answer (5).
- Beyond the range of ordinary knowledge ending in a system of religious worship (6).
- Tackle for a sail, the bigger half of which measures 36 inches (7).
- Practical joke, mostly with a row (5).
- The old Danube. Wasn't it a bit of a twister? (5).
- Add nothing to 277; cubic inches to make braid (7).



Solution of last week's crossword.



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- Seed vessels or sockets of brace and bit (4).
- List of goods and prices sent in sound uttered by the mouth (7).
- Change later (5).
- This fur tells that it is mine, though not entirely (6).
- Bristly hair left after the harvest (7).
- The Hunter with belt and sword (5).
- Each headed by a very old lady (5).
- A spider (Anagr., 7).
- Very slangy, but very brief time (4, 1, 2).
- Edible canine with high temperature (6).
- Spiritual and temporal leader expected by Mohammedans (5).
- Assign in an annual lottery (5).
- Resin for varnishing headed by a policeman (5).
- Body covering you may have for the asking (4).



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Westinghouse want you to get the world's cleanest, whitest wash from your machine ... that's why they recommend **Surf**



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MUSTARD

Sew it with...

GENUINE
DEWHURST'S
"SYLKO"
MACHINE TWIST

OVER 340
FAST COLOURS



said. "The police will meet us at the house."

"Police?"
"You were right," he said. "Mowry and Sylvia conspired."

Betty felt no triumph whatsoever. She could feel his pain as if it were her own.

They pulled up behind a police car in front of the house. Sergeant Gordon came quickly to the car window. "Mowry's gone," he said. "Left the door to his house wide open. We'll pick him up."

"I see," Douglas said, and turned to Betty. "Betty, would you put Tessa to bed right away, please, and then come downstairs?"

As they went up the walk, the sergeant said, "We were waiting for you. Your house is dark, and nobody answers the bell."

Douglas used his key, and Betty preceded him into the dark and silent house. He found the light-switch in the hall, and Betty carried the child up the stairs. After she had left, Douglas leaned against the door jamb.

"What else did you find out?" he asked the sergeant wearily.
"We've checked Mowry out," the sergeant said. "He was convicted of perjury at the murder trial of a Michael Calverne. Calverne was Mowry's cousin, but Mowry never went to prison for perjury. He had a breakdown and was sent to a sanatorium."

Douglas made a murmur of assent.

"Henry Updyke, the painter, did some work for Calverne five or six years ago. He and Mowry knew each other. Also—ah—Michael Calverne had a wife." The sergeant was obviously reluctant to go on.

"Yes?" Douglas said.

"His wife's maiden name," said the sergeant rapidly, "was Sylvia Walsh. Calverne killed a man and was sent up for life. After that his wife more or less vanished. Calverne was a hunter and owned several guns. His wife would certainly know how to load a gun pretty well."

"Where is she now?" Douglas asked bleakly.

"It's possible"—the sergeant hesitated—"that she—er—went away with Mowry."

Betty came down the stairs then, and as the men turned towards her their eyes were caught by the moving arc of a cigarette tip in the living-room.

Sylvia was sitting in a deep chair at the far end of the room. She had not gone with Mowry, and she was still wearing the blue robe.

"How is your poor mother, darling?" She tried to put on the old crinkle-eyed smile. "She'll be fine," Douglas said flatly.

New serial is exciting story of adventure on high seas

IN next week's issue we present the first instalment of a new serial, "A HERO FOR LEANDA," a gripping story by English author Andrew Garve, who wrote "Death and the Sky Above," published as a serial in The Australian Women's Weekly last year.

"A Hero for Leanda" is set against an unusual background of political intrigue, and when Mike Conway, a stranded Irish yachtsman, is offered a fabulous sum of money to rescue Kastella, the deported leader of Spyros, he accepts with the condition that he has someone to help him sail the yacht.

Pretty Leanda Sophoulis, dedicated to the cause of her country's freedom, is chosen to accompany him. They sail for the island of Heuresse, where Kastella is being held by the British. Pretending to be wealthy newlyweds, they manage to contact him and get him aboard their yacht. But there are many surprises and complications before the journey's end.

Don't miss this romantic adventure starting in next week's issue.

from page 66

Something went out of the woman's face.

The sergeant said, "Are you Mrs. Michael Calverne?"

A twitch moved her mouth. "He is dead," she said.

Douglas said quietly, "Tell us what happened here that morning."

"It was an accident," Sylvia's eyes wavered. "Updyke wanted to blackmail me. I just thought I'd frighten him with the gun, but Dean Mowry—he isn't sane, you know. He made the gun fire. It was his fault, really."

She was trying for the sad, the lost, the helpless look that had first appealed to Douglas. "Oh, don't you see? I was so afraid. It was all over and done—that nasty business. I had the right to be forgiven and to forget and to live."

Douglas' voice was controlled. "You had," he said. "But then you put this 'accident' on Tessa, didn't you?"

Sylvia said, bewildered, "But there was nothing to hurt her. If she had shot him by accident, no one would even scold her."

Sergeant Gordon put his body quickly between her and Douglas. "You'll have to come with us, ma'am."

"Will I?" She sighed. "I don't mind so much," she said drearily. "It's dull here. Children always bored me." She pulled at her long robe. "Do I look all right?" she asked coquettishly. She no longer seemed entirely sane.

Betty couldn't bear to see or hear any more. She fled, trembling, from the room and up the stairs, but finally she left her room and went quietly towards the stairs.

The house was quiet. Sylvia had gone. Douglas Kilburn was in the living-room.

BETTY approached him slowly and when, at last, he looked up, she said, as matter-of-factly as she could, "Mr. Kilburn, I think I will have to stay—at least until Mrs. Monahan gets in. So may I fix you something to eat?"

He stirred restlessly in the chair. "They got Mowry. He's told the police that Sylvia was threatening the painter with the gun. It will be manslaughter, at the very least."

Betty said, "I'm sorry."
"You were right," he went on wearily. "I suppose I was angry with you because I already knew that you were right. I am the one to be sorry."

Betty smiled a little and said, "You were pretty cross."
"Yes," His brows knitted for a moment. "Did you know my mother tricked Mowry over

here? That she overheard them?"

"But she promised me—"

"She admits she persuaded Mrs. Monahan to take the afternoon off." He grinned wryly. "She broke her promise to you, Betty, for once. Sylvia left her in that wicker chair. Sylvia hoped she'd die. Mowry called Doctor Hollister. But—Sylvia lied." He looked sick and exhausted, and no wonder.

She began to see the shape of things to come. Mrs. Kilburn in the hospital. All the ordeals of the legal machinery. Tessa. She made a decision. "I am going to be needed," she said crisply, "for a while longer. There is a lot to go through. Can you please try to forget all about me? I won't bother you. I will just be here, taking care, and when I can, then I will go."

He said, "That's very—that's very—" He could not finish.

"Now, some supper," Betty turned.

"Betty."

"Yes."

"Betty Follett," he said, "you will go to college. You will meet someone. You will marry."

"Of course," she said gently. "I know." She smiled at him and went away.

In the kitchen, in a strange mood, Betty tied on an apron. She was not unhappy. The child was safe, asleep upstairs. The man must be fed. She was needed, at least for a while.

She began to move her hands, remembering as she did the extra marks of Mowry's hand that had made her take her suspicions to Mrs. Kilburn. I wonder, she mused, how long this house will keep the mark of my hand?

She did not know that, in the living-room, the man was thinking that he had been naive, he had been fooled and a fool, he had been almost destroyed. Yet now—the depression was lifting, and he was beginning to feel alive again. A bad time coming, yes. But there was a woman in his house.

As if he could forget, he thought. And then: How can I let her go?

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LOXENE

MEDICATED SHAMPOO

clears dandruff,
dry scalp and hair dullness



Many Australians suffer from unhealthy hair and scalp often without knowing it. They believe their hair is naturally dull, or realising something is wrong, start using lotions and dressings that only mask the problem temporarily.

WHAT SCIENCE SAYS: Specialists conclude very many hair troubles stem from the incomplete cleanliness of hair and scalp. Dust, grime and dandruff form a deposit which tends to block hair follicles and can prevent the flow of natural scalp oils. In extreme cases the deposit is visible (as dandruff), though it's often in the hair without being seen!

THE ANSWER: Loxene medicated shampoo as a scalp treatment. This preparation, called Loxene, really cleans away all dust, grime and flaky deposits (dandruff). With regular use Loxene removes and helps overcome the development of dandruff.

ONLY HEALTHY HAIR CAN BE ATTRACTIVE HAIR
Hair that is really clean, really healthy, is lustrous and easy to manage and set. Use Loxene regularly—it is the natural way to beautiful hair.

4/6

PER BOTTLE,
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8 SHAMPOOS



Single treatment bubble, 1/3

LOXENE

MEDICATED SHAMPOO

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Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd. 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Postal orders, B.O. 645, G.P.O., Sydney. Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart. New Zealand orders to Box 8348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

Fashion PATTERNS

F3457. — Beginners' pattern for a child's easy-to-make smock suit. Size, infants. Requires 1yd. 36in. material, 3yds. striped bias binding. Price 2/6.

F5342. — Practical shirtmaker dress has long or short sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires (short sleeves) 4yds. 36in. material, (long sleeves) 3yds. 54in. material. Price 3/9.



F5404. — Tunic-topped dress has a matching tailored jacket. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.

F5403. — Attractively designed sundress has contrasting bands on both bodice and skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material, 1yd. 36in. contrast material. Price 3/9.

F5408. — Slender, unbelted dress has a matching, back-buttoning jacket. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.

F5419. — Princess-line dress has a belled skirt and unusual buttoned detail at both back and front. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires (short sleeves) 5yds. 36in. material, (three-quarter sleeves) 6yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 104.—FULL-SKIRTED DRESS

The dress is obtainable cut out ready to make in striped and spotted cotton. Color choice includes pink stripes and black spots on a white background, grey stripes and black spots on a white background, aqua stripes and black spots on a white background. Sizes: 32 and 34in. bust 39/6, 36 and 38in. bust 42/6. Postage and registration 3/9 extra.

No. 105.—DUCHESS SET

The duchesse set—shaped like a girl in a crinoline gown—is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. Material is Irish linen, and color choice includes white, cream, blue, lemon, pink, and green. Sizes: Centre mat, 11 x 17in. small mats, 9 x 3in. Complete set 7/3, postage 1/3 extra.

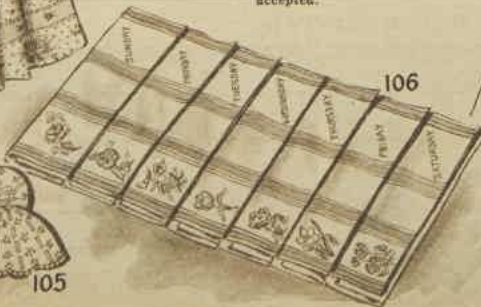
No. 106.—SET OF TEA-TOWELS

The set of seven tea-towels is obtainable clearly traced to embroider on linen tea-towelling, multi-striped in blue, red, lemon, and green. Size, 22 x 32in. Price 3/3 each, postage 5d. extra; set of seven 34/6, postage and registration 2/9 extra.

No. 107.—DRESS AND JACKET

The sleeveless, full-skirted dress and short matching jacket are obtainable cut out ready to make in cotton cambric with a flower-basket design. Color choice includes blue flowers and grey baskets on a pink background, pink flowers and grey baskets on a pale green background, pink flowers and grey baskets on a pale blue background, red flowers and beige baskets on a grey background. Sizes: 32 and 34in. bust 37/6, 36 and 38in. bust 39/3. Postage and registration 2/9 extra.

Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD

For week beginning August 10

ARIES The Ram

MARCH 21-APRIL 20

★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, blue, silver. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck through a social event.

TAURUS The Bull

APRIL 21-MAY 20

★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, gold. Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday. Luck in solution of a problem.

GEMINI The Twins

MAY 21-JUNE 21

★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, mauve, green. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday. Luck in your own quick wits.

CANCER The Crab

JUNE 22-JULY 22

★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, grey. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck in a business transaction.

LEO The Lion

JULY 23-AUGUST 22

★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, navy-blue, red. Lucky days, Monday, Thursday. Luck in leadership.

VIRGO The Virgin

AUGUST 23-SEPTEMBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, navy-blue. Gambling colors, navy-blue, red. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck in helping others.

LIBRA The Balance

SEPTEMBER 24-OCTOBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, navy. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sat. Luck in first love.

SCORPIO The Scorpion

OCTOBER 24-NOVEMBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, black. Lucky days, Mon, Wednesday. Luck through those in authority.

SAGITTARIUS The Archer

NOVEMBER 23-DECEMBER 20

★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck in planning ahead.

CAPRICORN The Goat

DECEMBER 21-JANUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, green. Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday. Luck in a surprise.

AQUARIUS The Waterbearer

JANUARY 20-FEBRUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, brown. Lucky days, Wednesday, Thurs. Luck in leaving initiative.

PISCES The Fish

FEBRUARY 20-MARCH 20

★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, yellow. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck in steady effort.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]



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JACKY'S **DiARY** By **JACKY MENDELSON** Age **3½**



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Slightly treatment with
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ZAM-BUK MEDICINAL CREAM
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...good for foot troubles, muscular
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Sufferers from stabbing pains
...in aching joints and muscles
...rheumatism, Neuritis and
...Gout get discouraged. But
...you can cheer up and get
...back just as thousands of
...Australians who put these pains
...down with the great U.S.A.
...ROMIND. It is just as
...simple as turning off an electric
...switch. Just take ROMIND and
...it goes fast. Safe and harm-
...less. ROMIND from chemist.
...in 10 fast.

Dear Angela,
...are you really so
...different from all the
...others the night we met?
...Or was it your moorland
...freshness . . .

STAY AS SWEET
AS YOU ARE

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The Deodorant you can trust

Give Your Baby LOVELY CURLS with nasy cradlecap treatment 4/10 Curlypet



Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE, Master Magician, and PRINCESS NARDA are helping the police solve the mystery of the Invisible Thief. They have trapped him in the bogus Mandrake Laboratories. The thief, terribly angry at the trick they played on him, knocked Mandrake out with the butt of



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marvellous
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difference
MILO
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N411/58

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**HEAD COLDS
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HAY FEVER**

Breathe Freely in 2 minutes



FOR ADULTS (and children over 12 years)

Nyal 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir is a proven effective formula to bring faster more dependable cough relief. 6 fl. oz., 6/-; 12 fl. oz., 10/3; 16 fl. oz., 12/6.

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Repeat spray. The medication reaches higher — opens nasal sinuses for more effective aeration and drainage.

At last, here's the relief from "stuffy" head colds you've longed for! You'll breathe freely again just 2 minutes after using the NYAL 'DECONGESTANT' NASAL SPRAY.

Simply squeeze the self-atomising plastic pack; the microspray tip produces a fine mist of relief-bringing medication. Thousands of microscopic droplets *s-p-r-e-a-d* over swollen nasal membranes, penetrate deep into hard-to-reach areas of the nose and sinuses. In just two minutes, blocked nasal passages are opened and you can breathe freely again.

NYAL 'DECONGESTANT' NASAL SPRAYS contain wonder-working Phenylephrine which shrinks and soothes swollen nasal membranes to relieve congestion fast. There is no sting, no burn. Relief is so thorough that it actually lasts for as long as four hours.

Because it is so gentle and soothing to delicate nasal tissue the NYAL 'DECONGESTANT' NASAL SPRAY can be used as often as necessary—repeated use does not reduce its effectiveness!

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